

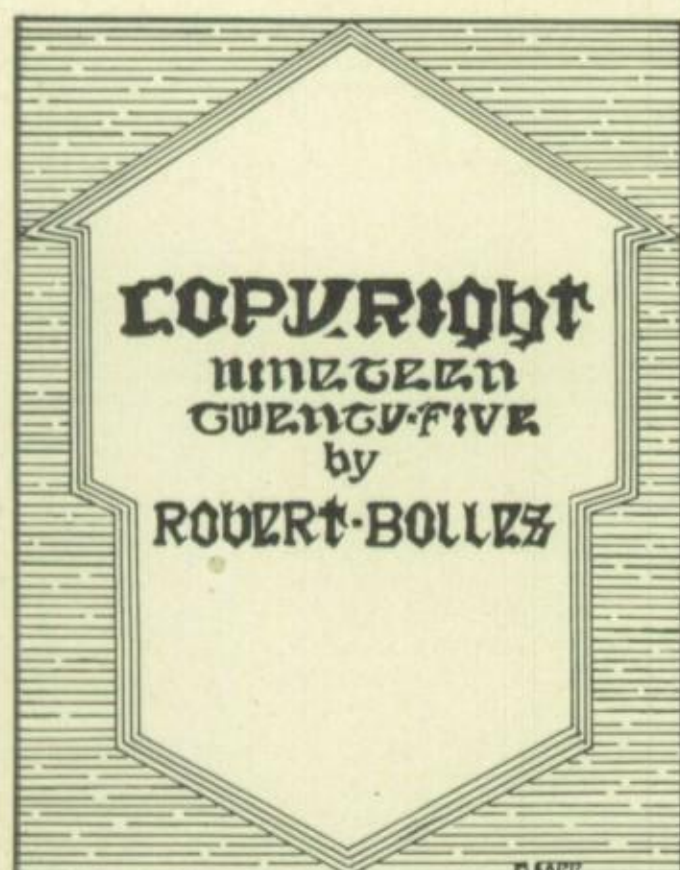


The

Scottonian

1925

RDA



PL. 1007

The
Scottonian
Volume Twelve

Published by the
Scottonian Board
Nineteen hundred
Twenty Five ♦♦

Scott Hi School
Toledo ♦♦ Ohio

Foreword

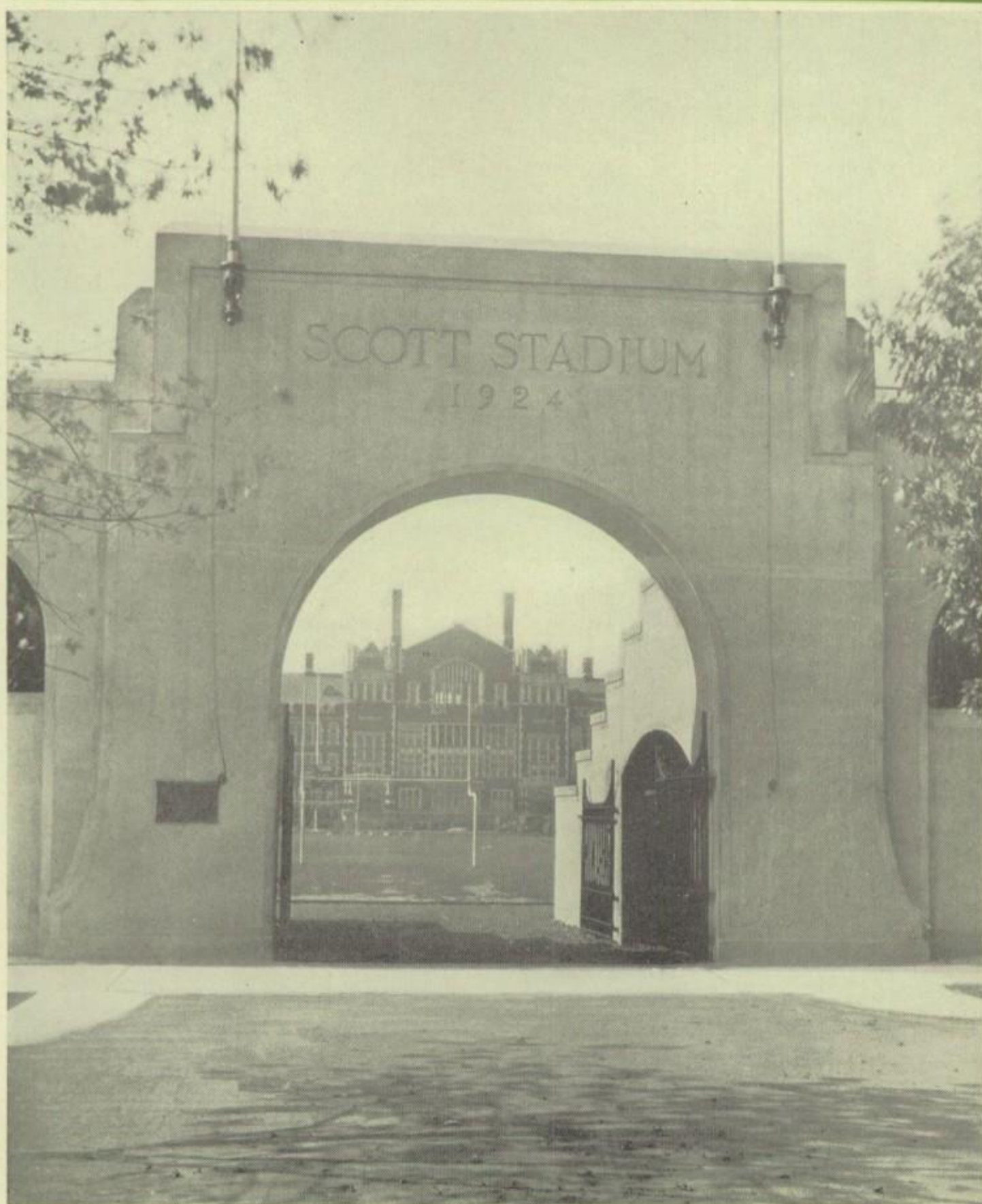
SCOTT HIGH—named after Jesup W. Scott, native of New England; an early Ohio pioneer and friend of education—has completed its twelfth year as an institute of higher learning. For twelve years students have passed in and out of its portals; for twelve years our athletes have spread their fame and the name of "Scott" from coast to coast; and for twelve years the Senior Class has published their annual, "The Scottonian."

Each class tries to surpass its predecessor in editing an annual just a little better than that of any previous year, and to set a standard to be followed in years to come. It is toward this end that "The Scottonian Board" has been striving for the past school year. Each has done his share, willingly, promptly, and with a spirit only fitting and proper to the high standards of our school.

We have endeavored to record the events of interest that they may bring back cherished memories for years to come. It is with greatest pleasure and pride that "The Scottonian Board"—in behalf of the Senior Class—presents "The 1925 Scottonian."

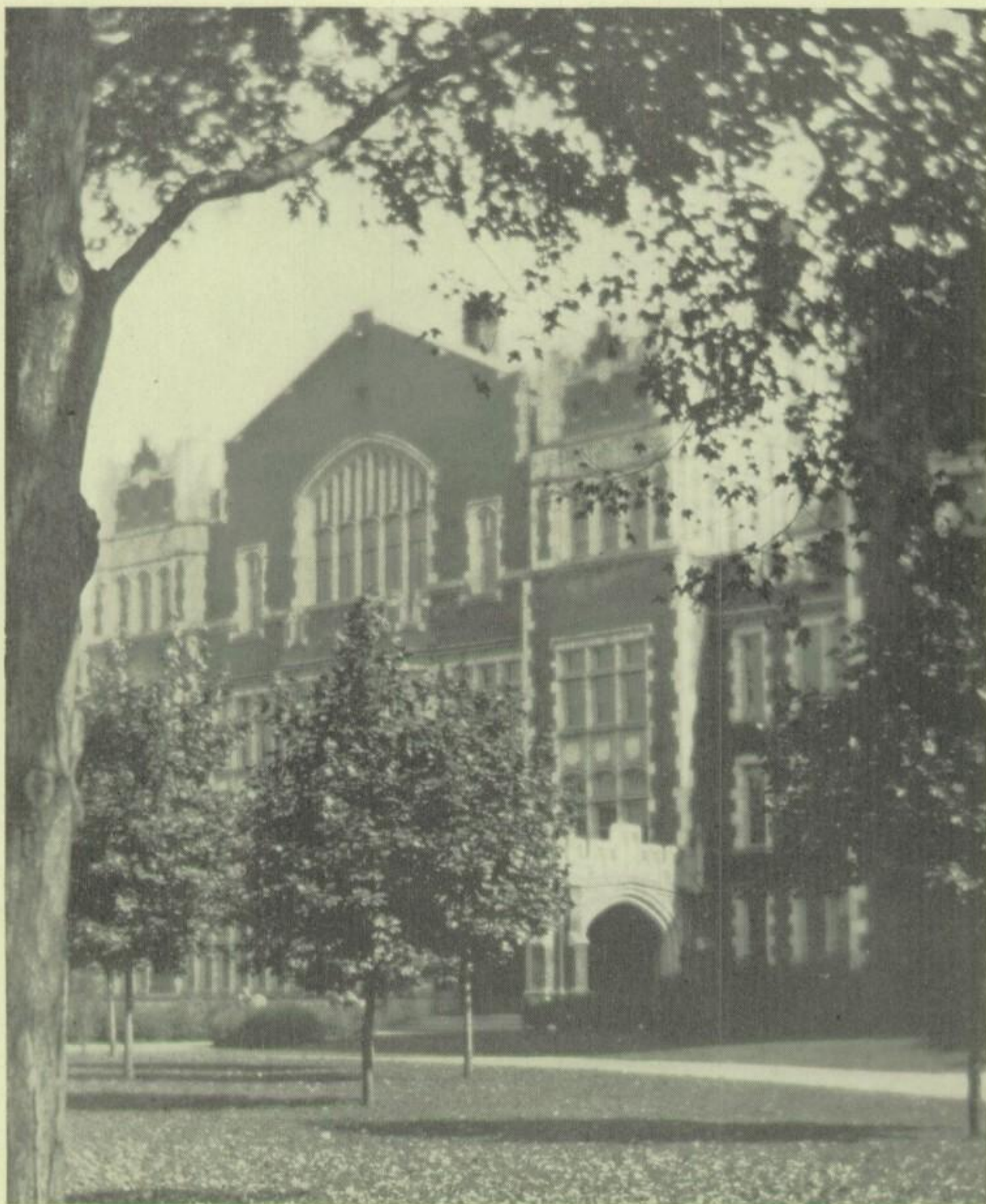
ROBERT BOLLES,
Editor-in-Chief.

The Scottonian



Silent, you stand, so new, so old;
How many stories can be told
Of years of work and battles great,
To rear the horseshoe, build the gate,
That our posterity might see
The future contests as do we!

The Scottonian



Goodbye, my Alma Mater, Scott,
How dear these years have been—
With friendships made and knowledge gained,
But now 'tis finished, and again
I bid farewell thru tears.

The Scotoman



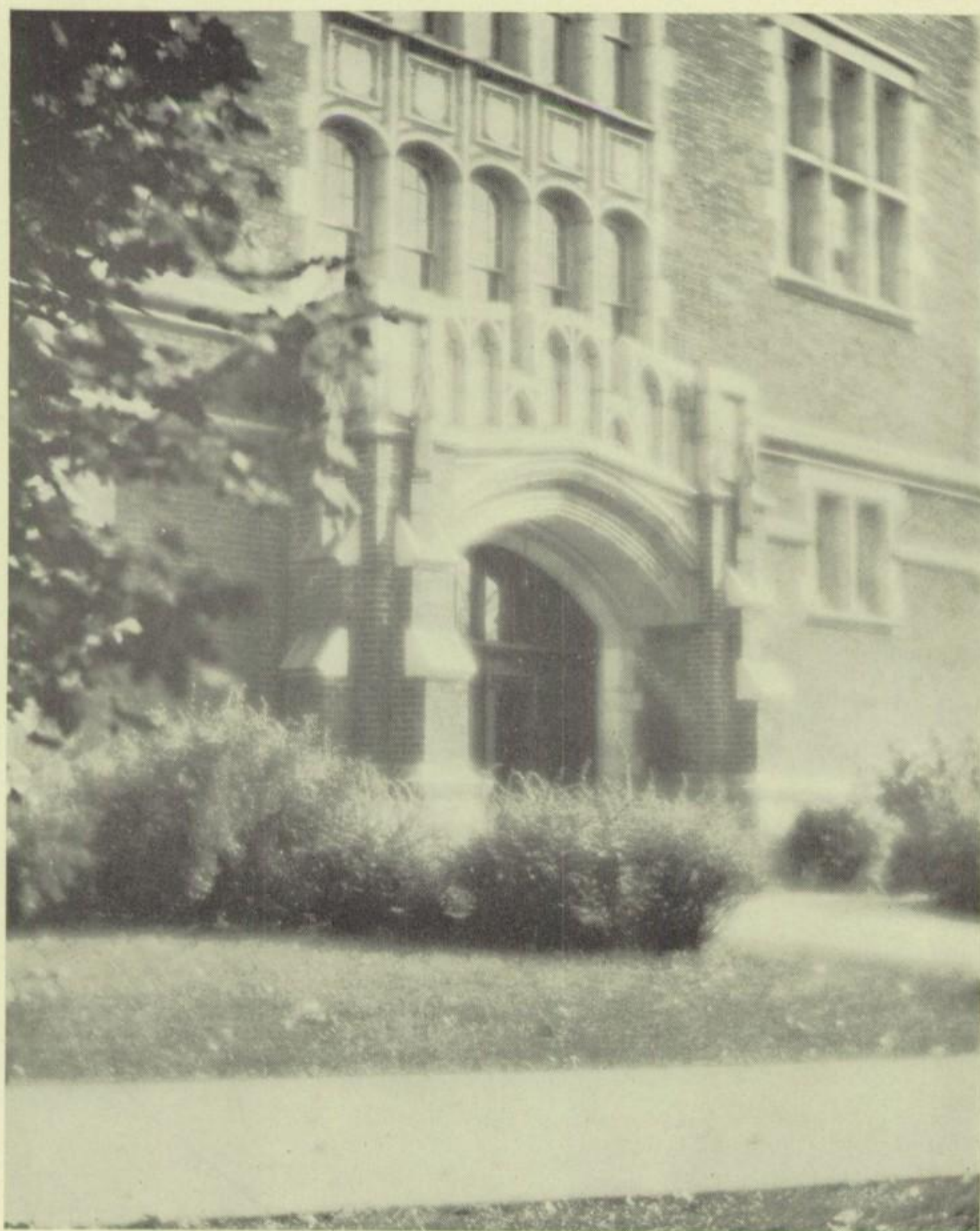
Resting on thy pedestal,
Thy sounds are heard no more;
We love thy silent tongue, O Bell!
For its great work of yore.

The Scotoman



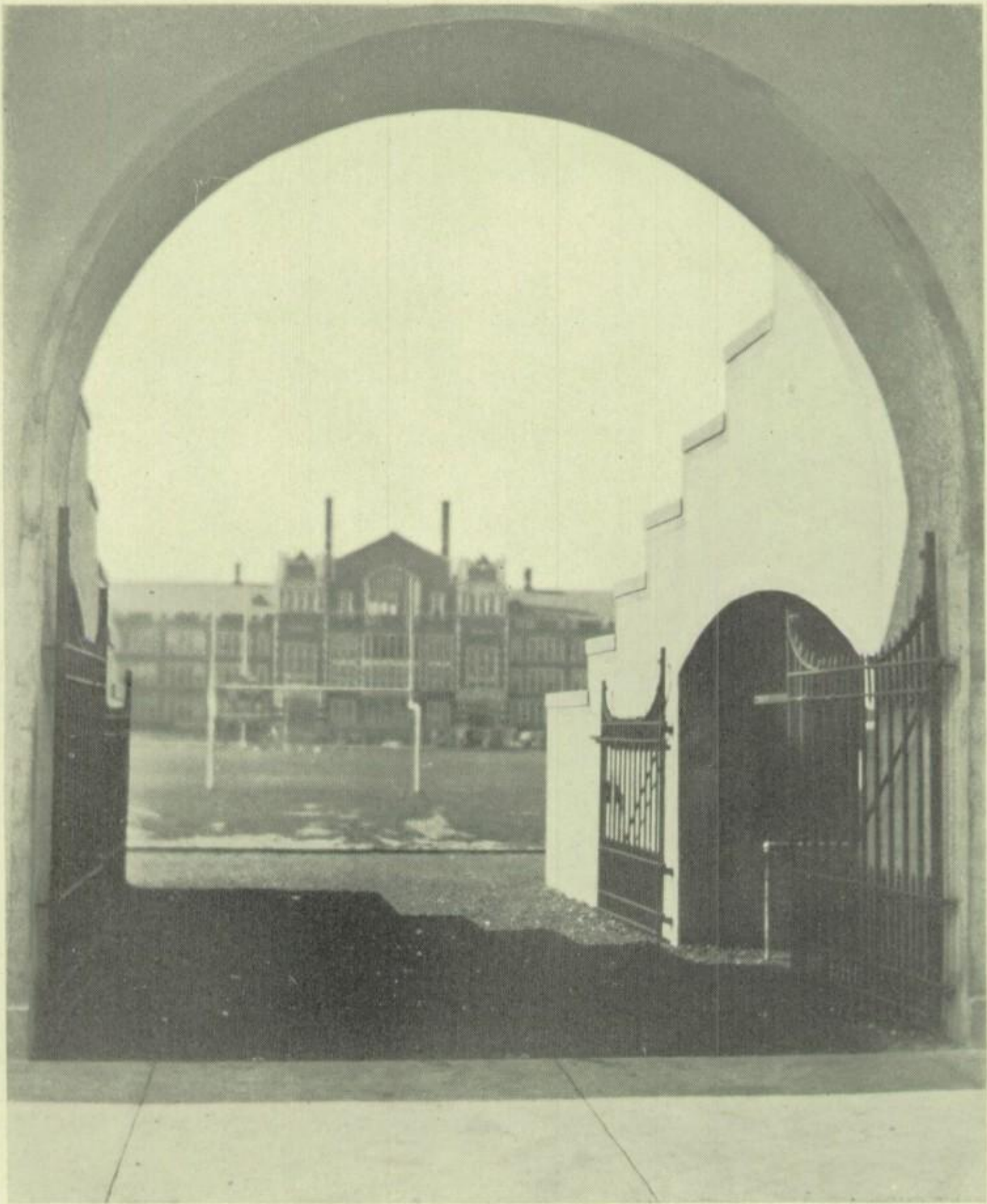
Supreme, you stand in the sunlight,
Silent and pure as a cloud,
Stately and grand, in your glorious night,
With grace and beauty endowed.

The Scottsbluff



O Scott! The scholars' friend and pride,
Open thy doors of knowledge wide,
That all may learned be.

The Scottonian



Victory! We strive for you
In all the tasks we have to do;
In scholarships, athletics, too,
At Scott.

Table of Contents

Administration

Classes

Athletics

Society

Organizations

Literature

Calendar

Comics

The Scotoman



MRS. RUBY CRAMPTON

The Scottonian

TO

ONE WHO HAS NEVER SPARED HERSELF IN
HER UNTIRING EFFORTS TO PROMOTE THE
WELFARE OF SCOTT; WHO IS ALWAYS WILLING
TO AID TEACHER OR STUDENT; TO ONE EVER
READY TO DISCUSS A PROBLEM WITH ANYONE,
REGARDLESS OF ITS MAGNITUDE OR IMPORTANCE,
WE RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS TWELFTH
VOLUME OF THE SCOTTONIAN. LOVED AND
HONORED BY ONE AND ALL IS

MRS. RUBY CRAMPTON



The Scotoman



Mr. R. H. Demorest

The Scottonian

Mr. Ralph H. Demorest

How can we correctly estimate the qualities of our most excellent principal, Mr. Demorest? Just, tactful, generous, loyal, reasonable, genial, an advisor and friend to everyone—Mr. Demorest has all those qualities which make him so respected, admired and loved by the students at Scott. His work is above criticism, his character without a flaw, and his ability unexcelled. He has guided the destinies of Scott and is largely responsible for the high position which Scott holds today among the high schools of the country. The Seniors every year may also be grateful to him for his splendid co-operation with them. We are sure that Mr. Demorest's magnanimity is recognized by all those who know him. May his merits come to be acknowledged more completely, and may Scott continue to progress and improve under him as it has in the past!

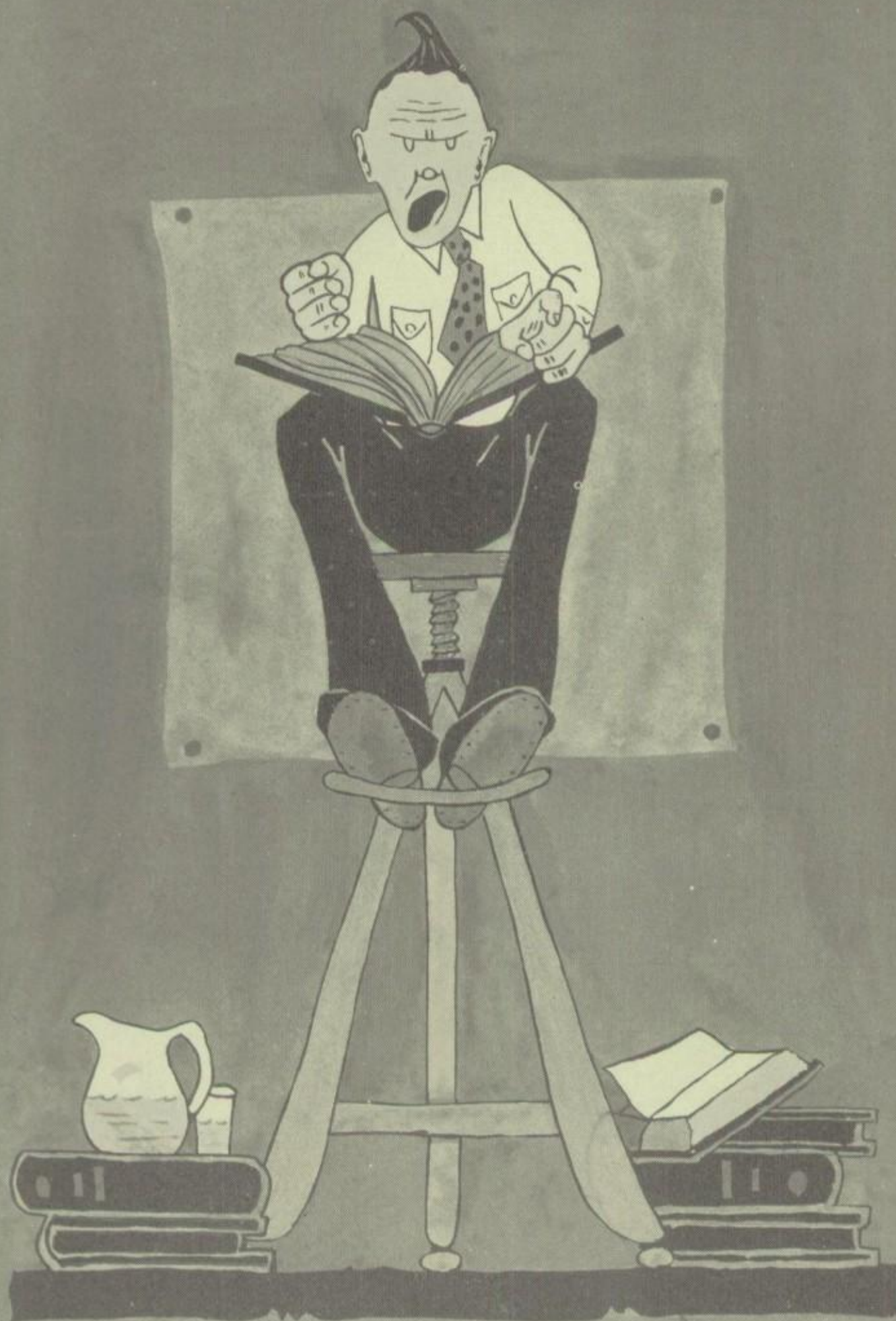


In Memoriam



Elizabeth Van Dine
Richard Cochran

ADMINISTRATION



EDMUND MARKOWSKI



Administration department of the Board of Education

MEMBERS OF THE BOARD

MR. WILLIAM C. CARR MR. J. D. ROBINSON
MR. THOMAS A. DEVILBISS JUDGE JULIAN H. TYLER
MR. WILLIAM E. WRIGHT

OFFICERS OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION

MR. CHARLES S. MEEK	Superintendent of Schools
ESTALINE WILSON	Assistant Superintendent
MR. R. S. WENZLAU	Director of Schools
MR. EDWIN M. GEE	Supervising Architect
MISS MAY FOSTER	Clerk and Treasurer



The Scotoman



MR. MEEK

SCHOOLS serve humanity to the extent to which they, in the words of Dr. Henry Suzzallo, "mold the procession of youth on its way from home to citizenship by the pathway of the schools."

I wish that boys and girls in the high school and particularly those who expect to attend college, might very deliberately consider the above quotation. The school should prepare students for life work. Therefore, what one studies, the amount of concentration he puts into study and the habits he acquires in the process are all very potent factors in equipping him for life activity. What students now in school do each day and the way they do it are intimately associated with future profit or loss to themselves. The boy or the girl whose intent is to get each day's assigned school tasks with a minimum of labor will almost surely be a slacker in discharging the obligations of life and citizenship. The student who assumes a serious attitude toward his assigned school tasks, and who believes that doing them thoroughly is preparing him for discharging effectively the obligations of citizenship, is establishing in school the foundation for service in life.

Chas. S. Meek.



English Department

Miss Jessie A. Caughey . . .	Oberlin College (Dept. Head)
Miss Elizabeth Aufderheide . .	Toledo University
Miss Etta Mae Barkdull . . .	Ohio Wesleyan Univ., U. of Mich.
Mr. Harold A. Conklin . . .	University of Tennessee
Miss Clare Humphrey . . .	Ohio University
Miss Margaret McGuinness . .	Chicago University
Miss Mary Perkins . . .	University of Michigan
Mrs. Edith H. Schwenk . . .	Ohio State University
Mrs. Helen K. Cramer . . .	University of Michigan
Mr. Herbert M. Emery . . .	Dakota Wesleyan Univ., Toledo U.
Miss Ruth Geer . . .	Sweet Briar College
Miss Olive Bingham . . .	Ohio State University

Autographs



Latin Department

Miss May Ryan	University of Michigan (Dept. Head)
Miss Jennie Lewis	Ohio Wesleyan University
Miss Margaret Schaff	Oberlin College
Miss Henrietta Staadecker	University of Michigan
Miss M. Estelle Hamilton	Ohio State University

Autographs



Mathematics

Miss Mona Dell Taylor	Ohio State University (Dept. Head)
Miss Donna Beck	Wittenberg College
Miss Amie Crane	Western College for Women
Mr. Henry J. Eberth	Kenyon College
Miss Geraldine Hamilton	Oberlin College
Mrs. W. H. Hasey	Smith College
Miss Bertha Lecklider	Ohio State University
Mr. Paul Recker	Ohio Wesleyan University
Miss Sophia Refior	Univ. of Michigan, Columbia Univ.
Mr. Frank P. Timmonds	Ohio Wesleyan University
Miss Geraldine Schontz	Iowa State University

Autographs



Science Department

Mr. Charles M. Brunson	Knox College (Dept. Head)
Mr. Boyd E. Francisco	Ohio University
Miss Virginia Brown	Oberlin College
Miss Myrtilla Haskins	University of Michigan
Mr. O. B. Kirk	Denison University
Miss Ila Park	Oberlin College
Miss Annie Smead	Ohio State University
Miss Sybil Wachter	Wellesley College
Mr. R. S. Weiser	Ohio State University
Mr. Roy A. Welday	Ohio State University
Miss Elizabeth Bessey	Wellesley College
Miss Lillian Krueger	Ohio State University
Miss Geraldine Shontz	Iowa State University

Autographs



Social Science Department

Miss Louise Colton	Ohio State University (Dept. Head)
Mr. Virgil Cramer	Heidelberg College, Univ. of Michigan
Miss Olive Kirkby	Smith College
Mr. R. J. Langstaff	Denison University
Miss Elmina Lucke	Oberlin College
Mr. Frank P. Timmons	Ohio Wesleyan University
Mr. Earl Baum	Ohio State University
Mrs. Margaret Saunders	University of Michigan
Mr. T. P. Corbett	Wittenberg College

Autographs



Household Arts Department

Miss Matilda Campbell	. . .	Columbia University
Miss Florence Cooper	. . .	Columbia University
Miss Hazel Keplinger	. . .	Columbia University
Miss Caroline Morgan	. . .	New York School of Applied Design
Miss Laur Adams	. . .	Pratt Institute

Autographs



French Department

Miss Charlotte Bissell . . .	University of Michigan (Dept. Head)
Mrs. Ruby Crampton . . .	Adelphi College, Columbia Univ.
Miss Edith Goulet . . .	Oberlin College
Miss M. Estelle Hamilton . .	Ohio State University
Mr. Pierre Pasquier . . .	University Aix-Marseille

Autographs



Spanish Department

Miss Maud Canniff		Chicago University (Dept. Head)
Mrs. Mary Davis		University of Nebraska
Miss Margaret Bassett		University of Michigan

Autographs



Industrial Arts Department

Mr. George Dunn	Columbia University
Mr. Glenn Lake	Western Normal College
Mr. Louis Mathias	Ohio State University
Mr. William Parker	Washington University
Mr. C. E. Kiker	Arkansas Agricultural College, Toledo U.

Autographs



Special Department

Miss Nettie Neville	Home Nursing—Columbia University
Miss Mildred Dallett	Salesmanship
Mr. J. W. B. Foley	Radio
Mr. Eugene L. Miller	Oral Expression
Miss Ada M. Ritchie	Library
Mr. G. V. Sutphin	Band
Miss Bessie Werum	Orchestra
Mr. Clarence R. Ball	Music

Autographs



Miss N. Bierly Miss E. Rex
Miss. R. Adams

What do these names mean to the students at Scott? Many of the students do not know or realize how much these girls in the office do to keep Scott going. Their patience and pleasantness are enviable. They are among the staunchest supporters of our school. Capability they have, and the spirit of harmony in the office is quickly noted by everyone. May Scott continue to have the services of these three so exceptional workers.





Student Council

LEWIS COOK	<i>President</i>
RALPH MERICKLE	<i>Vice-President</i>

SENIOR REPRESENTATIVES

Dorothy Hull	Dalton Walper
Robert Selby	Walter Delaplane

JUNIOR REPRESENTATIVES

Jane Moor	Howard DeVilbiss
Mary Chase	Frederick Dohn

SOPHOMORE REPRESENTATIVES

Edward Wing	Mary Ellen Wagner
-------------	-------------------

FRESHMAN REPRESENTATIVES

John Pheatt	Ione Chapman
-------------	--------------



Senior Class Officers and Committee Chairmen

1925

DALTON WALPER	President
ISABELLE GRIFFITH	Vice-President
ROSS HAMMOND	Treasurer
DOROTHY HULL	Secretary
TOM RAMSEY	Sergeant-at-Arms

ROSS HAMMOND	Chairman Finance Committee
JEANNE ECKHARDT	Chairman Social Committee
WALTER A. JOHNSON	Chairman Ring and Pin Committee
WILLIAM EDGECOMB	Chairman Picnic Committee
FRANCES GETTINS	Chairman Banquet Committee
ISABELLE GRIFFITH	Chairman Announcement Com.
JOHN ADAIR	Thistle Editor
ROBERT BOLLES	Scottonian Editor

Thoughts on My Country

America! to thee I give
A soul's lone efforts, vain and weak,
To spur thee on.
To thee I pledge with heart and voice,
As hath those men who died for thee,
A single life.

America! Land of the free!
Where men may speak each others' minds
In quiet peace.
Where, 'neath the spread of Justice's hand,
In every breast, each heart is seen
True, as it beats.

America! thy plains, thy hills,
More lovely are than Eden's own,
In Nature's self.
Each mountain top and depth of vale,
Each tumbling stream and mirrored lake
God's image is.

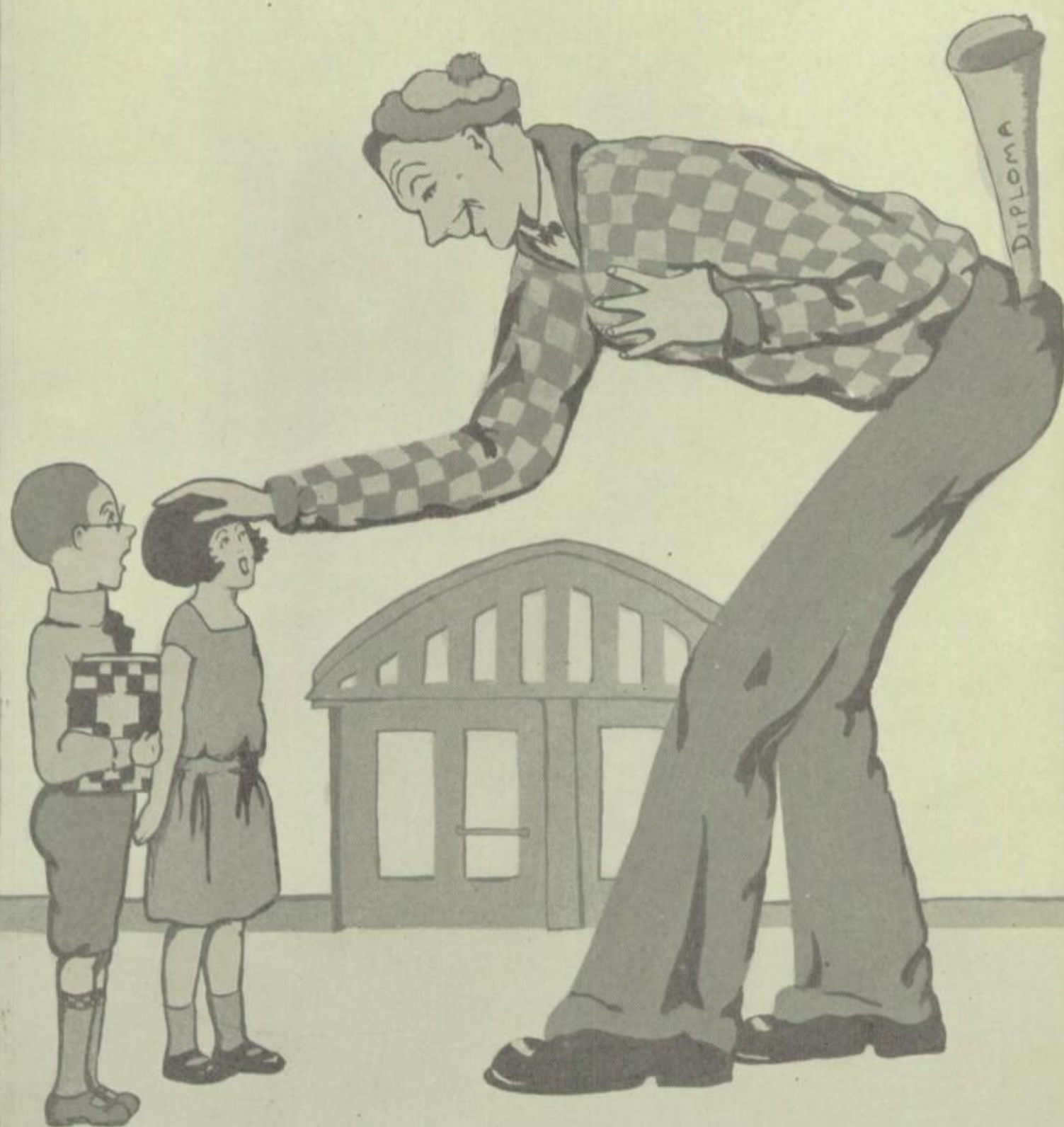
When once I paced Columbia's shore,
Rapt in a pale of misty dew,
I thought on thee;
That all the drops in that green mass,
Compared with all God's gifts to thee,
Are naught, indeed.

America! sweet land of light,
Abode of freest thought and deed,
Thee I salute!
My native land, with thee I stand,
To fall whene'er thou need my life
To spur thee on!

America! long may thou be
In freedom and in chastity
As thou art now!
On thy full streams and golden fields,
On each and all, may God look down,
My Fatherland!

—Willard Smith

SENIOR



L. Saletka

Class Farewell

As we look back upon the four years of high school which we are just completing, three seemingly different visions appear to us. We entered as lowly, uneducated, timid Freshmen; what a time we had in arranging our course which had been so well planned by our parents; how every teacher seemed to class us as helpless children; how, as we looked over schedules and exams we hoped that maybe we would be wise enough some day to take a subject with a big VIII following. And then comes back the happy picture of the pompous Sophomore; how much more learned and better we Sophomores seemed than those ignorant Freshmen; how every Scott student must have admired us for passing that hard first year course. The thought of the Junior year brings back a memory of envy; how we longed for the seeming privileges and knowledge of the Seniors; how much better examples we would set when we took their places; how much good we would do for the entire school. Well, Seniors, this last thought has materialized: we are the only group eligible to set examples; prepared to graduate and be respected.

We are about to part never to unite again as the same old class. Friendships are formed in high school that last forever; associations cling; ideals arise that guide through life: but the ties are severed at last; paths separate and the dearest thoughts of our best friends fade.

We are now partly prepared to take one of our most serious steps toward a successful career. During our life at Scott we have often watched our famous teams leave their station, all set for conquering their opponents in a fair, square way, and above all, each to set a higher example than any team before for courage, fairness and skill.

Fellow classmates, we are like this team. We have sacrificed and practiced hard for four years, waiting patiently for the final day to come, the day on which higher examples are going to be set, the day which is the beginning of our strife; to conquer fairly, to win, even if that straight and narrow path looks impossible at first to tread. The idea of success and service stands before us all as our purpose and our goal. The field-call comes on commencement night; our coach is now our conscience, and our struggle is for health, for wealth, for service to humanity.

All this training we owe to our school, and incalculably more. We know what Scott has done in past years, what it has done for us, what it can do. We have learned to love Scott and to admire its faculty with such a spirit that, as we leave, we say loyally and proudly:

*"We believe in you, Scott, and we will back
you in whatever you undertake to do."*

—Dalton Walper, President.

Attention

For any student who has to make a speech in a study room boosting any play, concert or other student activity, and who doesn't know what to say, this speech has been compiled. It is a composite of the speakers to which the writer has listened for about ten years. Fill in the blanks to suit the occasion:

"May I have your attention for a moment, please?
No doubt you probably have heard about the ——
that the —— is giving on ——, but I want to say
a few words to remind you of it. Now, it's up to the
Student Body to put this over and put it over big. Foot-
ball isn't the only thing the student body should sup-
port. Why, in a school this size the Auditorium should
be packed for something good like this. Why, at Waite
High School, when their —— gave its ——, the
Auditorium was practically filled. Now, it seems to
me all loyal Scotters should get behind this and put it
over big. If anybody wants a ticket, will they raise
their hand?" (No one does.) "Thank you!"





Miss Perkins

One of the oft-repeated questions in January, after hearing that Mrs. Crampton was to leave Scott for one semester in order to study for a Master's degree at Columbia, was "Who is going to be our next supervisor of 178, and will she be as efficient and popular as our former supervisor?" Miss Perkins was soon announced as the successor to Mrs. Crampton in 178.

The Seniors had the most cause for concern, for they were losing their class advisor. However, after only a few days, one could tell how ably 178 would be governed this semester. Miss Perkins has not been too strict or unreasonable, has listened to our excuses, has not been extreme in giving penalties, and has satisfied us in every respect. She has done her work efficiently and has been a true friend to all of us. We have been extremely fortunate to have such a splendid teacher as Miss Perkins for our supervisor and counselor.



"178"

It was, I must admit, with a decided sinking of the heart that I heard Mrs. Crampton was leaving and that I was to preside in 178 in her stead. Despite the pleasant things I had always heard her say about the Juniors and Seniors; despite the favorable testimony of the teachers of the various study hours, and Mr. Demorest's assurance, I feared a study-room supervisorship might be more of a burden than a joy. These past months, however, have proved that my fears were quite ungrounded; more than that I can hardly get over the astonishment of having to admit that I've never enjoyed a semester at Scott so much.

I am glad, therefore, of this opportunity to say publicly that in my opinion no high school in the country can boast of finer Juniors and Seniors than ours. Their friendliness, sincerity, thoughtful kindness, and co-operation combine to make that rare spirit which is commented upon even by strangers who are with us, but a day.

It is not surprising that individual students, stimulated by this splendid spirit, would develop qualities of initiative and leadership. Not a little of my semester's pleasure has been in working with the officers and committee members of the Senior Class, the publications and the various school groups. I feel that I have many, many real friends in the classes of '25 and '26, and I want to assure them that I appreciate my happy experience and may always be counted on for the offices of a friend.

MISS PERKINS.

And so you are leaving Scott! Going to be "safe now in the wide, wide world." To your teachers it seems but a very brief time since you came to us as verdant Freshmen. And now, as the time comes for us to say Farewell, voluntarily we review the years you spent with us, and we ask ourselves—not whether you have completed the prescribed courses—not what has been your grade of scholarship—not whether your attendance was perfect—nor a score of other similar questions we might put; our big question is: Have we contributed to your larger growth, so as to send you out good citizens, to take your part in your community, to make your contribution to society? Have we, through our different courses of study, our discipline, our counsels, helped in the development of your character?

We dare to hope we have, and so, with the regret at saying Farewell, comes the joy of having been privileged in having had a part in the molding of your attitudes and views, and in sharing in your "Commencement."

Sincerely yours,

RUBY CRAMPTON.



Officers of Senior Class

Dalton Walper	<i>President</i>
Isabelle Griffith	<i>Vice President</i>
Ross Hammond	<i>Treasurer</i>
Dorthy Hull	<i>Secretary</i>
Tom Ramsey	<i>Sargent-at-arms</i>



The Scotoman



KATHERINE ADAMS

"She is a winsome wee thing."

Academic - Parkland School - Glee Club -
Tennis Club - Friendship Club - Girls'
Athletic League.



RACHEL ARMOUR

"That touching glance."

General - Miles City, Montana.



ALICE ARNDT

"None deny if she beseech

With that pretty, liquid speech."

General - Cherry School.



DOLORES BACOME

"And all the earth is gay."

General - Glenwood School - Girls' Athletic
League.



DONABELLA BAER

"And her modest manner and graceful air

Show her wise and good as she is fair."

General - Lagrange School.



ELEANOR BALL

"What is social company

But a babbling summer stream?"

General - Smead School.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scotomania

MABEL BARNES

*"Let us do our work as well
Both the unseen and the seen."*
General - Sherman School - Periclean.

MARY BENNETT

"She is the fairest of the fair."
General - Glenwood School.

GENEVIEVE BERNARD

*"But there's nothing half so sweet in life
As love's young dream."*
General - Lewis School.

ELVA BERNHISEL

"A tender heart; a will inflexible."
Academic - Walbridge School - Periclean -
Alchemist.

ELIZABETH BEYER

"Calmness is a great advantage."
General - Lagrange School - Friendship Club
(Vice-President '24) (President '25).

JOSEPHINE BIGELOW

"Do well and right and let the world sink."
Academic - Bowling Green School - Band
(Vice-President '24, Soloist '25) - Or-
chestra.



CHILDA STEVENS

The Scotoman



ELIZABETH BRIGGS

*"True as the needle to the pole
Or the dial to the sun."*

General - Glenwood School.



LAURIBEL BIRKENHAUER

*"O Love! Love! Love! what times were
those!"*

General - Cherry School - Periclean (Sarg.-at-
Arms '24, Censor '25) - Girls' Athletic
League.



AGNES BLANK

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

General - Fulton School.



DOROTHY BRASSINGTON

"She looks the whole world in the face."

General - Auburndale - Fasces.



MARGARET BREWSTER

*"Courteous though coy; and gentle, though
retired."*

General - Lewis School - Orchestra - Girls'
Athletic League (Senior Class Leader).



MARY BREHAUT

*"The war is stately in me,
And in my heart is pride."*

General - Auburndale School - Periclean (re-
cording secretary '25).

THELMA STEVENS

The Scotoman

MIRIAM BROWN

"The world a vast meander is."
General - Glenwood School.

MARCELLA CARSTEN

"We can make our lives sublime."

JESSIE CLAPP

"Her kindness and her worth to spy,"
You need but gaze on Jessie's eye."
General - Monroe School.

LOLA CLARK

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream."

MILDRED CLARK

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate."
General - Fulton School.

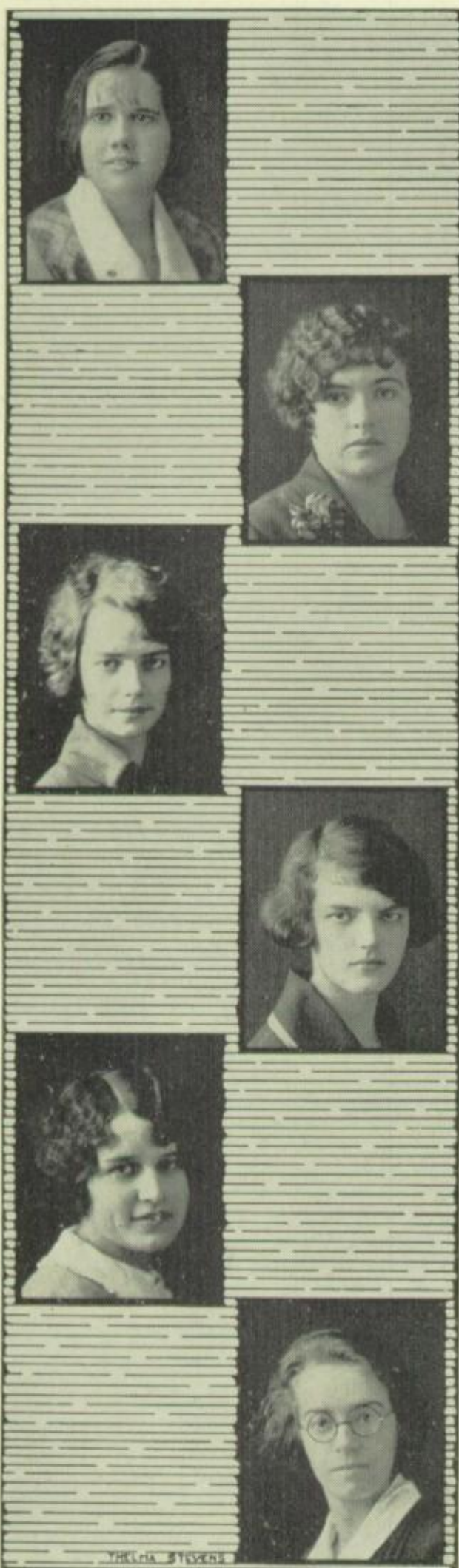
GWENDOLYN COLLINS

"Her face with youth and health is beaming."
General - Roosevelt School - Philalethian.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scottonian



GERTRUDE CRAMPTON

"And so to knowledge, climbing grade by grade

Thou shalt obtain whatever mortals can."

General - Lincoln - Periclean - Friendship -
Girls' Athletic League - Scottonian
Board '25.

HELEN CRAWFORD

"Gather ye rose-buds while ye may."

General - Castlesville, Oklahoma - Philale-
thian.

CORINNE CRESSWELL

"A rose-bud set with little wilful thorns."

Academic - Fulton School - Alchemist -
Philalethian (Sec. '25) - Thistle Board '25.

PHYLLIS CRESSWELL

"Life is real; life is earnest."

Academic - Fulton School - Philalethian (re-
porter '25) - Alchemist.

BETTY CROWDER

*"She moves like a goddess, and she moves
like a queen."*

General - Fulton School - Philalethian - Senior
Finance Committee.

ELEANOR CUNNINGHAM

*"The needy seldom pass her door,
And always find her kind."*

Academic - Fulton School - Fasces (Praetor
'25).

The Scottonian

LUCILLE DALBERG

*"From forehead down to foot perfect—
again, from foot to forehead exquisitely
turned."*

General - Fulton School - Orchestra.

LEORA DAVIS

*"The honest heart laughs through
Those frank eyes."*

General - Fulton School.

PHYLLIS DAVIS

*"Our lasses a' she far excells,
An' she ha twa sparkling rougeish 'een."*

Lewis School - General - Orchestra - Scot-
tonian Board '24 - Senior Finance Com-
mittee.

ONECE DAY

"Little I ask, my wants are few."

General - Lincoln School.

HELEN DECKLEMAN

*"Yet in thy heart what human sympathies,
What soft compassion glows."*

General - Monroe School - Fases.

GERTRUDE DEVERELL

"I wonder at the idleness of tears."

General - Fulton School - Alchemist - (Cen-
sor '25) - Girls' Athletic League - Thistle
Board '25.



The Scotoman



MIRIAM DeWESE

"Man has his will—but woman has her way."

CORINNE DORN

*"Her hair is tawny with gold, her eyes
With purple are dark."*

General - Fulton School - Senior Announcement Committee.

VIRGINIA DUFFY

*"I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."*

Academic - Glenwood School - Periclean -
Fasces - Friendship Club - Glee Club -
Girls' Athletic League.

MARIAN ECKER

"Born for success she seemed."

General - Detroit, Mich.

JEANNE ECKHARDT

*"There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies blow."*

Academic - Fulton School - Senior Social
Committee (Chairman) - Fasces (Consul
'24 and '25) - Periclean.

EUNICE EMLING

"Ambition is no cure for love."

General - Auburndale School.

The Scotoman

WINIFRED ENSMINGER

*"Let us live then, and be glad,
While young life's before us."*

DOROTHY EVANS

*"Be good, my dear, and let who will be
clever,
Do noble things, not dream them all day
long."*

General - Glenwood - Glee Club (Sec. '25)
Girls' Athletic League (Treasurer '24;
Vice President '25).

RUTH FISHER

"I've served my time faithful and true."
General - Lewis School - Alchemist - Phila-
lethian.

ALICE FISKE

"So don't prose to me about duty and stuff."
General - Warren School.

MARY FOSTER

*"Her mirth the world required;
She bathed it in smiles of glee."*
General - Fulton School.

LUCILLE FOX

*"I have sung and I have danced,
I have smiled and I have wept."*
General - Glenwood - Senior Finance Com-
mittee - Philalethian.



The Scottonian



BESSY FRANKLIN

"To her let us garlands bring."
General - Fulton School - Philalethian - Scottonian Board '25.



HENRIETTA GEISSMAN

*"My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clear, my chief defense."*
General - Monroe School - Periclean (Reporter '25).



FRANCES GETTINS

"Favors to none, to all she smiles extends."
General - Cherry School - Periclean - Girls' Athletic League - Senior Banquet Committee (Chairman).



SARAH GIMPEL

"And looks the whole world in the face."
Academic - Warren School - Basketball Team '23, '24, '25 - Baseball Team '24, '25 - Hockey Team '24, '25.



KATHRYN GITHENS

"Some are, and must be, greater than the rest."
General - Glenwood School - Alchemist.



MARTHA GOSLINE

"Hath she not always treasures, always friends?"
Academic - Auburndale - Philalethian (Cor. Sec.) - Thistle Board '25 - Junior Council '24.

THELMA STEVENS

The Scottonian

ISABELLE GRIFFITH

"That dignity with sweetness fraught!"

Academic - Monroe School - Sec. Junior Class '24 - Vice-President Senior Class '25
Senior Announcement Committee (Chairman) - Junior Fasces (vates '24) - Scottonian Board '25.

FLORENCE HADE

*'Oh, hadst thou earlier our regions sought,
The world had then confessed thy sovereign
grace!"*

KATHERINE HAMM

*"Young love likes to knock at a pretty girl's
door."*

Academic - St. Rose Academy - Periclean (Treasurer '25) - Fasces.

HELEN HARRIS

"Her talk is a mixture of foolish and wise."

General - Fulton School - Thistle Board '25.

EVELYN HAY

*"Nothing can phase you, you've such a
faculty."*

MELITA HOFMAN

*"I, too, will something make,
And joy in the making."*

General - Monroe School - Orchestra - Chorus



The Scotoman



GERTRUDE HOLTON

*"If to her share some female error fall,
Look on her face and you'll forget them all."*

Academic - Fulton School - Senior Social Committee.

DOROTHY HULL

*"Your whim is for frolic and fashion;
Your taste is for letters and art."*

Academic - Fulton School - Thistle Board '25
Student Council '24 and '25 - Vice-Pres.
Junior Class '24 - Secretary Senior Class
'25 - Senior Ring & Pin Committee - Junior
Fasces - Stadium Queen '25.

BURNETTA HUMMEL

"Yours is the dawn of morning."

General - Gunckel School.

MILDRED IFORD

*"I only wish to live my life, and find
My heart in unison with all mankind."*

Academic - Southard School - Girls' Athletic League.

THELMA JACOBS

*"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I said so once, and now I know it."*

Fulton School - Junior Fasces.

DOROTHY KANE

*"Her lively looks a sprightly mind discloses,
Quick as her eye, and as unfixed as those."*

General - Lincoln School.

The Scottonian

MARGARET KAPP

*"How much more doth beauty beauteous
seem
By that sweet ornament which truth doth
give!"*

General - Lewis School - Scottonian Board
'25. (Art Editor).

MIRIAM KELLAM

*"Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike."*

Academic - Janes - Franklin School.

DOROTHY KELLY

*"Opinion is that high and mighty dame
Which rules the world."*

CAROLYN KELLY

*"And all that's best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes."*

General - Monroe School.

VIRGINIA KERN

"Pity my simplicity."

Academic - Janes-Franklin School - Senior
Social Committee - Scottonian Board
'24 and '25.

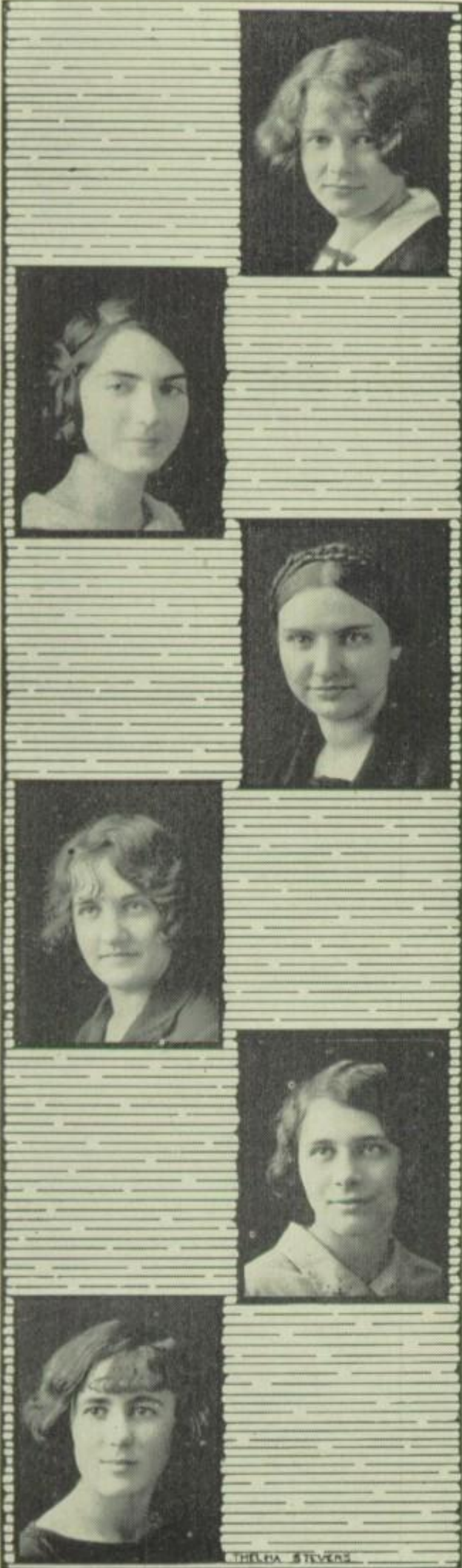
EDITH KLOPFENSTEIN

"The great source of pleasure is variety."

General - Fulton School - Philalethian.



The Scotoman



JESSIE J. KNOBLAUGH

*"Laugh, and the world laughs with you,
Weep, and you weep alone."*

General - Monroe School - Junior Council '24

MIRIAM KRUCKMAN

*"The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings."*

Academic - Cherry School - Fasces.

WILMA KUDZIA

*"Act, that each tomorrow,
Find us farther than today."*

General - Glenwood School - Fasces '24.

JANET LAVENBERG

*"With women the heart argues, not the
mind."*

General - Fulton School.

MARGARET LAYCOCK

*"Never idle a moment, but thrifty and
thoughtful of others."*

General - Fulton School - Fasces - Philale-
thean - Alchemist.

GENEVA LEAKE

"A charge to keep I have."

General - McKinley School - Girls' Athletic
League.

The Scotoman

ERNESTINE LIGNER

"A bright little maid."
General - Brooklyn, N. Y.



CONSTANCE LEVISON

"A little, tiny, pretty, witty, charming
darling she."
Academic - Fulton School - Fasces.



RUTH LIGHT

"Let men say whate'er they will,
Woman, woman, rules them still."
General - Fulton School.



LUCILE McCUNE

"—And just of an age
When girls learn the meaning of ribands and
smiles."
Academic - Cherry School - Glee Club
(Treasurer and Publicity Manager '24).



ELSA McLUCKIE

"So sweet that blush of bashfulness."
General - Glenwood School.



ADELAIDE MACHEN

"Her air, her manners, all who saw ad-
mired."
Academic - Jefferson School - Fasces.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scotoman



MARGARET MARTZ

"O woman! Thou wert fashioned to beguile."
General - Lincoln School.



KATHRYN MEYERS

"Knowledge is power."
General - Glenwood School - Philaethian -
Junior Fasces.



DOROTHY MILLER

"Air and manners are more expressive than words."
General - Fulton School.



LUCRETIA MILLER

"She softly speaks and sweetly smiles."
Academic - Cherry School - Fasces - Glee
Club (Publicity Manager '25).



FRANCES MONTGOMERY

"Zealous, yet modest."
General - Roosevelt School - Philaethian.



ALICE MOTTER

"I love all beauteous things."
General - Bryan, Ohio.

THELMA STEVENS

The Scotkomanian

EDNA MOWERY

"You laugh and you are quite right."
General - Paulding, Ohio - Periclean - Glee Club.

GLADYS NELSON

"Of manners gentle; of affections mild."
Academic - Fasces.

HELEN PARKER

"Is she not brighter than a summer's morn?"
General - Glenwood School.

KATHRYN PARKER

*"A train of well-dressed youths around her shone,
And every eye was fixed on her alone."*
Academic - Fulton School - Senior Social Committee.

HALINA PARYSKI

*"Mine are the minutes as they fly,
To save or to throw away."*
General - Monroe School - Friendship Club.

FRANCES PATTERSON

*"The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone."*
General - Glenwood School - Fasces.



The Scotoman



VELMA PEASE

"We all love a pretty girl."
General - Warren School - Periclean.



LESSIE PEET

*"A still, sweet, placid, moonlight face,
And slightly nonchalant."*
General - Monroe School.



MERLE PHELPS

*"Were there no women, men might live
like gods."*
General - Glenwood School.



FRANCES QUIGLEY

"A light heart lives long."
General - Fulton School.



ELIZABETH RANKIN

*"Her hair is like the curling mist
That climbs the mountain sides at e'en."*
Academic - Junior Fasces (Praetor '24) -
Glenwood School - Senior Finance Com-
mittee.



MARGARET REIDER

*"O who will walk a mile with me,
Along life's merry way?"*
General - Cherry School - Periclean (Record.
Sec. '24) - Girls' Athletic League (Junior
Class Leader '23, President '25) - Friend-
ship Club.

The Scotoman

ROMAYNE RIFE

"Youth calls for pleasure."
General - Glenwood School.

FRANCES ROBERTSON

*"What is she,
That all our swains commend her?"*
General - Lewis School - Senior Picnic Committee.

VIRGINIA RUTHERFORD

"In simple manners all the secret lies."
General - Glenwood School - Chorus - Girls' Athletic League.

LOUISE SALETA

"I love my freedom."
General - Lincoln School - Orchestra - Glee Club.

RUTH SANZENBACHER

*"Lady, very fair are you,
And your eyes are very blue."*
General - Fulton School.

MARIE SCANLON

*"My favorite, I might say my only, study,
is man."*
General - St. Ursula's Academy.
'25 (Art Editor '25).



The Scotoman



JEANNETTE SCHRADER

"And all hearts praise her as she passes by."
General - Fulton School.

ELLEN SEBURN

"Is she kind as she is fair?"
For beauty lives with kindness."
General - Roosevelt School - Girls' Athletic League.

HELEN SEKYRA

"Like the sun, true merit shows."
General - Dayton, Ohio - Friendship Club.

MARCIA SHAW

"Learning is better worth than house or land."
General - Lincoln School.

ELAINE SHEFFIELD

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty."
General - Fulton School - Friendship Club
'22 and '23 - Philalethian.

DONNA D. SHERMAN

"Bright is her face with smiles."
General - Fulton School - Philalethian (Sarg.
at Arms '24) and (Vice-President '25).

The Scottonian

JANE SIEGFRIED

"Persuasion tips her tongue whenever she talks."

General - Glenwood School.

MILDRED SIEK

"A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow."

General - Glenwood School.

ELLEN SINCLAIR

*"If she will do't, she will,
And that's an end on't."*

General - Monroe School - Scottonian Board
'25 - Senior Announcement Committee.

ELIZABETH SMITH

"There's a proud modesty in merit."

General - Lewis School - Alchemist - Phila-
lethian.

MARY SMITH

*"A fair exterior is a silent recommenda-
tion."*

RUTH SMITH

*"I am always at a loss to know how much
to believe of my own stories."*

General - Glenwood School.



The Scottonian



RUTH STARK

*"Her eyes are deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."*

General - Fulton - Philalethian (President '25) - Alchemist (Vice-Pres. '25) - Junior Council '24 - Student Council '23 - Senior Banquet Committee.

THELMA STEVENS

"Gentle of speech, beneficent of mind."

General - Lewis School - Thistle Board '25 - Scottonian Board '25 - Art Editor Thistle '25 - Assistant Art Editor Scottonian '25 - Alchemist - Philalethian.

CATHERINE STREICHER

*"Our care should not be so much
To live long, as to live well."*

General - Parkland School - Girls' Athletic League.

SIBYLLA STROEBEL

"Wise to perform, patient to perform."

Academic - Lewis School - Junior Fasces.

MARGARET SUTPHEN

*"Be kind and virtuous,
You'll be blest and wise."*

RACHAEL SWISHER

"All women born are so perverse."

General - Fulton School - Senior Banquet Committee.

The Scotoman

DOROTHY TESTER

"Thought is deeper than all speech."

Academic - Monroe School - Philalethian
(Censor '25) - Alchemist - Fasces - Thistle
Board '25.



THERESA THAL

"Who deserves well, need not others praise."

General - Lincoln School.



AILEEN THOMPSON

*"Around her shone
The nameless charms unmarked by her
alone."*

General - Glenwood School - Periclean.



MARIAN THOMPSON

*"When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman is deaf and does not hear."*

General - Osawatamie, Kansas - Alchemist.



FLORENCE THOMPSON

*"My head is fair
With flaxen hair."*

General - Monroe School.



MARGARET THOMPSON

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

General - Glenwood School - Friendship
Club - Alchemist.



THELMA BYRNE

The Scotoman



MARIAN THOMPSON

*"When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman is deaf and does not hear."*

MARGARET TIMMONS

*"Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!"*

Academic - Fremont, Ohio - Periclean.

NETTIE TOBIAS

*"I am bound to furnish my antagonists with
arguments, but not with comprehension."*

Academic - Fulton School School - Vice-
President Girls' Athletic League '23 and
'24.

DOROTHY TOPPER

*"For my part getting up seems not so easy
By half as lying."*

General - Fulton School.

MARIAN TRETTIEN

"A comrade blithe and full of glee."

General - Monroe School - Periclean (Presi-
dent '25).

KATHRYN TRIETCH

"Grace is in all her steps."

General - Holgate, Ohio - Periclean.

The Scottomism

HELEN TUCKER

"A mind content both crown and kingdom is."

General - Sherman School - Girls' Athletic League.

RUTH TURNER

"Her looks do argue her replete with modesty."

HELEN VAN CLEEF

*"And seldom was a nod amid
Such luxuriant ringlets hid."*

General - Glenwood School - Junior Fasces -
Periclean (Corres. Secretary '24) - Senior
Ring & Pin Committee - Alchemist
(Secretary '25).

DOROTHY VAN NESS

*"Thou hast the sweetest face I ever looked
upon."*

General - Monroe School - Periclean (Vice-
President '25).

DORIS VIPOND

"The game of life looks cheerful."

General - Glenwood School.

HELEN WEAVER

*"Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair."*

Academic - Glenwood School - Fasces.



The Scotoman



DOROTHY WEISBROD

"Books are guides in youth."

General - Sherman School - Periclean - Friendship Club.

DOROTHY WILDER

"Live while you live."

General - Glenwood School - Philaethean - Friendship Club.

DOROTHY WILKINSON

"Thou who hast the fatal gift of beauty."

General - Glenwood School.

CHARLOTTE WINE

"All must be earnest in a world like ours."

Academic - Warren School - Girls' Athletic League - Fasces.

PAULINE ZELUFF

"There's a very modish woman and her smile is very bland."

Academic - Glenwood School - Fasces.

JOHN ADAIR

"Much may be made of a Scotchman, if he be caught young."

General - Columbus, Ohio - Alchemist - Thistle Editor.

The Scotomian

GEORGE ALBER

*"Work while yet the daylight shines, man
of strength and will!"*

General - Jefferson School - Football Light-
weights '21 - Varsity Football '22, '23 -
Lightweight Football Coach '24 - Varsity
Basketball '24 - Varsity Baseball '24.

KENNETH ATKIN

"He never found the best too good."

General - Lewis School - Radio Club.

CLARENCE BACHELOR

"Was ever heart more human?"

General - Glenwood School.

ALAN BAKER

*"Be neither saint nor sophist led, but be a
man."*

Academic - Glenwood School.

LUCIUS BEARD

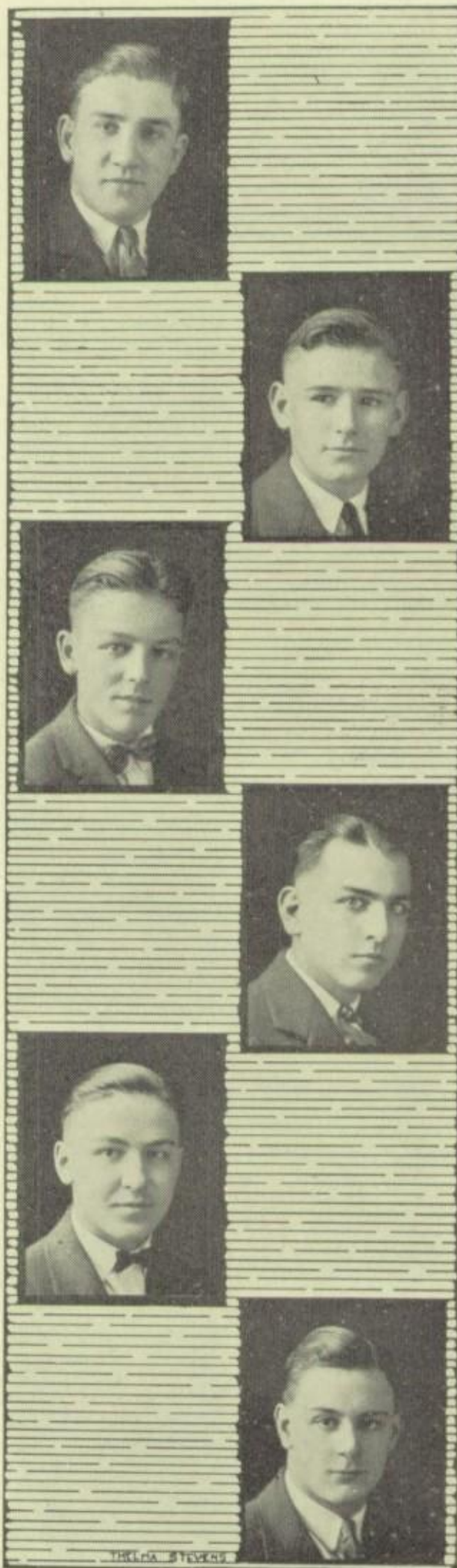
*"Our todays and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build."*

General - Lincoln School.

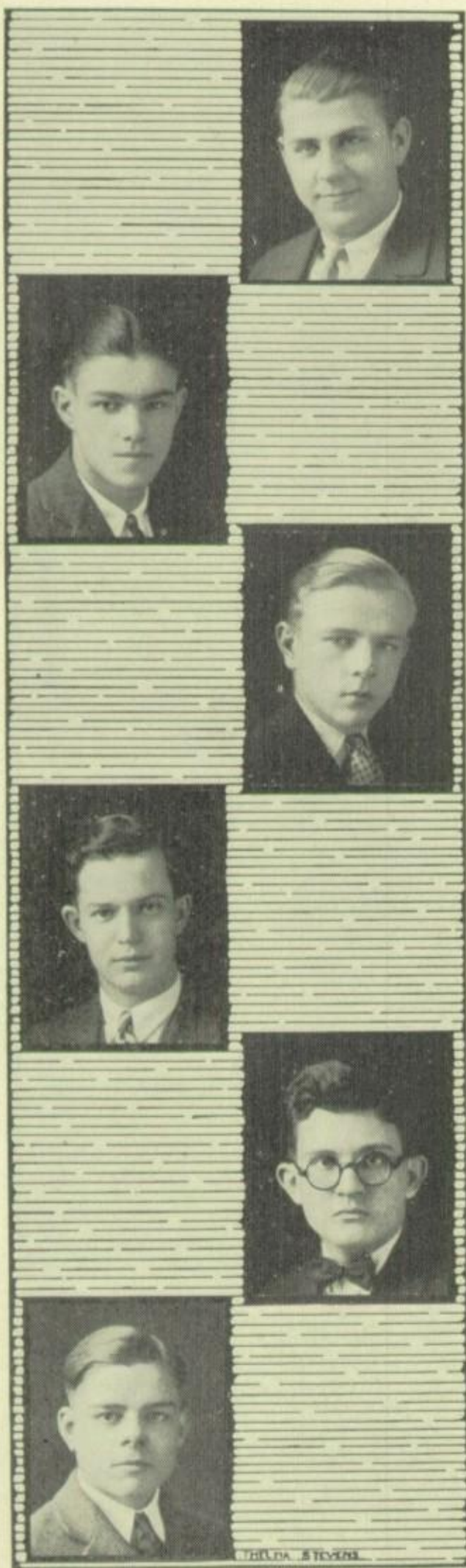
RICHARD BEARD

*"Be slow to judge, and slower to despise,
Man of broad shoulders and heroic size."*

General - Monroe School - Euclidean (Vice-
President '25) - Orchestra - Webster
(Secretary '25) - Engineering Club.



The Scottonian



JOE BEHM

"You hear that boy laughing?"
General - Cherry School - Basketball Lightweights '23 - Editor "Punts" '24 and '25.

FRED BISHOP

"Merit is worthier than fame."
General - Auburndale School - Football Lightweights '24.

FREDERICK BISSELL

*"A frown is no extinguisher,
It does not put him out."*
Academic - Fulton School - Senior Social Committee - Thistle Board '25.

ROBERT BOLLES

"I like work; it fascinates me."
Academic - Janes - Franklin School - Hi-Y Club - Euclidean - Thistle Board '24 - Scottonian Editor '25.

CHESTER BREEDE

"A little rebellion now and then is a good thing."
General - Fulton School - Student Mgr. Football '24 - Webster (Censor '23) - Student Mgr. Baseball '24.

RUSSELL BROWN

"Mine's not an idle cause."
General - Monroe School - Demosthenian (Secretary '24 and '25).

The Scotcomion

ROBERT BURGNER

"His manhood breathes in every line."
General - Bourbon, Indiana.

WILSON BUTLER

"Man was made for joy and woe."
General - Glenwood School - Webster.

CHARLES CARSON

"Henceforth I ask not good fortune—I myself am good fortune."
Academic - Cherry School - Demosthenian
(Chaplain '24) - Varsity Football '24.

WARREN CARTER

"Self reverence, self knowledge, self control."
General - Chicago, Ill.

HAROLD CHILES

"The good are always merry."
General - Glenwood School.

LOUIS COOK

"His words are firm and forceful."
General - Glenwood School - Hi-Y - Track
'24 - Student Council '23, '24, '25 - Vice-
President Student Council '24 - President
Student Council '25.



The Scottonian



BURMAN CURRY

"No dangers fright him, and no labors tire."
General - Glenwood School - Webster - Engineering Club (President '24 and '25).

RALPH DAVIS

"He picked something out of everything he read."
General - Glenwood School - Engineering Club.

ARTHUR DE BUTE

"I am very fond of the company of ladies."
General - Detroit, Mich. - Webster.

WALTER DELAPLANE

*"A kind and gentle heart he has,
To comfort friends and foes."*
General - Fulton School - Hi-Y Club (President '25) - Demosthenian - Euclidean - Student Council '24 and '25 - Scottonian Board '25.

RAYMOND DODGE

"Man, know thyself! All wisdom centers there."
General - St. Louis, Mo.

DEANE DONLEY

"Here is a man to hold against the world."
General - Glenwood School - Football Varsity '25 - Basketball - Track.

The Scotoman

LOUIS EARICK

*"Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees its close."*

Industrial Arts - Auburndale School - Radio Club - Webster - Engineering Club (Vice-President '25).



WILLIAM EDGECOMB

*"If she undervalue me,
What care I how fair she be?"*

General - Fulton School - Webster - Engineering Club.



FREDERICK EYSTER

"Grave in his aspect and attire."
Academic - Glenwood School - Fasces.



CLARENCE FIKE

"Man is a thinking being."
General - Auburndale School - Euclidean - Engineering Club.



CARL FAUSTER

"He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit."
General - Fulton School - Webster - Business Manager Thistle '25.



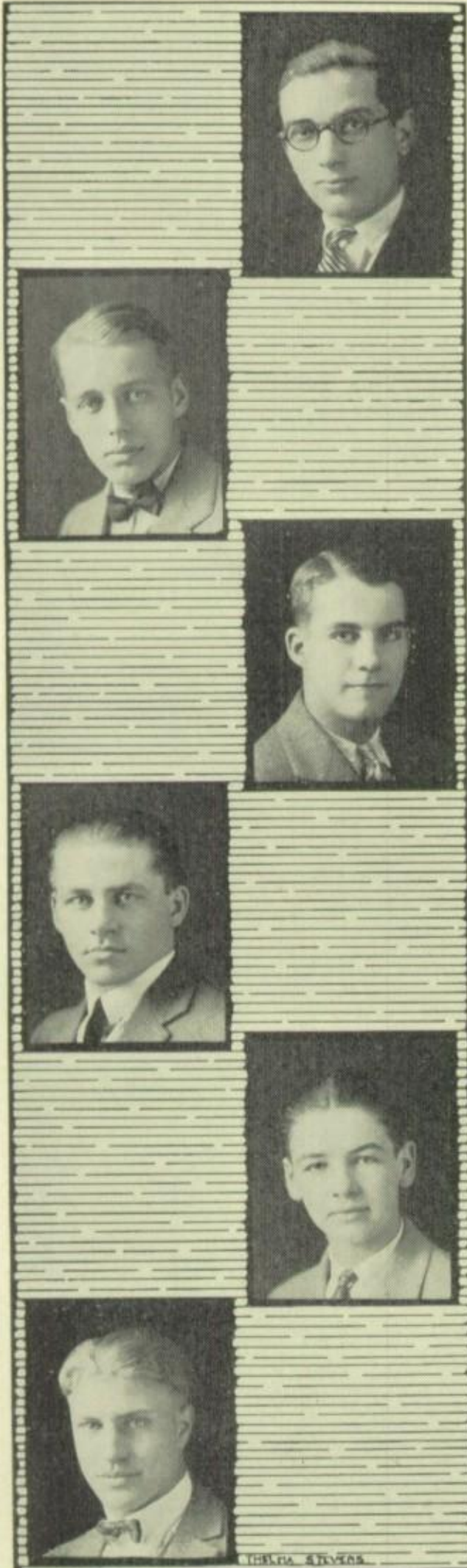
CLAIRE FISHER

"The mind's the standard of the man."
General - Glenwood School.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scotoman



JAMES FOX

"We live in deeds."
General - Fulton School - Orchestra.

DAVID FRICK

"Among his books he sits all day."
General - Auburndale School - Alchemist
(Censor '25) - Engineering Club (Sec. '25).

EDWARD FRITTER

"I am monarch of all I survey."
General - Fulton School.

KENNETH GARBER

"Be a hero in the strife!"
General - Grover Hill, Ohio.

DONALD GARWOOD

"I have the will to soar."
General - Glenwood School.

HARRY GILL

"Men are but children."
General - Glenwood School.

The Scotoman

BERYL GOLDMAN

"Look, what I lack my mind supplies."
Academic - Warren School.

LOUIS GROSS

"He is full of joke and jest."
Academic - Fulton School - Webster - Euclidean - Tennis Team '23, '24, '25 - Senior Picnic Committee.

PAUL GRUD

"None but himself can be his parallel."
General - Cathedral Chapel School - Baseball Basketball.

WILLIAM GUITTEAU

*"I change, and so do women, too,
But I reflect, which women never do."*
General - Fulton School - Hi-Y Club - Senior Finance Committee.

ROSS HAMMOND

*"Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth,
That I to manhood am arrived so near."*
General - Janes - Franklin School - Senior Finance Committee - Junior Council '24.

HAROLD HANNES

*"A man of such a genial mood,
The heart of all things he embraced."*
General - Warren School - Radio Club (Sarg. at Arms '25).



The Scottonian



FRANK HAWLY

"Oh, Life, how pleasant is thy morning."
General - Warren School - Euclidean (President '25) - Webster (Sergeant-at-Arms '25) - Alchemist - Engineering Club.



PAUL HEDDEN

"The fearless man is his own salvation."
Academic - Glenwood School - Webster (Vice-President '25) - Engineering Club - Euclidean (Reporter '25) - Thistle Board '23 - Scottonian Board '23 - Scottonian Business Manager '25.



ADELBERT HENDERSON

"Oh, youth, whose hope is high."
General - Glenwood School.



WILLIAM HILL

"I would help others, out of a fellow feeling."
General - Fulton School.



ROBERT HOFFNER

*"His neighbors he does not abuse,
Is sociable and gay."*
General - Sherman School.



PAUL HOY

*"Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow."*
Academic - Monroe School - Webster (President '25) - Euclidean - Engineering Club - Fasces.

The Scottomian

SIDNEY JACOBSON

"Life is not to live, but to be well."
General - Fulton School - Euclidean - Demosthenian.



WALTER JOHNSON

*"He has, I know not what,
Of greatness in his looks."*
General - Ambridge High.



WALTER A. JOHNSON

"A strong man reflecting a strong character."
General - Webster - Senior Ring & Pin Committee '25 (Chairman).



HARRY JOHNSON

*"Nothing can make a man truly great, but
bring truly good."*
General - McKinley School.



CLARENCE KAMM

"Courage is the thing."
General - Jewell Elementary School - Alchemist - Euclidean.



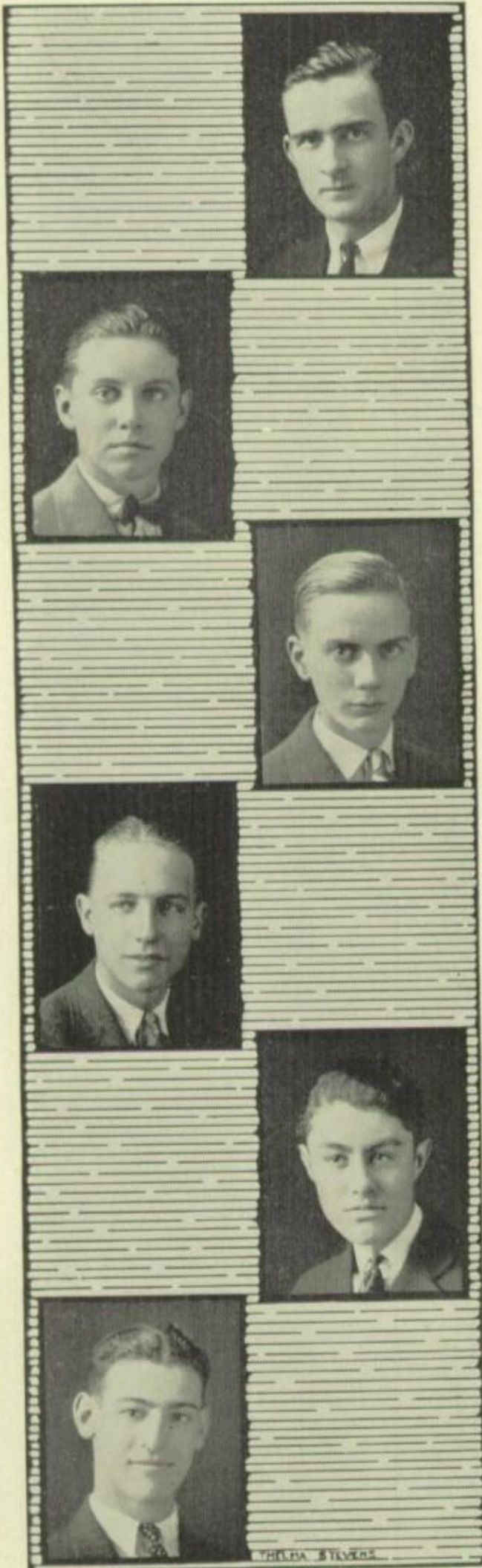
RUSSELL KEIER

"All may be heroes."
General - Lincoln School - Baseball '24 - Basketball Lightweights '23 and '24.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scotoman



WESTLEY KENNE

"He is most free from danger who, even when safe, is upon guard."
General - Nathan Hale School - Euclidean - Radio Club (Censor '25).

REEVES KIDNEY

"Happiness is within the reach of every man."
General - Glenwood School - Demosthenian - Euclidean.

ROBERT KIDNEY

"He that does good to another man, does also good to himself."
Academic - Lincoln School - Demosthenian - Fasces.

WAYNE KIMMERLIN

*"More than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart that laughs at care."*
General - Cherry School - Webster - Engineering Club.

JAY KINNE

*"All who Joy would win,
Must share it."*
General - Cherry School.

ARTHUR KLEIN

"Act well your part, there all the honor lies"
Academic - Spring School.

The Scottonian

BERNARD KLIVANS

"Whatever is honest, must always be becoming."

Academic - Fulton School - Webster (Reporter '25) - Engineering Club - Scottonian Board '24 and '25 (Circulation Manager '25).

FRED KOSS

"Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful."

General - Fulton School - Demosthenian.

ALBERT KRIPKE

"A moment's thinking is an hour in words."

Academic - Warren School - Demosthenian - Euclidean.

GEORGE LAMB

"He most prevails who nobly dares."

General - Newton School - Scottonian Board (Treasurer '25) - Alchemist (Treasurer '25) - Webster.

CLAUDE LANCE

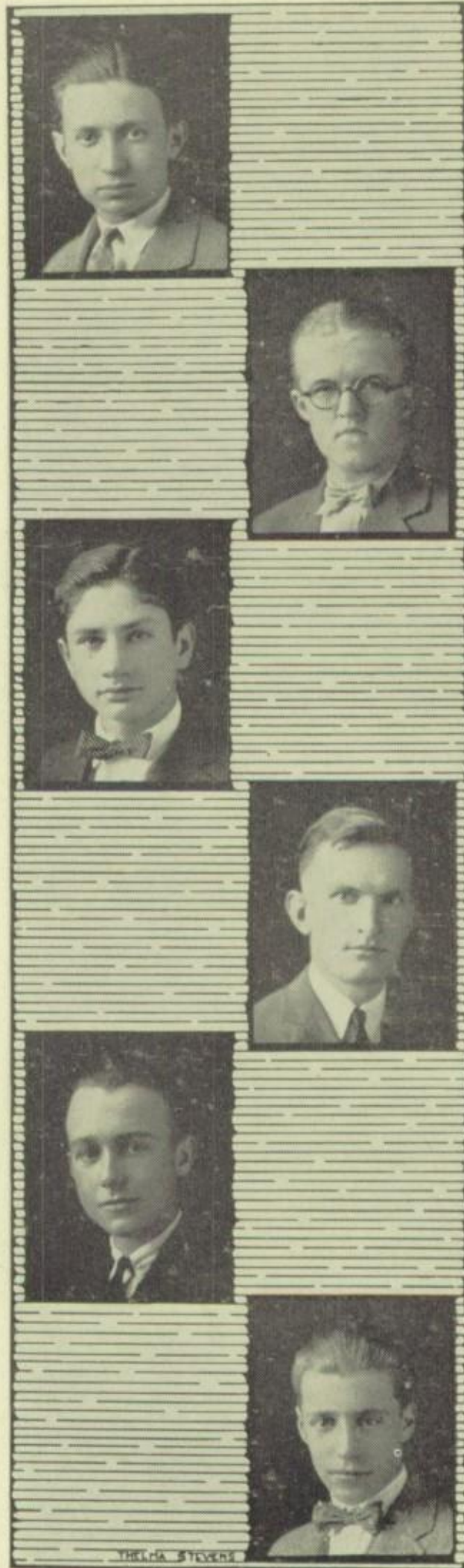
"Kind hearts are more than coronets."

General - Auburndale School - Euclidean - Engineering Club.

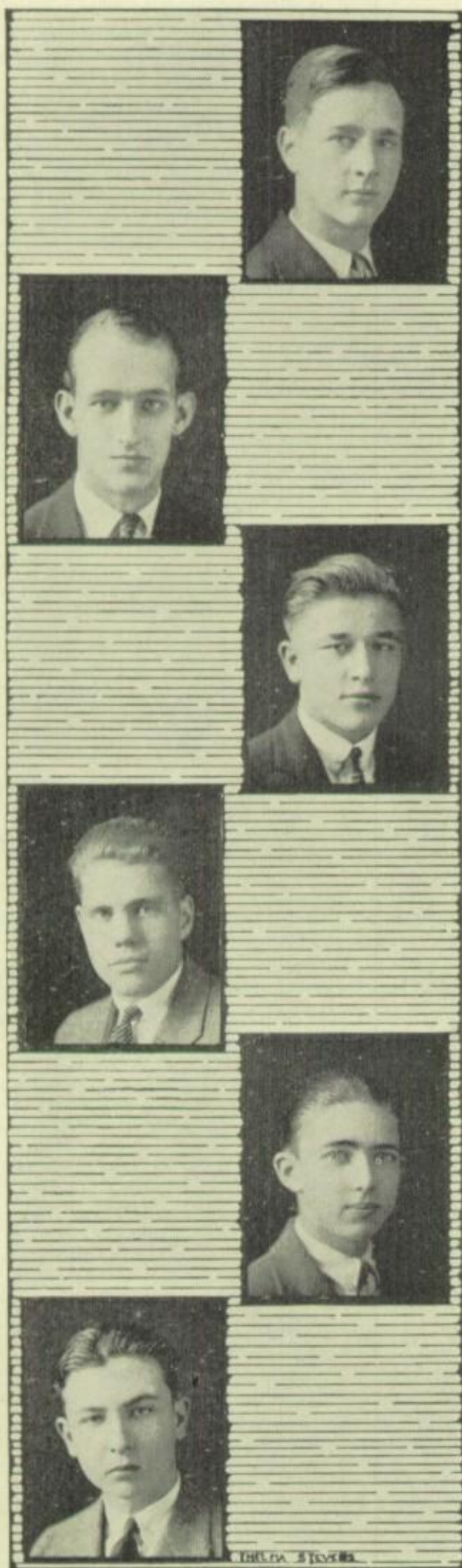
JAMES LASALLE

*"He drops into an easy chair,
And gives his candid views."*

General - Phillips Exeter Academy - Fasces Quaestor '25).



The Scotoman



JOHN LEESON

"He dances like an angel."
General - Van Wert, Ohio.

ROBERT LEWIS

"Honor's a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times."
Academic - Howe Military Institute - Demosthenian.

THOMAS LOVERING

"The man who rules his spirit is greater than the man who takes a city."

DONALD LOVEWELL

"He who sows courtesy reaps friendship."
General - Glenwood School - Euclidean Club - Varsity Football '24.

MILTON MCCREERY

"Good nature is the baity of the mind."
General - Fulton School - Webster - Euclidean.

MILTON MCLAUGHLIN

"An excellent young man."

The Scottonian

RUSSELL MALRICK

"O cruel fate, quenching the dreams of love!"

Academic - Warren School - Fasces - Euclidean Club (Censor '25).

EDMUND MARKOWSKI

"Art is power."

General - Parkland School - Engineering Club Webster.

JOHN MARKS

"Good breeding shows itself here."

General - Warren School - Scottonian Board '25 - Demosthenian - Senior Picnic Committee - Euclidean Club - Engineering Club (Treasurer '25).

ARTHUR MARLEAU

*"The greatest truths are the simplest,
So are the greatest men."*

General - Alchemists (President '24 and '25).

CHARLES MATTIMOE

"Man was formed for society."

Academic - St. Patrick's School - Fasces.

FRANK MEESE

"A brave man may fall, but never yield."

General - Cherry School - Football Lightweights '21 - Varsity Football '22, '23, '24 - Captain '24 - Senior Ring & Pin Committee.



The Scotoman



ROBERT MEREDITH

"We may be independent, if we will."
General - Glenwood School.

RALPH MILLER

"Good nature brightens every feature of his face."
General - Cherry School.

ENRIQUE MOLINA

"Your looks are like the raven."
General - Washington School.

GEORGE MOOR

*"His heart is open as the day,
His feelings all are true."*
General - Monroe School - Euclidean - President Athletic Association '25 - Student Council '24 - President Junior Class '24 - Football Varsity '23 and '24.

CLARENCE MORGAN

"Health is the greatest of all possessions."
General - Warren School.

CARL MUSSER

"A good deed is never lost."
General - Detroit, Mich. - Orchestra - Engineering Club.

The Scotoman

ROBERT NEAFIE

"A most gallant, illustrious gentleman."
General - Glenwood School - Webster -
Thistle Board '25 - Senior Social Com-
mittee.

ROBERT NEFF

"The sufficiency of one's merit is to know
that one's merit is not sufficient."

MELVIN OLIVER

"His thoughts are busy ever—all alive."
General - Glenwood - School - Demosthenian.

DONALD O'ROURKE

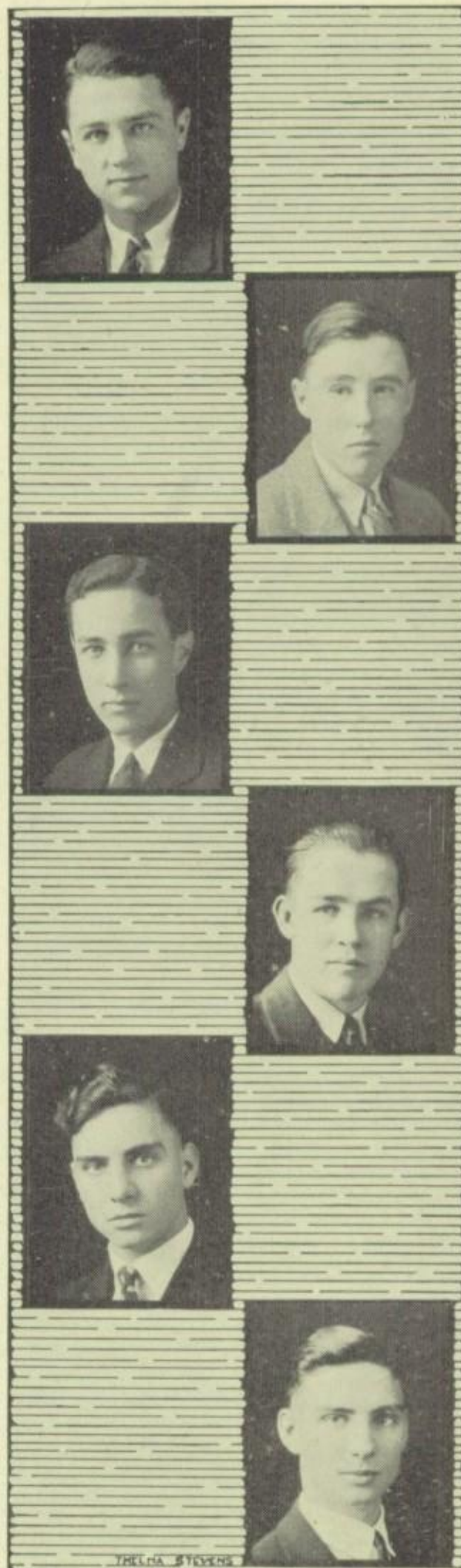
"The Irish are a fair people."
General - Gunckel School - Euclidean Club -
Alchemist.

HAROLD PETERS

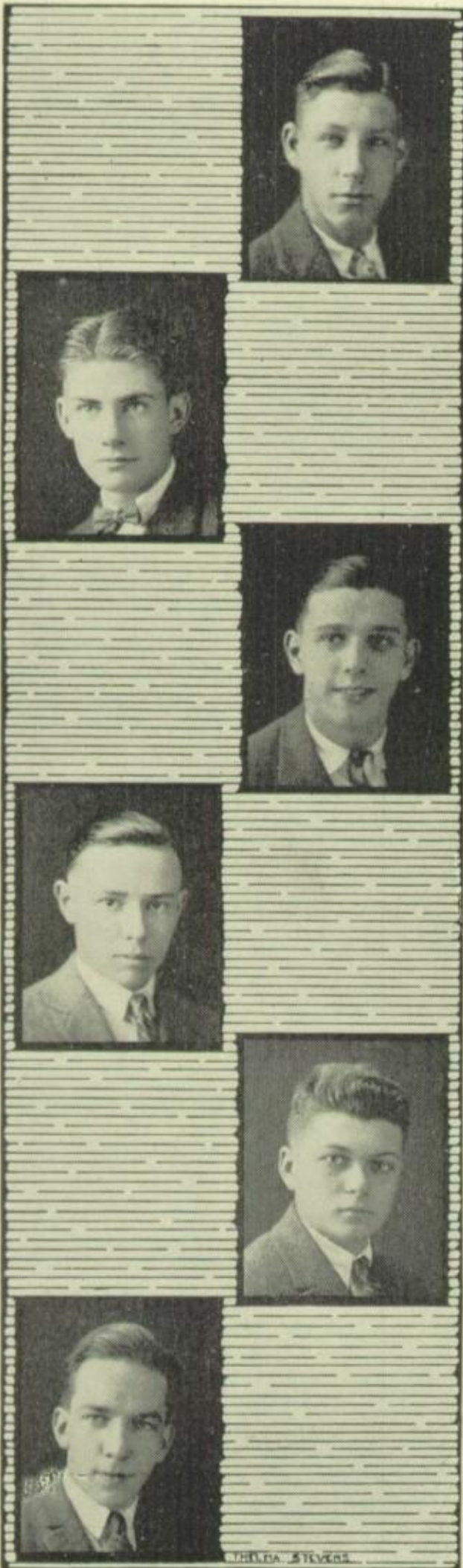
"He is the fountain of honor."
General - Glenwood School - Varsity Basket-
ball '24 and '25.

HOWARD PETERS

"In simple manners all the secret lies."
General - Glenwood School - Baseball '24
and '25 - Basketball '24 and '25.



The Scottonian



ROBERT POCOTTE

*"The greatest man is he who chooses right
With the most invincible resolution."*

General - Glenwood School - Fasces (Con-
sul '25) - Football Reserves '24.

WARREN POTTER

"Of spirits gay and kindly heart."

General - Fulton School.

TOM RAMSEY

*"We like you, Tom, and in these lays,
Give honest worth its honest praise!"*

JUDSON REID

"O Well for him whose will is strong!"

Academic - Warren School - Demosthenian -
Euclidean.

FREDERICK RHINES

*"Quiet in appearance, with motives un-
known."*

Academic - Glenwood School - Euclidean.

DONALD ROGERS

"Books are his passion and delight."

Academic - Auburndale School - Demos-
thenian - Fasces - Euclidean (Treasurer
'25) - Scottonian Board '25.

The Scottsman

DONALD ROSS

*"With many a social virtue graced,
And yet the friend of solitude."*

General - Lincoln School - Scott Radio Club
(President) - Band - Alchemist.

RALPH RULE

"Life is a shuttle."

Academic - Lewis School - Fasces - En-
gineering Club.

EMMETT RUSSELL

*"If a man be endued with a gracious mind,
this is the best kind of nobility."*

General - Glenwood School - Varsity Foot-
ball '24.

FRED SAMPSON

"If I were strong as Samson!"

General - Elyria, Ohio - Fasces.

PAUL SANTEE

"In knowledge is found true happiness."

General - Auburndale School.

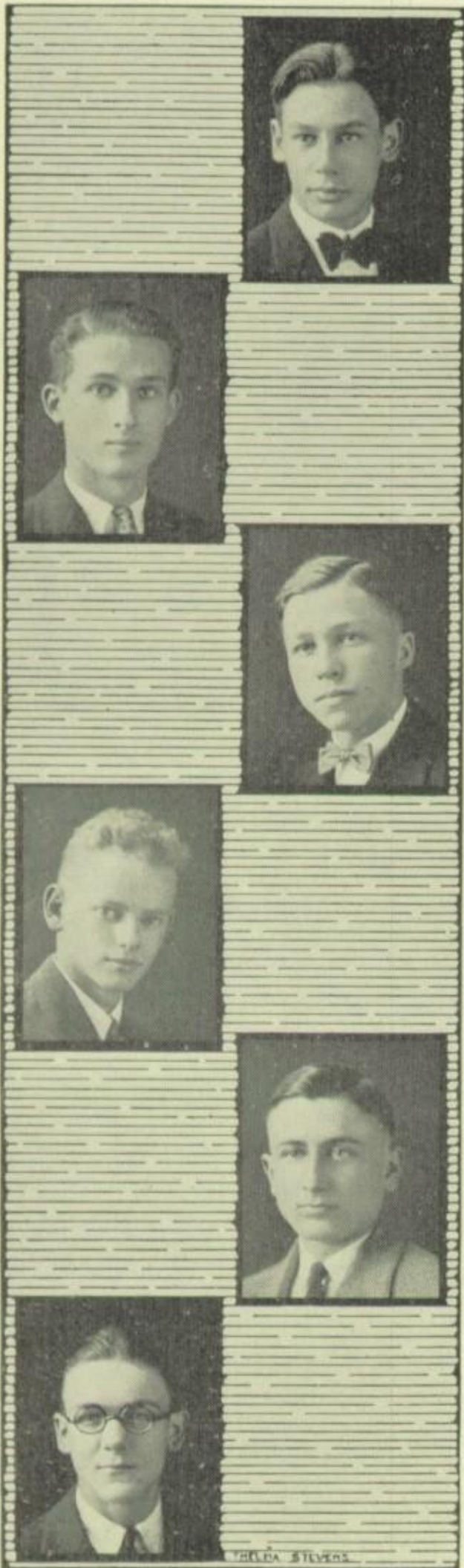
FRED SCHAUB

"Beware the fury of a patient man."

Industrial Arts - Glenwood School.



The Scottonian



WILLIAM SEAMAN

"Airs and manners are more expressive than words."

Industrial Arts - Glenwood School - Hi-Y - Demosthenian.

BOB SELBY

"Good humor teaches charms to last."

Academic - Fulton School - Webster (Censor '25) - Hi-Y Club - Student Council '24 - Thistle Board '25 - Scottonian Board '25 - Senior Ring & Pin Committee.

HUGH SHARP

"He only is great who has the habit of greatness."

General - Fulton School.

CLARENCE SHAW

"A good man is kind to his enemy."

General - Warren School - Webster.

DALTON SMITH

"Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

Academic - Lewis School - Demosthenian - Euclidean - Fasces.

LEE SMITH

"Man is a bundle of contradictions."

General - Lewis School - Alchemist - Engineering Club.

The Scotoman

ROY STALKER

*"The man that's silent, nor proclaims his wants,
Gets more than him that makes a loud complaint."*
General - Auburndale School - Engineering Club.

ARTHUR SURPRISE

"A man of a thousand activities."

RONALD SAFFEN

"I beseech you all to better know this gentleman."
Academic - Spring School - Varsity Baseball '23 - Varsity Football '24 - Varsity Basketball '24 and '25 - Demosthenian.

EDWIN TASKER

"It is a great plague to be a handsome man."
General - Roosevelt School.

STANFORD TETELBAUM

"A modest youth."
Academic - Warren School.

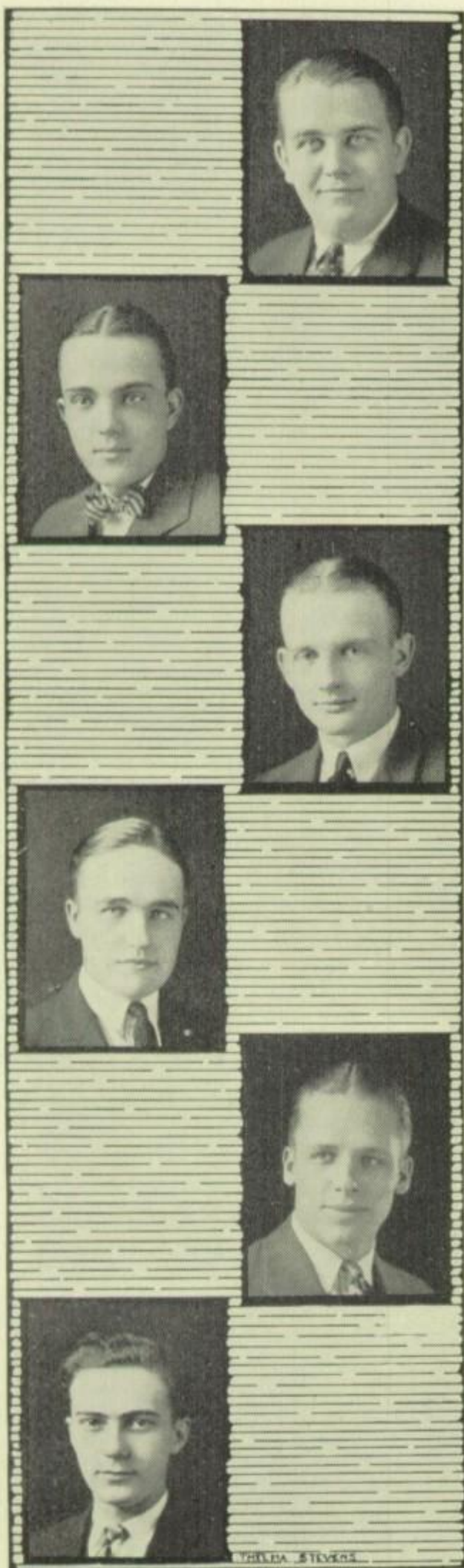
PRESTON THAL

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*
General - Point Place School - Webster (Reporter '23) - Football Reserves '23 and '24.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scottonian



BYRON TIGGES

"Built for comfort, not for speed."
General - Fulton School - Webster - Glee Club.

WALTER TIMSON

"The force of his own merit makes his way."
General - Fremont, Ohio.

BRUCE TRIPPENSEE

"The will of man is by his reason swayed."
General - Spring School - Demosthenian - Alchemist - Engineering Club - Euclidean.

RALPH TURNER

"A true and upright man."
General - Lewis School - Fasces - Senior Finance Committee - Scottonian Board '25.

DALTON WALPER

*"No borrowed bays his temples did adorn,
But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring."*
Alchemist - Tennis Club - Euclidean Club - Student Council '25 - President Senior Class '25 - Webster - Hi-Y Club.

FERN WEATHERWAX

"A bold, bad man."
General - Lincoln School.

The Scottonian

CHARLES WEBB

"And lodge such daring souls in little men?"

JACK WHEATON

*"Ay, when we're strong and braced and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle."*

General - Lewis School - Alchemist - Serg. at-Arms '25 - Football Lightweights '24 - Demosthenian.

JOHN WIELAND

"He was born to be a statesman."

Academic - Monroe School - Hi-Y Club - Glee Club (Vice-President '25) - Demosthenian - Euclidean - Thistle Board '25 - Scottonian Board '25 - Senior Finance Committee.

ELMER WOHLER

"Jest and youthful jollity."

General - McKinley School.

HARRY WUERFUL

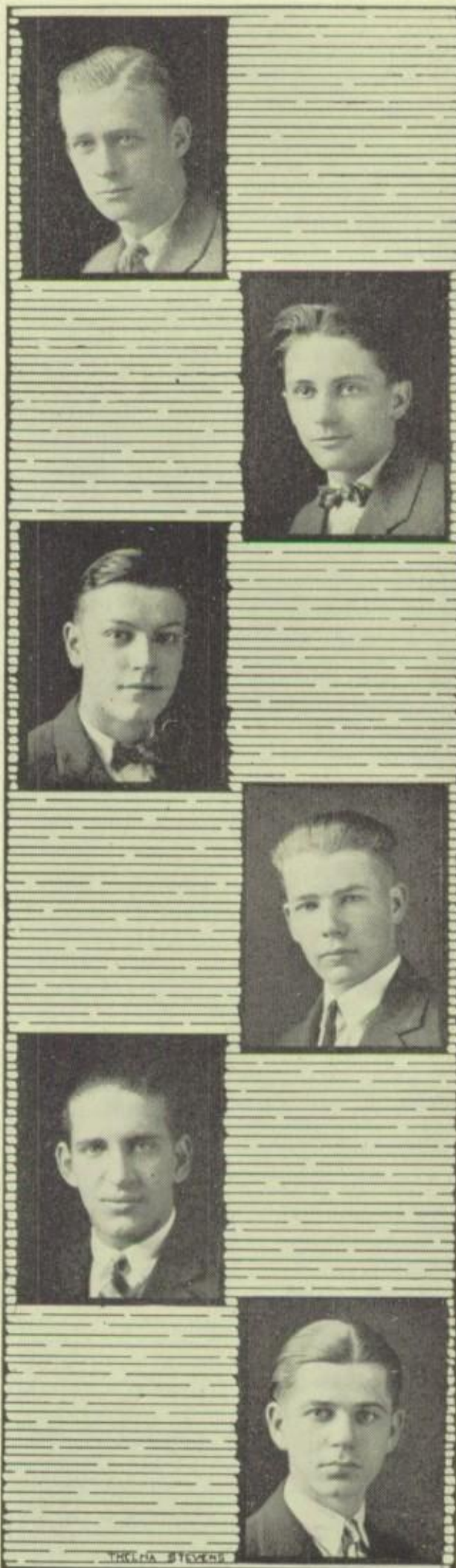
*"You have waked me too soon;
I must slumber again."*

General - Fulton School - Glee Club (President '25).

JOHN ZABLOCKI

"He is a man, taking him all in all."

General - Parkland School.



The Scotoman

JANUARY 1926 GRADUATES



MURIEL BEHRING

"There's music in all things."

ALVINA GIHA

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

ETHEL HECHT

"A dark and vivid little beauty."

MARCELLA OSGOOD

"Fair and young and fond."
General : Lewis School - Glee Club.

ESTELLE POAST

*"Come, and trip it as ye go,
On the light, fantastic toe."*
General - Glenwood School.

BETTY PREAS

*"And beaux were turned to flambeaux
where she came."*
General - Whittier School - Glee Club.

The Scotoman

EDITH RAKESTRAW

"Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts."
Academic - Monroe School.

HERBERT DIRR

"Every man is a volume, if you know how to
read him."
General - Michigan.

DONALD FARNHAM

"Aloft in awful state,
The godlike hero sate."
General - Roosevelt School - Thistle Board
'25 - Webster.

STEPHEN HART

"Well, my deliberate opinion is—it's a
jolly strange world."
Academic - Newton School - Hi Y Club -
Websters - Thistle Board '25.

ROBERT HUBER

"A man of a strong will."

EDWIN JANNEY

"Every man is the architect of his own for-
tune."
General - Dundee, Mich. - Hi-Y Club.



THELMA STEVENS

The Scotoman



ALAN LOOP

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill."
Academic - Fulton School.



IRWIN MILLER

"And here I stand; judge, my masters."
General - Lewis School.



ROBERT WIBELL

"He'll find a way."
General - McKinley School - Hi-Y Club.



CLARENCE WITKER

"I enjoy myself in good company, and I am well content when I am alone."
General - Cathedral Chapel School.



WESTLEY WYN

"Youth is full of pleasures."
General - Glenwood School.



THELMA STEVENS

Senior Committee

FINANCE

ROSS HAMMOND, *Chairman*

Lucille Fox	Frank Hawley
Elizabeth Rankin	Ralph Turner
Martha Gosline	Hugh Sharp
Betty Crowder	John Wieland

SOCIAL

JEANNE ECKHARDT, *Chairman*

Ruth Light	George Moor
Kathryn Parker	Fred Bissell
Virginia Kern	Tom Ramsay
Gertrude Holton	Robert Neafie

RING AND PIN

WALTER A. JOHNSON, *Chairman*

Jessie Clapp	Clair Fisher
Helen VanCleaf	Frank Meese
Dorothy Hull	Robert Selby

BANQUET

FRANCES GETTINS, *Chairman*

Rachael Swisher	Joe Behm
Mary Foster	Fern Weatherwax
Ruth Stark	Ralph Miller

PICNIC

WILLIAM EDGECOMB, *Chairman*

Janet Lavenberg	Louis Gross
Frances Robertson	John Marks

ANNOUNCEMENT

ISABELLE GRIFFITH, *Chairman*

Corinne Dorn	Walter Delaplane
Ellen Sinclair	Charles Carson

SENIORS NOT SUBMITTING PICTURES

VIRGINIA BEVERLIN	HATTIE RETZLOFF	CATHERINE HAYS
JUNE VISCHER	BENN BARNHART	ALBION BINIGAR
EDWARD DALKOWSKI	WARD FRIAR	NELSON WIRLAND
ROBERT UNGEWITTER	VICTOR MINER	JOHN SWANWICK
PHILIP MOSES	CLARENCE GARRITY	JACK GLASS
LEWIS HAUSMAN	JOHN HALSTEAD	DALE BURKE



“Larry”

BY DOROTHY KUEHN

THE MAN came out of the bush at dusk. He dropped wearily from his horse, adjusted his blanket and provision sack more comfortably on the animal's back, and walked a few steps to the edge of the hill. The sun would sink in twenty minutes, and now the valley was a mass of tangled undergrowth and growing shadows. The palm trees cast a yellowish hue over the landscape, and the red and purple of the sunset completed a picture of unbelievable beauty. At the eastern corner of the valley a cleared, fenced-in plot showed the only work of human hands. In the center of the plot was a large white frame building surrounded by a few peon huts.

The man gazed at the ridge of the valley with uncertainty, and as his gaze fell upon the white house, his hands clenched, his jaw became firmer and his eyes hardened and narrowed. His horse trotted up to him and laid his nose upon his master's shoulder. He patted the star on the horse's nose and then climbed into the saddle again. He took one last look at the white house before he swung the horse into the well-worn trail. As the horse slid down the steep, stony path, the man's face expanded in a grin, and the breeze, which blew his mop of red hair over his forehead, changed him into a boy of twenty. His red hair, his grin and the strong features of his face instantly proclaimed him a son of the Emerald Isle. As he checked the horse's speed down the steep path, he began to talk to it.

“Singer,” he laughed, “this is our first job and you've got to help me. Understand? I haven't studied Spanish and come to this hell hole for nothing. We're going to find out what's going on here at

The Scotoman

Wajay, or we'll have to answer to old man Adams, and that won't be so good—and I'll never go back to Peoria." As he spoke, a look of hard-determination came into his eyes.

He came up to the vine-covered veranda just as the sun was dropping behind the palms. Someone was singing an old Spanish love song in a soft, mellow voice. He climbed leisurely down from Singer and patted him, pretending not to hear the voice from the veranda. When next he turned toward it, he stepped back in astonishment at sight of a beautiful girl, who was leaning against the pillar—fingering a revolver which half protruded from the pocket of her white riding-habit jacket. She was watching him with the expressionless and unseeing gaze of a person long accustomed to solitude. While he stood there holding the rein of Singer, the screen door opened and an elderly woman came out carrying a tall glass of *pina a frio*. She was undoubtedly the mother of the girl. Her complexion was the rich golden brown of the white long under the tropical sun, while the girl had the dusky hue of the native. The man stepped upon the low porch, and uncovered his red head slowly.

"Senora Barton, I suppose?" he said in poor Spanish.

"Yes," she answered in English, and smiled pleasantly.

"I'm Larry O'Neil of the Cuban Department of Interior. I'm investigating peon conditions on the plantations and would like to spend about a week going over the ground. Here are my papers." He flushed and traced a design of the mosaic floor with his foot, as if in embarrassment, while Mrs. Barton glanced at the papers.

When Larry had told Mrs. Barton the nature of his visit to the plantation, he noticed that the girl just looked at him sharply and then began to swing her riding whip against the post and look out to the hills as if pondering upon the truthfulness of his statement. Mrs.

The Scotoman

Barton folded up his papers and handed them back to him, saying, "I'm sorry that my husband won't be back from Havana for a week; but my daughter Ethel will show you the grounds." She nodded toward the girl by way of introduction. Ethel bowed and as she smiled slightly, a look of craftiness flickered through her eyes.

Mrs. Barton had set the glass of *pina a frio* upon a low settee; she now offered it to Larry, saying, "You must be thirsty after riding all day. Ethel will show you your room and then we'll have supper."

Ethel picked up her broad-rimmed felt hat and Larry took the reins of Singer and followed her down a broad roadway to the stables. She was walking a few steps ahead of him, but he caught up to her and remarked, smiling, "Getting cooler, isn't it?"

"Yes," Ethel answered without turning. "How long have you been working for the government?" she asked suddenly, facing him and regarding him fixedly with challenging eyes.

Larry had been looking at the ground and he now looked up sharply. It flashed through his mind that Ethel was quizzing him, not believing his statements.

"Oh, it's about two years," he said slowly, as if trying to remember the exact date.

"I have never seen you in this section before." Ethel dug her hands into her pockets and quickened her steps toward the stables, signifying that the conversation was ended.

That evening, after an almost silent dinner, during which only Mrs. Barton chatted of the weather and happenings on the plantation, Larry went to his room early and read. About ten o'clock he put his book away and extinguishing the lamp, went out on the small balcony of his room to smoke. He was no sooner seated than he saw a white figure come out of the house and run as swiftly as the blanket and

The Scottsman

bulky package she was carrying would permit her. Larry knew it was Ethel. Even while she was hidden by the tall foliage from the light of the moon, he felt that it was she. When she ran through the cleared space and the moonlight fell upon her, he saw that the large package she carried was a provision sack. She stopped at the peon quarters and called at the low iron-barred window. Someone came to the window, cutting off the candle light which shown through. Ethel spoke a few minutes to the man, handing him something through the bars. Then she went back to the door of the shack where she had dropped the blanket and sack and waited a short time until a native came out. Together they carried the sack to the stables. A horse was brought out, the sack divided and fastened to the saddle, the native mounted the horse and was gone, and Ethel ran swiftly back to the house. She stopped suddenly, surprised at the sight of Larry, calmly gazing at her with his incomparable grin.

"Oh, I didn't know you were there," she faltered.

"No?" Larry laughed, flicking the ashes from his cigarette. "Great moon, isn't it?" He threw back his head and looked up at the moon, and Ethel almost laughed aloud in spite of her troubled mind at the ridiculous appearance Larry made. His broad, smiling face was turned toward the moon and the moonlight playing upon his rumpled red hair gave it the appearance of flames shooting from his freckled face. She laughed gaily. "See you in the morning," she called, and ran lightly up the steps. Larry put out his cigarette, threw it far into the clearing for no particular reason, and went back into his room to a sleep full of white visions.

* * * * *

Larry had been at the Barton plantation about five days, with no unusual happening to mar the course he had planned. He rode all day

The Scottsman

over the land, going over the reports of the three mills situated on the plantation, examining the peon huts, questioning the section foreman, and returning dead tired to the house at dusk.

Sometimes Ethel accompanied him. From the manner in which she spoke to the men, Larry noted that she also gave orders on the plantation, and that the men obeyed them. She went into the most lowly huts, asking the mothers about the babies, fussing and laughing with the children, and even giving old Juan, who was recovering from the fever, some precautions against taking cold. Larry could see their adoration for her in their eyes. But in the fields he felt the growing tension of discontent. As he looked at the men swinging their long knives and cutting the stalks of sugar cane, he saw a look of greed, cunning and mysterious, which Ethel also seemed to feel, as she went from one gang of workers to another.

One morning, upon walking into the little office, Larry was surprised to see a tall, dark-haired man, a stranger to him, examining the reports of the week. As he casually walked forward, the man turned suddenly and his steel-grey eyes seemed to bore holes through Larry. Before the abashed Larry could muster courage to speak, the man said:

"So you're the young fellow the government sent out?"

"Yes, sir, and I find everything in fair condition." Larry spoke to Mr. Barton, for it was he, as to a superior officer.

"You do, eh?" Mr. Barton chuckled sarcastically. Then his manner changed completely. "Sorry I wasn't here. Hope you get along all right," he yawned. "Well, see you later. I've got to get some sleep." He picked up a bundle and walked unsteadily to the house.

Larry went out of the little shack and leaned against it, contemplating his next move. He noticed the looks of hate and sus-

The Scotswoman

picious anticipation the men cast toward Mr. Baxter as he wended his way toward the house, cursing and finding fault with everyone he met. Larry approached one of the peons who had a particularly nasty disposition.

"When did Senor Barton return?" he asked him in rapid Spanish.

"Senor Barton returned at sunrise," the native answered, emphasizing "sunrise" with a lift of his brows in a meaning look at Larry. Larry pretended not to understand.

"Why do you suppose he came during the night?" he asked innocently.

The peon snorted with rage. He fairly lunged the words at Larry. "For God's sake! don't you know what day this is?"

"Yes, it's Thursday, the thirty-first of October," Larry answered. He knew of no national holiday or great saint's day, but the native was not very long in enlightening him.

"Why, man, it's the day we're to get our money," he screamed. He crept close to Larry. "And the trouble is," he whispered gleefully, "he hasn't the money to pay us!"

Larry turned pale, but he hastily controlled himself. He knew he could acquire a lot of information from the angry native.

"Well, why hasn't he?" he asked.

"Oh, playing the races," the peon chuckled, rubbing his hands together, and then his eyes took on a savage glare of the infuriated black. "But he's getting his soon," he said slowly, with satisfaction.

Larry sickened. He knew what this meant; he had heard of similar cases on other plantations. If the administrator failed to pay the men at the end of the season, and they knew it was through carelessness in managing the finances of the company or through gambling of the company's money, no good would come to him. The men, as it was, had no respect or liking for Mr. Barton as an administrator, and

The Scotswoman

this only increased their fury. It would probably result in the slaughter of all the whites on the plantation.

Larry knew he had to get Mrs. Barton and Ethel away from the plantation before the pent-up fury of the natives broke.

"When do you purpose to give it to him?" he asked, with a matter-of-fact air.

"Tomorrow—at sunrise!" the native flung over his shoulder as he walked hastily away, sensing that he had spoken too much.

Larry walked slowly up to the house, thinking of the course he should follow. As he stepped up to the porch, Ethel came out of the house. She treated him as an equal now, and remarked to him of the return of her father, but Larry decided that there was no time to lose and detained her as she was walking away to the stables for her horse.

"Miss Barton, do you have a peon here that you can trust?" he asked, trying to control his desire to shout out to her the danger that threatened.

She looked up at him, wondering at his question. "Why, yes; I can trust the Jap as much as anyone," she said slowly.

Larry had noticed the shifty-eyed Jap who waited upon the table and took care of the house.

"I think it would be best if you and your mother could leave just after sun-down, because the natives ——"

"Oh, you know, then?" Ethel asked excitedly. She leaned against the pillar and seemed to lose all strength and courage. When Larry nodded in the affirmative she slowly lowered her head.

"It's been going on like this for the past year. The natives made a fuss their last pay-day also, and they told him not to let it happen again. It's a penitentiary offense, isn't it?"

"Yes, but God knows what the natives will do in the meantime,"

The Scottsman

Larry answered. "Your mother must not know of this. Get her over to the next plantation and I'll see what can be done with your father."

"It's no use," Ethel answered. "I've just talked to him, and he lost everything at the races—and we can't borrow from Mr. Gonzalez; I asked him." She was almost hysterical, sobbing and using her hands as a means of expression like the native. "I sent a peon for my father the night you came. That's what I did when I went to the stables with the provision sack, but he arrived only this morning." She dropped her hands to her side disparagingly. "I warned him all along that the company would find it out sooner or later." She walked slowly up to the door. "I'll get things ready for tonight," she said listlessly.

Larry nodded curtly.

About ten o'clock that night four figures stole from the house to the stables. There was a muffled sound of horses' hoofs, whispered words, and then three ghostly figures sped away in the yellow moonlight.

Larry walked slowly back to the house to wait.

The next week *El Mundo* printed a small news item in an inside page. It told of a revolution in the Province of *Pinar del Rio* of the natives against the administrator, Mr. Barton, who had been fatally wounded. It said further that great assistance was given to Mr. Barton by Mr. Larry O'Neil, who, acting under the guise of a government agent, was a representative of the American Sugar Company, the owner of the plantation. Mr. O'Neil was in Havana recovering from wounds in the head and shoulder.

* * * *

Larry walked into the office of the American Sugar Company, feeling rather weak. His face was white and drawn, his head was

The Scottsman

bandaged, and his arm was in a sling. The president met him at the door and smiled when he saw his appearance.

"Congratulations!" he cried heartily, slapping him on the shoulder. "You certainly made a success of your first job. If it hadn't been for you, the machinery would have been demolished. The loss would have been terrific. Barton's squandering was enough. But everything's fixed up, the men are paid, and things are running pretty smoothly under Harris."

Larry sat patiently in the president's chair. He could see Havana harbor with old Morro standing as a sentinel against the background of the blue gulf. A ship was just leaving for the States, and as the Stars and Stripes unfurled in the stern, he weakened. The president noticed this.

"We're sending you to the Isle of Pines next. Having some trouble at a mill there. We expect you to leave in a week," he said curtly, and began to read some papers on his desk, signifying that the interview was at an end.

Larry walked slowly toward the door, stopped with his hand on the knob, and then turned toward the president again.

"Do you know if Mrs. Barton is in town?" he asked.

"Yes, heard from her yesterday. She's at the *Inglaterra*. Leaving for the States this week," the president answered, without turning.

Larry hurried over to the hotel. Mrs. Barton was just leaving for a shopping tour and she greeted him pleasantly. She was much thinner and traces of grief and worry were plainly visible.

"Yes, I'm going home to my people," she said in answer to his inquiries. "I'll always love Cuba, but I don't think I could stay after all that has happened," and she lowered her head.

The Scotoman

"And Eth— Miss Barton, is she going with you?" Larry flushed as he asked.

"Oh, no, Ethel has gone to the Isle of Pines," Mrs. Barton answered. "Cuba is her home and she can't be far away from it. She is teaching in a little rural school there."

Larry grinned. "I'm supposed to go there next week, but I think I'll go tomorrow," and a look of complete understanding passed between them.

"Oh, my dear boy, I'm so glad!" and tears of happiness came to her eyes. "I hoped it would turn out this way."





MARGARET KAPP

IT WAS Friday, the thirteenth, and I was alone in the house reading. Suddenly I heard a great commotion just outside the window that sounded like an old Ford, full of young people. Looking out I beheld the identical car that we rode to school in the first day, and filled with all my old chums. They saw me and beckoned, and I hastened to join them. Off we started on the road to school, talking over our past experiences and living anew that happy, careless life of the irresponsible young. We easily remembered our feelings on that memorable day, several years ago, when we first entered the portals of our awe-inspiring building. We could see ourselves anxiously wandering about the halls in search of the rooms corresponding to the numbers on the long schedules, and called again to mind the annoyance caused by those great creatures, the Seniors. The third floor, inhabited by these mighty Brobbing najions, was seldom honored by our presence, as we felt so insignificant, and we were satisfied to rule that part of the building assigned to us.

Never will we forget the day we entered upon our career as Sophomores, looking down on the little Freshmen and saying within our hearts: "Poor things, they sure are dumb!" We had not as yet assumed responsibilities, and geometry and Latin did not bother us, until we received one of those obnoxious pieces of paper called "unsats," a token of interest which was not welcomed by either ourselves or our parents. We made the grade, however, and had a very happy year—last we were to live in that way, as on the following September we shouldered our duties manfully.

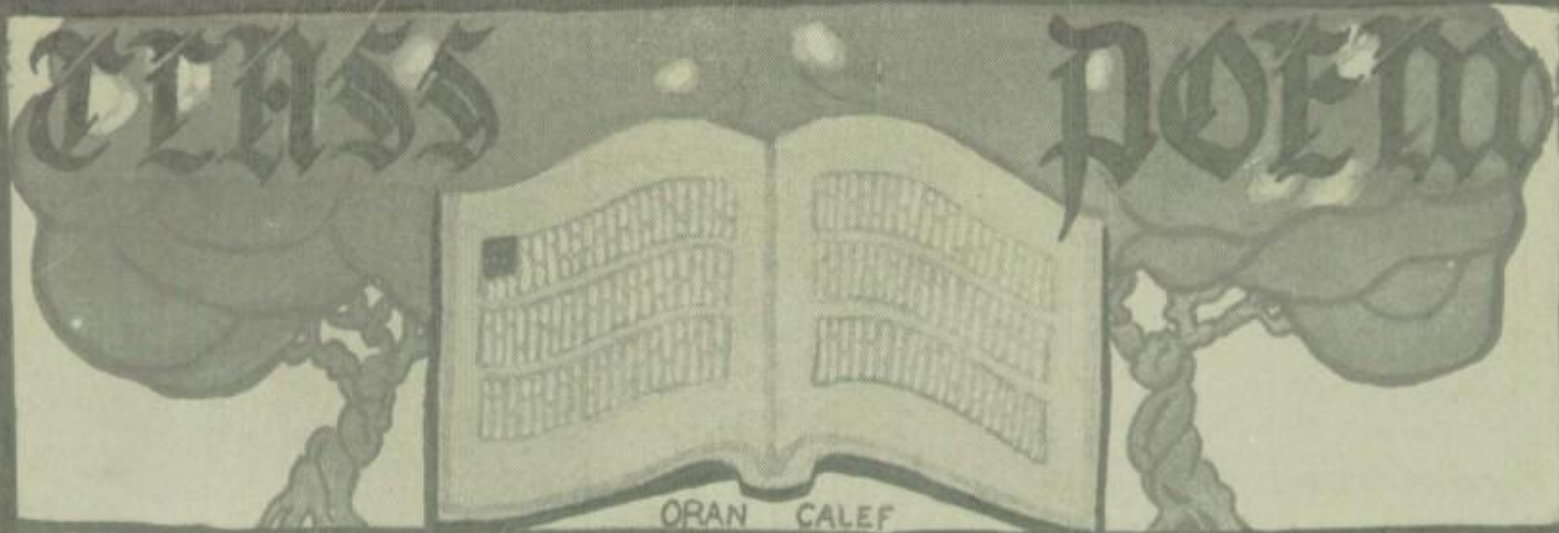
The Scottonian

As Juniors we thought ourselves an immense success, and elected a capable corps of officers to run the class. Our J. Hop came off splendidly, as did everything else we endeavored to do. Even our studies seemed to come more easily and we considered all things well done. Being upperclassmen, we could lord it over both the Sophomores and Freshmen, and still look forward to the joys of the coming year.

All too soon time rolled around and we found ourselves approaching that ever-longed-for stage of life—Seniorhood. We were rather disappointed, discovering that we were not quite as big and did not know as much as we suspected was required to meet the qualifications of a Senior. Nothing had changed and we were just plain, common, every-day people. We acquired much knowledge in the passing year that somewhat made up for this, and we came out on top, not only in our studies, but in the Senior activities also. The first of our projects, a film portraying the "Courtship of Miles Standish," was enjoyed by all; and the second, "An Evening With the Stars," spent with Professor Baumgardt, came with the promise of a free banquet to those selling the required number of tickets. The Senior Prom, the picnic, and last, but by no means least, Commencement, fulfilled our greatest expectations, and we were proud to say that we had graduated from Scott High, although the idea of finally having to leave saddened us.

The day was drawing to a close when our little group broke up, and we all felt that we had greatly benefited by our short reunion.





A DREAM

PHYLLIS DAVIS

Asleep one night, a dream I dreamed,
And in my fancy's eye I seemed
Deserted in a wood.

There were no lights to guide me through,
And there was naught for me to do,
But wander in the wood.

While groping aimlessly around,
A strangely envious lamp I found;
"Mayhap it is Aladdin's own"—
'Twas different from the lamps I'd known—
"And lying in a wood!"

Methought I'd rub the lamp to see
The fam'd genii bow to me;
I rubbed, but naught occurred, and still
I waited, wondering, until

A voice came from the wood:
"You have the lamp of knowledge old,
And whosoe'er its handles hold
Shall have one wish and one alone—
And then, again, it must be thrown
Into this lonely wood."

I wished for knowledge, finally threw
The lamp away, and then I knew
The pathway from the wood.

I did not know, in dream that night,
That only knowledge is our light,
And I should wander long before
I'd find that wondrous lamp of yore,
In woods of ignorance.



HELEN HARRIS

(With apologies to Dr. Hyslop and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle)

I SAT perplexed in Sociology class, vainly wracking what is known as my brain for an original sort of prophecy. Mr. Langstaff was discoursing learnedly on the power of hypnotism, and I sat up excitedly in my seat. Could this, perhaps, solve my problem? It was surely worth trying. I timidly walked up to his desk after class and asked him if I might be placed under hypnotic power, and then be asked—or rather, told—to prophesy upon the futures of the brilliant Class of '25. Mr. Langstaff, ever kindly and tolerant, expressed his mild skepticism, yet agreed with me that as an experiment—and an economy of time to future class prophecies—it might have its points. So, in a thoroughly scientific manner I placed capable stenographers in the room, that they might take down accurately everything that occurred.

The room chosen for the experiment was an ordinary classroom. Instead of the usual guarantee that I had nothing concealed up my sleeve, as I believe is customary in all sorts of magical diversions, I will assure you that the room contained nothing out of the ordinary in the way of wires, secret passages, or lights.

Mr. Langstaff allowed me to remain seated, because he realized that, owing to the large size of the Senior Class this year, I would probably be subjected to a great deal of strain in prophesying as to their futures. He requested me to look directly at him, allowing my will

The Scotoman

to become subjected to his. After a few passes of his hands, made with a monotonously circular motion, I felt queerly out of place in my material form. I seemed to float in the air, and to have lost all those conscious, awkward movements that are so characteristic of the average high school student. It was a most delightful, care-free feeling, with no worries as to the next Civics test, or that last unpaid penalty. After all, the life of a spirit must have its good points. One doesn't even have to worry about the changes of fashions in clothes, since custom and usage have rather standardized the sort of plain, flowing robes that unemployed spirits shall wear. All this, however, is irrevelent; and although the temptation to write at great length upon the life, customs and habits of the well-trained spirit is huge, I must leave this philosophizing and return to my topic.

Evidently the spirit with whom I communed provided himself with a list of all the graduates of '25, because, as my answers proved in the reports of the stenographers later, I had given a life work to each and every Senior, alphabetically and according to sex. You can readily see that the secretary of the Great Unknown is extremely methodical. I feel that the Class owes a vote of thanks to this benovelent spirit, who so thoughtfully has spared both its time and patience.

The reporters tell me that, while in the trance, I carefully stated what is herein printed, and that all my remarks were made in a mechanical monotone, as though I were repeating word for word what somebody was telling me. Although you may be a bit skeptical as to the authority of this prophesy, please allow me the alibi that I was not the creator of the futures that I am about to thrust upon you, and try to believe with me that I was prompted by one in another world.

John Adair—A splendid advertisement of "What the Well-dressed Young Man is Wearing." *George Alber*—A successful, reliable sort of business man, and a well-trained husband—the sort that invariably brings home the dessert and has no after-business-hours engagements to keep him from being on time for dinner. *Kenneth Atkin*—A brilliant, though absent-minded, professor of English literature. It would be going against all well-defined rules of character drawing to make a professor out of a boy and than not label him "absent-minded." Therefore, Kenneth, if you lack this quality, by all

The Scotoman

means acquire it, if you would conform to the standardized type that has always been accepted by college periodicals.

Clarence Bachellor—A champion tennis player. His prowess has been assigned to his liveness and grace, said to have been developed during his high school career in getting up to recite, it being compulsory to arise. *Alan Baker*—Evidently the unusually helpful spirit was a trifle lazy on this young man's life work, since he (the young man) seemed to have no desire for any sort of labor. My spirit suggested that he be a wealthy dabbler in art, although he made no practical suggestion as to where this wealth was to come from. It probably will have to be inherited from some convenient relative. *Loren Baker*—Here we have music represented in the form of a lusty bass-violin player. It is no ordinary man who can boast of this accomplishment, when one realizes the importance of this particular instrument in an orchestra and the strength required to lug it from one place to another. *James Banting*—Employed by the Ford Company to demonstrate to prospective customers just how many people can be given seats in one lonely little Ford, by making use of all available parts. *Benn Barnhart*—Any man that has such a queerly-spelled first name surely deserves an original sort of future, so he will perhaps pardon my spirit and me if we make him an actor. That name has box-office possibilities, we insist. *Richard Beard*—A noted chemist, famed for his dangerous experiments, which, fortunately, have come out successfully without any personal or, what is perhaps more important, facial damage. *Lucius Beard*—How would you like to be a floor-walker, Lucius? It's a charding position, allowing one all sorts of observation of human nature, and you might even become a philosopher in your spare moments. *Joe Behm*—A good-natured book salesman, who allows no rebuffs to mar his disposition. He goes on gaily, ever the optimist, to the next office to offer his wares; and one more refusal is nothing in his young life. *Albion Binigar*—Because of his constant philanthropic work, Albion has had a town named after him; and a beautifully conspicuous statue is erected in the town square to remind the natives of his splendid work. *Fred Bishop*—A very forceful young lawyer, who has forged his way unobtrusively, yet thoughtfully, to the front. *Frederick Bissell*—A prosperous banker, who has found time to collect one of the finest libraries in the

The Scottonian

city. *Robert Bolles*—One of the youngest newspaper editors in the country. *Chester Breede*—Manager of the Nickel Plate for the Van Sweringens. *Russell Brown*—One of the most dignified members of the school board. *Robert Burgener*—An optimistic traveling salesman. *Wilson Butler*—Chief of the Toledo Fire Department.

Charles Carson—Clever essayist on the "Atlantic Monthly." *Warren Carter*—Robust member of the Toledo Police Department. *Harold Chiles*—A radio enthusiast, and a contributor of many helpful suggestions and inventions for the world of radio. *Lewis Cook*—Recently made a general. Noted for his work at West Point. *Irwin Costello*—Typical tired business man, whose recreation and rest is sought in the theatres where the review reigns supreme. *Burman Curry*—The shyest man in town. He runs when he sees a girl.

Ralph Davis—Explorer of the South Pole. *Walter Delaplane*—This man is too kindly to enter any of the marts of commerce, and so has taken to the quiet life of the book-collector. *Raymond Dodge*—A most dashing villian, with the customary mustache and swaggering walk. (Don't get us wrong; we mean a villian on the stage. Stage villians are the most serene and gentle sort of people in their private lives). *Deane Donley*—A surgeon, who presides over important cases only.

Louis Earick—Slick detective, who has never lost his man yet. *William Edgecomb*—Persuasive oil salesman. The stock he sells is worthless, but it is worth the price of one share, at least, to hear him "strut his repertory." *Frederick Eyster*—Authority on Roman history. Has written several formidable-looking tomes on the subject.

Carl Fauster—Popular musical comedy star. He has a record of never giving a performance without receiving flowers from some admiring female. *Clarence Fike*—Patent attorney. *Frank Firth*—Prize clown of the age. Children cry for him. *Clair Fisher*—Amiable press agent with a superb imagination (indispensable). *James Fox*—First violinist in the New York Symphony. *David Frick*—Statistician. *Edward Fritter*—Saxophonist in Paul Whiteman's orchestra.

Kenneth Garber—Daring animal trainer for Ringling Brothers. *Clarence Garrity*—Coach of the Scott football team, whose advice to the players is always introduced by that famous line: "Now, when I

The Scotsman

was a boy—.” *Don Garwood*—Civil engineer. *Harry Gill*—Bashful advertisement for hair restorer. *Jack Glass*—Adonis-like golf champion. *Beryl Goldman*—Shrewd lawyer. *Louis Gross*—Proud possessor of a full-grown, luxurious beard. *Paul Grud*—Headmaster of a military school. *William Guitteau*—Superintendent of Schools (just to carry on the family name). *John Halsted*—Owner of the Pierce-Arrow agency, and possessor of the best looking roadster in the place. *Ross Hammond*—Flo Ziegfeld’s successor. *Harold Hannes*—Ranch owner in the great open spaces. *Lewis Hausman*—Professor of the light fantastic. *Frank Hawley*—Lecturer on astronomy. He makes his talks so interesting that even the drowsiest sort of student is able to keep awake for at least half of it. *Paul Hedden*—Influential ward leader. He will be mayor of the town before he is much older. *Adelbert Henderson*—Corporation lawyer. *William Hill*—Monologist in vaudeville. *Robert Hoffner*—Palmist; popular among the debutantes. *Walter Hoover*—A famous bull fighter in Mexico, where he throws the bull, his hair being a supreme enticement to the bulls. *Paul Hoy*—Rotund insurance agent.

Sidney Jacobson—Editor of a radical literary magazine, who writes scathing denunciations of all accepted theories. *Walter Johnson*—Shrewd financier. *Walter A. Johnson*—Owner of the famous chain of restaurants. *Harry Johnston*—Doctor of painless dentistry.

Clarence Kamm—Grower of rare orchids. *Russell Keier*—Expert maker of “double chocolate shorties, with pecans.” *Wesley Kenne*—Babe Ruth’s successor. Small boys follow him worshipfully. *Reeves Kidney*—Wild animal hunter. Scores of elephant tusks, lions’ skins, etc., clutter up his home. *Robert Kidney*—Owner of the largest drug store that really sells drugs. *Wayne Kimmerline*—Originator of a new theory of evolution. *Jay Kinne*—Chauffeur to the President, and special guardian of the presidential dog. *Arthur Klein*—Famous horticulturalist. *Bernard Klivans*—Leader of the labor unions. *Fredrick Koss*—Head of his own advertising firm. *Albert Kripke*—American ambassador to Siam.

George Lamb—Creator of the most exasperating, puzzling sort of cross-word puzzles. *Claude Lance*—Owner of a large department store. *James Lasalle*—Auctioneer, who exorts innocent customers to

The Scottsman

take advantage of his unusual bargains. *John Leeson*—Genial hotel owner, who regards his hotel as a personal thing and makes himself a true host, rather than a commercialized man-of-affairs. *Robert Lewis*—Telegraph operator. *Thomas Lovering*—Noted architect. He has designed the most artistic buildings in Toledo. *Donald Lovewell*—Designer of sturdy, yet comfortable, football uniforms.

Milton McCreery—Because of his clear, easily understood voice, he is the most popular announcer among the radio fiends. *Russell Malrick*—Owner of a sign company which, we are happy to state, has eliminated the horribly obvious type, and substituted a more artistic billboard. *Edmund Markowski*—Celebrated portrait painter. *John Marks*—Printer and engraver. His own hand work has made his establishment famous. *Arthur Marleau*—The conductor of European tours. *Charles Mattimoe*—Sculptor. *Frank Meese*—Lionized athletic hero, who looks bored to tears with the whole business. *Robert Meredith*—Steeplejack. Crowds of people crane their necks to see this daring youth risk his, and various other parts of his anatomy. *Ralph Miller*—Star reporter for the "Blade."

Enrique Molina—Professor of Spanish at Toledo University. Another case of carrying on the family name. *George Moor*—Owner of Toledo's largest and best theatre. *Clarence Morgan*—President of a correspondence school of Public Speaking.

Robert Neafie—Advertising manager of the "New York Times." *Robert Neff*—Insurance salesman. *Melvin Oliver*—Teacher of algebra at Scott High School, whose past experiences as a student have made him tolerant and mellow to his pupils. *Donald O'Rourke*—To keep up Irish tradition, we must make Donald the corner traffic officer, who belligerently dares anyone to argue with him, especially any meek motorist.

Harold Peters and Howard Peters—The Gold Dust Twins in a modernized, more pallid form. *Robert Pocotte*—Wealthy manufacturer who supplies the employees of his factory with every available convenience, making work a positive pleasure. *Warren Potter*—Salesman for a brilliantine company. His own well-oiled locks make his services doubly valuable. *Tom Ramsay*—Retired farmer, and owner of a beautiful estate, where he is a jolly host at many dinners.

The Scortonian

Judson Reid—Professor of sciences. Fred Reibel—Artistic architect (That is, his buildings are artistic; not he). Frederick Rhines—Owner of the most artistic theatre in town. Donald Rogers—Possessor of the most beautiful hair in the country. Admiring mobs of women follow him from one state to another, begging him for locks of it. Donald Ross—Famous race-track owner. Ralph Rule—Mathematics shark. Emmett Russell—Moving picture hero. The mails are cluttered up with his thousands of "fan letters" from admiring females. Ronald Saffen—Proud father of two sets of twins.

Fred Sampson—Shoe manufacturer. Paul Santee—Lusty blower of the cornet, in the Salvation Army. Fred Schaub—Ross Hammond's keenest rival in producing New York's most famous follies. William Seaman—Fashion designer for Finckley. Robert Selby—Popular playwright. Hugh Sharp—Stock broker, known as "the man with the poker face." Clarence Shaw—Author of several learned treatises on heredity and environment, which have been invaluable to students of sociology and psychology. Dalton Smith—Supervisor of 178. His scholarly manner lends a dignified tone to this study hall. Leroy Stalker—Sporting editor of the "Blade." Lee Smith—Owner of the famous "Smith's All-Night Cafe." John Swanwick—Keeper of the zoo. Robert Somerville—Serious young minister.

Edwin Tasker—Author of many volumes of American history, designed especially to meet the demands of high schools. Stanford Tetelbaum—County sheriff. Preston Thal—Prosperous owner of the best-equipped laundry in Toledo. John Thurstin—Sleight-of-hand performer. Byron Tigges—Slim young model. Walter Timson—Photographer of babies. Upon walking into his studio, one hears his dulcet voice murmuring, "See the pretty birdie?" Bruce Trippensee—Writer of bed-time stories. Very popular with the children. Ralph Turner—Private secretary to the mayor. Dalton Walper—President of Smith College.

Fern Weatherwax—Noisy but sincere saxophonist. Charles Webb—Daring aviator. Jack Wheaton—Leader of the Toledo Symphony. John Wieland—Editor of "The Bookman." Nelson Wieland—Associate editor of "The Bookman"—just to keep it in the family. Elmer Wohler—Originator of the "Wohler Beauty Clay." Harry Wuerfel—Metro-

The Scotoman

politan opera singer. *John Zablocki*—The spirit uttered a sigh of relief when he came to this name, because it is the last one of the boys. In an impulsive mood he made this young man a millionaire.

And now to the more interesting fair sex. My romantic spirit helper rubbed his wraithlike hands in anticipation.

Catherine Adams—Head of a fashionable dress-making establishment. *Rachel Armour*—One of the most daring woman hunters in the jungle. Sundry lions and elephants are nothing in her young life. *Alice Arndt*—Prominent modern Portia in partnership with *Eleanor Cunningham*.

Dolores Bacone—Congresswoman; she makes 'em all sit up and take notice. *Donnabelle Baer*—Teacher of English at Scott. *Eleanor Ball*—President of the Society for Needy Chorus Girls. *Mabel Barnes*—Assistant superintendent of Toledo Hospital. *Mary Bennett*—Now called Mrs. Rhoades. A prominent society matron. *Genevieve Bernard*—Social service worker. *Elva Bernheisel*—Member of the Women's Aviation Corps. *Elizabeth Beyer*—Vice-Mayor of Toledo. Her forceful personality has made her almost sure of receiving the position of mayor at the next election. *Josephine Bigelow*—Eminent publisher of best-sellers. *Elizabeth Biggs*—Heroine of her own plays. Internationally known. *Laurabel Birkenhaur*—Noted lecturer. It is rumored that a great deal of her eloquence is due to her early training in Mr. Miller's class of Public Speaking.

Agnes Blank—Superintendent of the American Can Co.; successor to her father. *Dorothy Brassington*—Naturalist. *Mary Brehaut*—Demure art-shop owner (she is demure, not the shop). *Margaret Brewster*—Head of all the Girl Scouts in the country. *Miriam Brown*—Landscape gardener. *Marcella Carsten*—Professional translator; invaluable to European travelers. *Jessie Clapp*—Inventor of a quick moustache grower. Guaranteed to give desired results within three days. *Lola Clark*—Foremost woman criminologist. *Mildred Clark*—Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. *Gwendolyn Collins*—Horticulturalist. *Gertrude Crampton*—Professor of French. *Helen Cranford*—Gives talks over the radio on how to be a drudgeless housewife. *Corinne Creswell*—Now traveling in the remote parts of

The Scoldonia

Africa. *Phyllis Creswell*—Owns one of the cleverest studios in Greenwich village. *Betty Crowder*—Mary Pickford's successor; sweetheart of the public and owner of the most beautiful home in Hollywood.

Eleanor Cunningham—Member of the Arndt & Cunningham law firm. *Lucille Dalberg*—A charming young kindergarten teacher, idolized by her many pupils, because of her patience and gentleness. *Leora Davis*—Teller of bedtime stories over the radio. The children sit entranced while she enfolds her fabulous tales. She is a boon to tired mothers and busy fathers.

Phyllis Davis—Cellist in the New York Symphony. This versatile young woman in her spare time writes very acceptable poetry. *Onece Day*—Swimming expert. She swims across the English channel for exercise every morning. *Helen Deckleman*—Woman minister (or is it a ministeress?) *Gertrude Deverell*—Judge of the Juvenile Court in Toledo. *Marian DeWese*—Prominent advocate of more rights for women. *Corinne Dorn*—Expert knitter of socks. *Virginia Duffey*—Tea-room owner. Her shop is famous for her luscious waffles. *Marion Ecker*—Owner of a large art gallery. *Jeanne Eckhardt*—Designer for Poiret. M. Poiret declares that he owes the piquancy and originality of his frocks to this clever young American girl. *Eunice Emling*—Farmerette, with fine crops to her credit. *Winifred Ensminger*—Owner of the most fashionable and chic millinery establishment. *Dorothy Evans*—Proprietor of Toledo's loveliest florist shop. *Ruth Fisher*—Literary editor of "The Atlantic Monthly." *Alice Fiske*—Cashier of The First National Bank. Her eagle eye makes her indispensable to the bank. *Mary Elizabeth Foster*—Editor of the Department of Jokes in "The Literary Digest."

Lucille Fox—Scenario writer who has discovered the secret of writing popular yet worth while moving picture material. *Bessie Franklin*—Lively young reporter for the Toledo Blade. *Henrietta Geissman*—Author of modern ballads. Her royalties are reported to be stupendous. *Frances Gettins*—Writer of thrilling serials. Readers wait with bated breath for each issue. *Sara Gimpel*—Tallest girl in the United States. *Kathryn Githens*—Beauty parlor specialist. *Martha Gosline*—Harrassed young society reporter for the "Blade." *Isabelle Griffith*—Her profile is the envy of every artist. They have

The Scottonian

tried to induce her to pose for them, but can you picture her as an artist's model? Neither can we. *Katherine Hamm*—Contented wife of an insurance agent. *Helen Harris*—Poet of note. Produces reams of very beautiful, though musicless, free verse. *Florence Hade*—Noted mountain climber. *Catherine Hays*—Writer of touching hymns. *Evelyn Hay*—Famed for her recent cross-country hike. Like a well-trained, respectable young lady, she refused all offers of lifts on the way. *Ethel Hecht*—The finest cook in the city. Her invitations to dinner are most highly prized, and her lucky husband is the most contented man in the world. "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

Melita Hoffman—Candidate for the Governorship of Ohio. *Gertrude Holton*—Teacher of English and French at Scott; most popular teacher in Scott. Her classes are crowded to the doors each year, and many delicate Freshmen are trampled in the rush. *Dorothy Hull*—Secretary of State. *Bernetta Hummel*—Inventor of a most modern and convenient cement mixer. *Mildred Iford*—Dramatic reader. *Thelma Jacobs*—Successful cafeteria manager. *Dorothy Kuehn*—Prominent in Cuban Social Service work. *Margaret Kapp*—Portrait painter of prominence. *Miriam Kellam*—Interior decorator. *Dorothy Kelley*—Writer of Hollywood "News." *Caroline Kelley*—Editor of the "Outlook." *Virginia Kern*—Successor to Gilda Grey, only on a slightly modified scale. *Edith Klopfenstein*—Her father's assistant. *Dolly Knoblauch*—Jazz singer. Popular on Broadway. *Miriam Kruckman*—Dean of Women at Wellesley. *Wilma Kudzia*—Private secretary of a wealthy philanthropist. *Janet Lavenberg*—Dramatic critic.

Margaret Laycock—Short-story writer. *Geneva Leake*—Teacher of American history and civics. *Ernestine Leckner*—Scott librarian. *Constance Levison*—Owner of Toledo's finest equipped book shop. *Ruth Light*—One of the shrewdest business women in Toledo. *Adelaide Machen*—Cross-country lecturer. *Lucille McCune*—Now doing concert work in Europe. *Rachel McKaig*—Diving beauty. *Margaret Martz*—Premiere tragedienne. *Katherine Meyers*—County surveyor. *Dorothy Miller*—Railroad magnate. *Lucretia Miller*—Popular actress on Broadway. *Frances Montgomery*—Vigorous moving picture director. Her dynamic power of leading people has won for her a well-deserved success.

The Scottomian

Alice Motter—Keen prosecuting attorney. Edna Mowry—Athletic director at Scott. Gladys Nelson—Popular song writer. Helen Parker—Perfume manufacturer. Her creations are preferable to the more expensive imported kind, yet they are of a splendid quality. She has revolutionized the perfume industry by educating women's taste in perfume. Kathryn Parker—Member of the Russian Ballet; its premiere danseuse. Halina Paryski—Iron-nerved surgeon. Frances Patterson—Noted Sociologist. Velma Pease—Daring aviatrix. Lessie Peet—Prominent club woman. Merle Phelps—English duchess. Frances Quigley—Head of the Toledo Conservatory of Music. Elizabeth Rankin—Chosen by prominent artists as the most beautiful girl in America. Hattie Retzloff—Vigorous real-estate dealer. Margaret Reider—Supervisor of gym at Scott. Romaine Rife—Most popular nurse in Toledo Hospital. Her soothing presence is demanded by every patient. Frances Robertson—Dentist. Virginia Rutherford—Dancing teacher. Louise Saleta—Eye, ear and nose specialist. Ruth Sanzenbacher—Teacher of Economics. Jeanette Schrader—Registrar of a fashionable finishing school. Fern Saelgler—Bridge expert. Helen Sekyra—Social secretary to a prominent society leader. Marcia Shaw—A capable housekeeper. Elaine Sheffield—Famous acrobat. Donna Dean Sherman—Editor of "Advice to the Love-lorn."

Jane Siegfried—Accompanist to a famous contralto. Mildred Siek—Now owns the great Siek Bakery. She specializes in deliciously fattening cream puffs. Ellen Sinclair—One of the most worth-while modern artists. Elizabeth Smith—A candid young book reviewer. Mary Smith—A grade school teacher. Ruth Smith—A modest, retiring librarian. Ruth Stark—This young woman finds time to write verse, dash off a few plays now and then, and yet hold the responsible position of Ambassadors. Thelma Stevens—One of the cleverest woman detectives in the country. Catherine Streicher—An optician. Sibylla Strobel—Authority on bird lore. Rachel Swisher—Inventor of a rain-proof marcel. Dorothy Tester—Social settlement worker.

Theresa Thal—Designer of lovely homes. Aileen Thompson—A prim governess. Florence Thompson—A hair-dresser. Her originality and cleverness in arranging *les cheveux* makes her much sought after. Margaret Thompson—Head nurse in a student hospital. Marian

The Scottomism

Thompson—A teacher of Home Economics. *Elsie Thurber*—A tempermental opera singer. *Margaret Timmons*—A Sundayschool teacher. *Dorothy Topper*—The girl with the unforgettable laugh. It is so infectious that it has been recorded for phonographic use. *Marion Trettien*—Director of a large girls' camp. *Kathryn Trietch*—A vampire in the movies. Scores of spotless heroes fall at her feet.

Helen Tucker—Editor of "Vogue." *Helen Van Cleef*—Principal of Glenwood School. *Dorothy Van Ness*—Wife of a successful merchant. Very prominent in social circles. *Doris Vipond*—A famous pianist. *Helen Weaver*—A tempermental, whose spurts of temperment are feared by her company and manager alike. *Dorothy Weisbrod*—Owner of a thriving bird and goldfish emporium. *Dorothy Wilder*—Teacher of English history. *Dorothy Wilkinson*—Wife of a wealthy manufacturer. One of the best-dressed society matrons. *Charlotte Wine*—Intrepid missionary. She has trekked hundreds of miles in the thickest jungles merely to save a soul. *Pauline Zeluff*—Winner of numerous scholarships at college, and one of the most likable persons withal. Her hair is as lovely as ever.

* * * *

Snapping his long fingers, Mr. Langstaff brought me back to consciousness (more or less), and I looked around in a bewildered fashion, which was, of course, expected of me. A person coming out of a trance is always supposed to look dazed, then brilliantly inquire, "Where am I?" It seems to me that after disposing of a class's fortunes, one should assume a more important attitude. However, not to fly in the face of convention, the reporters will tell you that in a very acceptable manner I asked the customary question, to which Mr. Langstaff thoughtfully replied, assuring me that I was still in the same room.

I hope that my communication with the Great Unknown is satisfactory; and if not, please remember that my spirit helper was not exactly personally acquainted with each one of you, so that he, no doubt, had to fall back upon his imagination in some cases. After all, even a spirit has his limitations.

Senior

Year '26





The Scotomania

OFFICERS OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

CHARLES FABER	President
EILEEN WALPER	Vice-President
JEAN FORSTER	Secretary
HENRY APPLGATE	Treasurer
JAMES DAVIES	Sergeant-at-Arms

JUNIOR COUNCIL

CHARLES FABER, <i>President</i>	LENORE OSBORN
EILEEN WALPER, <i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH SUMMERS
JEAN FORSTER, <i>Secretary</i>	MAXINE KIRKHOFF
HENRY APPLGATE, <i>Treasurer</i>	HOWARD DEVILBISS
JAMES DAVIES, <i>Serg.-at-Arms</i>	ALLAN OWEN
PHYLLIS DAMSCHRODER	ROBERT COLEGROVE

The Scotoman

AT THE FIRST MEETING of the Junior Class, with Walter Delaplane presiding, officers for the class were elected. The result was as follows: Charles Taber, President; Eileen Walper, Vice-President; Jean Forster, Secretary; Henry Applegate, Treasurer, and James Davies, Sergeant-at-Arms. Miss Goulet, the Class Advisor, has been both loyal and faithful in her co-operation with our class. At a later meeting, the officers decided to have a council which was to be composed of seven members and they were to be elected by the class for the purpose of helping to carry out the executive duties and to compose committees.

Toward the end of the first semester, the Junior and Senior Classes united to give a gift to Mrs. Crampton, as she was leaving us for the second term.

Scarlet and white were chosen to be the Class Colors. However, the most important undertaking was that of the "J-Hop." It was given in the Woman's Building, the twenty-first of January. Seymour's orchestra furnished the music, and the decorations, consisting of the class colors, were most effective. Under the able leadership of the social chairman, the dance was a great success.

May the interest and enthusiasm displayed in the activities of the class tend toward making us better fitted to assume duties and responsibilities as Seniors. May the class progress in its undertakings and promote the welfare of the school so that when we graduate, the class of '26 may ever be proud of her Junior year.

CHARLES FABER,
President.

The Scotomanian

Junior Girls

Agler, Helene	Dunbar, Rachel
Albrecht, Mary Louise	Dupuis, Ellen
Alexander, Charlotte	Ellis, Katherine
Arbogast, Mary	Erler, Ruth
Armstrong, Albry B.	Fain, Lenore
Arnsman, Virginia	Farr, Lillian
Austin, Elizabeth	Folger, Mary
Baker, Aileen	Forster, Jean
Barber, Alice	Fox, Margaret
Barton, Virginia	Frey, Virginia
Basch, Eleanor	Garn, Opal
Bate, Eleanor	Geer, Gratia
Bates, Rodelle	Gehring, Maybelle
Bayers, Marjory	Gessner, Elizabeth
Beach, Irma	Gibbons, Marguerite
Behring, Muriel	Gogan, Dorothy
Beilharz, Josephine	Goldberg, Anna
Benze, Alberta	Good, Alice
Billingslea, Edythe	Gordon, Adelyn
Binzer, Irene	Grover, Beatrice
Bird, Frances	Hager, Helen
Boynton, Grace	Hallem, Phyllis
Bretherton, Jeannette	Hallman, Helen
Broer, Marjorie	Hansen, Mary L.
Brosius, Ellen	Harrison, Helen
Brown, Florence	Harste, Luetta
Bunting, Mary M.	Hartman, Mary
Bush, Harriet	Hayes, Carmen
Chase, Mary	Heath, Margaret
Cheney, Opal	Hehl, Helen
Cole, Maria	Henning, Louise
Cosgray, Helene	Henry, Helen
Cosgray, Maxine	Horwitz, Bessie
Cosner, Carita	Hoyt, Frances
Cremean, Lucille	Idoine, Betty
Crow, Velma	Inge, Ruth
Curry, Burdean	Kahnweiler, Marion
Curson, Frances	Kaufman, Kathryn
Damschroder, Phyllis	Keckeley, Mable
Davies, Frances	Keller, Dorothy
Davis, Eunice	Kirkhoff, Maxine
Dean, Louise	Kibby, Helen
Delaplane, Elizabeth	Klinck, Truth
DeVol, Zeta	Kobacker, Alice
Dewey, Dorothy	Koss, Louise
Dresser, Alice	

The Scottdown

JUNIOR GIRLS (continued)

Lane, Betty
 Laskey, Josephine
 Laude, Josephine
 Laycock, Lillian
 Lechner, Henrietta
 Leire, Dorothy Ann
 Levi, Madelyn
 Lillicotch, Jessie
 Lindow, Lillian
 McCreery, Virginia
 McLuckie, Elsa
 McMann, Fern
 Mandler, Alice
 Michener, Dorothy
 Messing, Carroll
 Mindel, Charlotte
 Moon, Margaret
 Moor, Jane
 Morrison, Nancie
 Moules, Kathryn
 Mueller, Eleanor
 Murphy, Lunabelle
 Nathan, Alice
 Neafie, Annabelle
 O'Neil, Miriam
 Osborn, Lenore
 Paris, Selma
 Parber, Mary
 Parker, Ruth
 Peabody, Jane
 Peters, Miriam
 Petrie, Kathryn
 Pheatt, Jeanne
 Pintis, Jeannette
 Quimby, Margaret
 Raab, Patty
 Reed, Bernice
 Reed, Helen Jane
 Reed, Susie
 Reinhart, Elizabeth
 Remmert, Dorothy
 Repasz, Elizabeth
 Richards, Alice
 Richardson, Violet
 Riess, Dorothy
 Rife, Frances
 Rinehart, Sara
 Ritter, Frances
 Robinson, Marie

Rodd, Evelyn
 Rothenstein, Jeanette
 Ruidisch, Eleanor
 Rupp, Helen
 Sandberg, Ruth
 Schmitt, Elsa
 Schoen, Armylda
 Schramm, Lois
 Schroeder, Ellenore
 Shultz, Frances Marie
 Schwab, Kathryn
 Sebastian, Elsie
 Senn, Florence
 Severin, Dorothy
 Shaw, Emily
 Shepler, Leila
 Shidell, Esther
 Siefke, Evangeline
 Smith, Dorothy A.
 Snyder, Evelyn
 Stark, Margaret
 Starkweather, Helen
 Stein, Stella
 Steiner, Audrey
 Steinmetz, Evelyn
 Summers, Elizabeth
 Taylor, Martha
 Tenney, Helen
 Thomas, Jeannette
 Tom, Martha
 Torrence, Luella
 Trost, Jane
 VanNess, Margaret
 Vogel, Lucile
 Walper, Eileen
 Weber, Jeanette
 Weismantel, Carolyn
 Welker, Lillian
 White, Mary Louise
 Willets, Beatrix
 Williams, Amaryllis
 Wittman, Florence
 Wolfgang, Pauline
 Woodrow, Dorothy
 Wuerfel, Virginia
 Wynkoop, Eleanor
 Zepp, Charlotte
 Zimmerman, Naomi

Junior Boys

Aumend, Reynold
 Ansted, Paul
 Apple, Vincent K.
 Applegate, Henry
 Babcock, Franklin J.
 Bailey, John
 Barbour, Sloane
 Bettridge, Frank
 Bigelow, Leslie
 Biggs, Raymond
 Bischoff, Norman
 Bloom, Boni
 Blumberg, Herbert
 Boatfield, Robert
 Bohnengel, Charles
 Bradley, George
 Brown, Frederic
 Brubaker, Ross
 Bryce, John H.
 Camp, Daniel W.
 Carroll, Vaughn
 Clark, Franklin
 Cohn, Alfred
 Colegrove, Robert
 Cooley, Ralph R.
 Culler, Lee E.
 Cummings, William
 Davies, James
 Davis, Don
 Davis, Russell
 Decker, Francis
 Delcher, Jack
 Dence, Walter
 DeShetler, LeRoy
 DeVilbiss, Howard
 Dixon, James
 Doder, Henry
 Dohn, Frederick
 Dreyer, Herbert
 Dugan, George

Eberth, John
 Ehlert, Arthur
 Ells, Raymond, Jr.
 Epstein, Milton
 Faber, Charles
 Ferguson, Charles
 Fetters, Robert
 Flory, Emmett
 Foster, Farley
 Frantz, Russell
 Frazier, Lynn
 Freed, Clark
 Friedman, Murray
 Froehlich, Frederick
 Garwood, Don
 Gilchrist, Fred
 Gillett, Kenneth
 Greed, Sydney
 Grover, William
 Harsch, Kirtland
 Hayden, Cornell
 Heffelbower, Beryl
 Hill, Lawrence
 Hindman, Richard
 Holt, Mason
 Hone, John C.
 Hoover, Ralph
 Hubbard, Richard
 Hughes, Frank
 Hungarland, John
 Husted, Edward
 Hutchinson, Harlan
 Inman, John
 Jordan, Sam
 Joseph, Fred
 Kemper, Jack
 Kelly, Ellis
 Kelly, Robert
 Kiel, Karl
 Kime, Carlyle

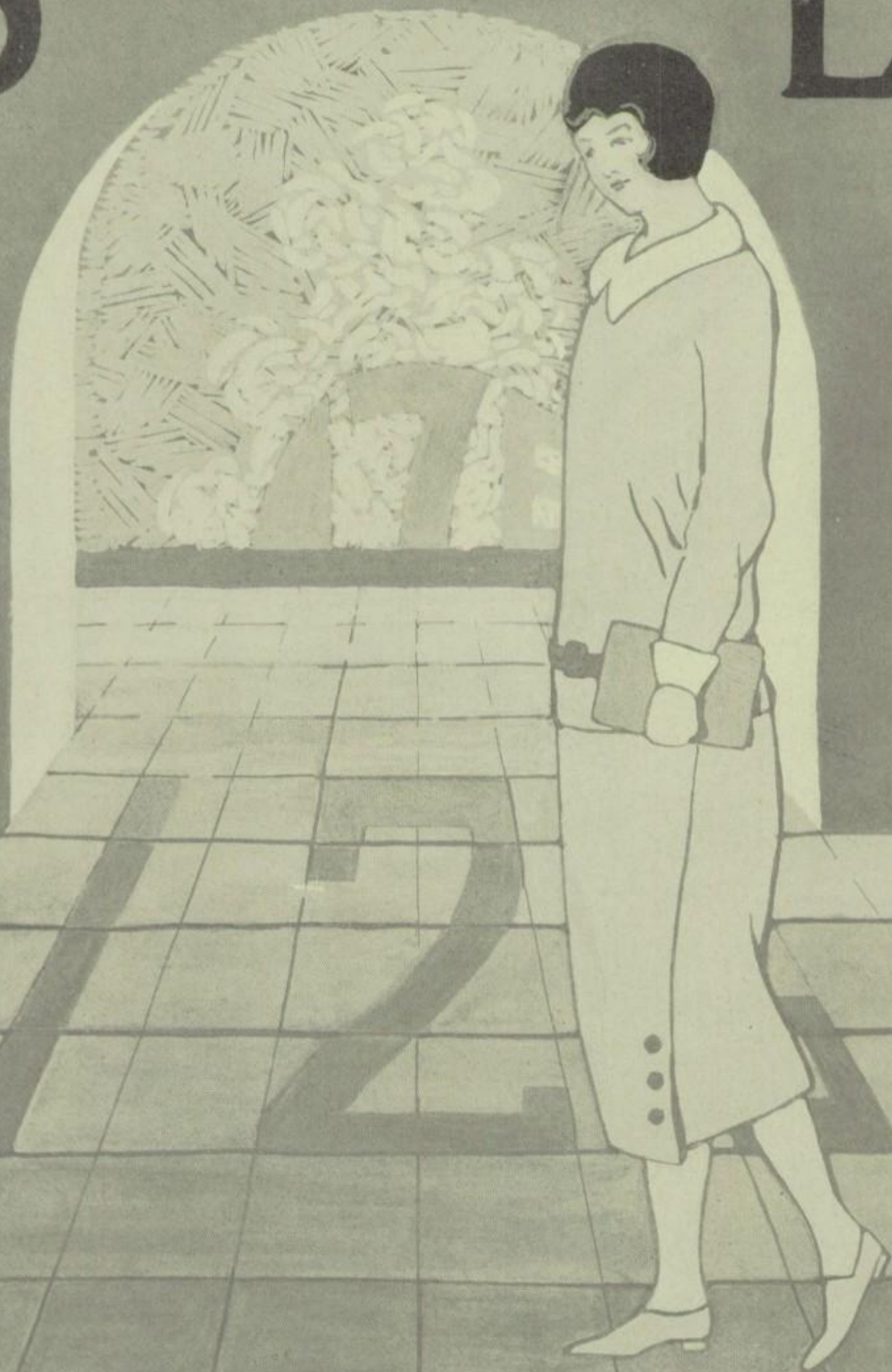
The Scotoman

JUNIOR BOYS (continued)

Lane, Woodman
 Leeson, John
 Leibovitz, Carl
 Lemke, Stanley
 Levey, Norman
 Lindersmith, Kenneth
 Lohfink, Fred
 Lorr, John
 Lowry, Willard
 Lucas, William
 Lurie, Nathan
 Lutz, Edgar
 McBain, Bertram
 McCann, Glenn
 McCaw, William
 MacCoy, Clifford
 • Maine, Lawrence
 Marquardt, Harold
 Marshall, Douglas
 Mauk, Edward
 Merickel, Ralph
 Meyer, Gilbert
 Meyer, Joseph
 Miller, Irwin
 Miner, Victor
 Moore, John
 Morse, Edward
 Morse, Henry
 Nettleman, John
 Neukom, George
 Niewiadomski, Frank
 Orwig, Wilfred
 Owen, Allen
 Packard, Harold
 Peck, Edwin
 Peters, Roger
 Petty, Carroll
 Phelps, Charles
 Quale, Franklin
 Rathke, Nevin
 Reichert, P. T. H.
 Rex, Robert
 Richel, Frederick
 Ritter, Fred

Robinson, Don
 Roemer, Wellington
 Romer, Donald
 Ruhl, Kenneth
 Sack, Irving
 Sanders, Edgar
 Schackne, Jack
 Scharer, Raymond
 Sellick, Wayne
 Sheffield, Carolus
 Sigg, Clifford
 Skurzyn, Roman
 Smith, George
 Smith, Willard
 Sperry, Elmer
 Stead, Stuart
 Stophlet, Richard
 Swan, Donald
 Sweeny, Dixon
 Sweet, Arthur
 Taber, Harold
 Tetelbaum, Harold
 Thompson, Robert
 Tisdale, Martin
 Travis, Jerome
 Trenhaft, Stanford
 Turner, Kenneth
 Underhill, Lysle
 Walker, William
 Warmington, Carroll
 Wertz, Charles
 Weston, Robert
 Whitmill, Marvin
 Wibel, Robert
 Williams, Ben
 Willis, Alfred
 Witker, Robert
 Witker, Clarence
 Woehrle, Harold
 Woleben, Arthur
 Woodruff, Harold
 Wright, George
 Wyre, Wesley

SOPHOMORE



THELMA
STEVENS



The Scotoman

SOPHOMORE COUNCIL

EDWARD WING	President
HENRIETTA CUNNINGHAM	Vice-President
JOHN BRYCE	Secretary
OSCAR HALLER	Treasurer
JAMES WARD	Sargeant-at-Arms
STANLEY LEVISON	MARY HAUCK
ARTHUR FISKE	BETTY HALSTEAD
JAN ELLIOTT	WILLIAM NAYLOR
ROBERT ANNIN	

The Scotoman



MR. CORBETT

The Sophomores have been very fortunate indeed in having such an excellent teacher as Mr. Corbett for their supervisor. He is pleasant to everyone, is fair to all, and has proven himself to be one of the most efficient of study-room supervisors. He has kept many on the straight path to graduation and has been one of the Sophomores' best friends. May he continue to be the supervisor in 126.

Sophomore Girls

Algire, Marganna
 Allabach, Elizabeth
 Allyn, Kathryn
 Anderson, Betty
 Anderson, Dorothy
 Apple, Dorothy
 Arnos, Cornelia
 Atkins, Margaret
 Bacome, Gladys
 Bacome, Gloria
 Baer, Katherine
 Bailey, Mary
 Bair, Eleanor
 Baker, Catherine C.
 Baker, Florence

Baldwin, Cleo May
 Ball, Helen
 Ball, Violet
 Banting, Donna Mary
 Barber, Evelyn
 Barnett, Pauline
 Barret, Florence
 Basinger, Janis
 Batey, Ellen
 Beckham, Ruth
 Benschoter, Mary
 Bidwell, Romaine
 Bierly, Virginia
 Bigelow, Katherine
 Bigelow, Thursa
 Binns, Lorene

The Scottdominion

SOPHOMORE GIRLS (continued)

Blackburn, Louise
 Blake, Frances
 Bohnengel, Annabel
 Boor, Dorothy
 Bart, Mary
 Brinker, Dorothy
 Brittain, Betty
 Brown, Catherine
 Brown, Lucille L.
 Bucher, Mildred
 Budd, Alice
 Bues, Margaret
 Callahan, Eugenia
 Camp, Virginia
 Campbell, Mary
 Carlisle, Marian
 Chandler, Dorothea
 Christy, Elsie Louise
 Clark, Elva
 Cline, Mary
 Colegrove, Ethel
 Collen, Ruth-Virginia
 Cone, Marian
 Conklin, Nelda
 Cooper, Violet
 Cray, Jane
 Cunningham, Henrietta
 Curtis, Virginia S.
 D'Alton, Virginia
 Daniells, Virginia
 Davies, Jane
 Davis, Ruth
 Decker, Myra
 Degnan, Angela E.
 Dence, Hazel
 Denman, Patti
 Drennan, Opal
 Earhart, Ruth
 Eberth, Anne
 Edson, Virginia M.
 Eichman, Frances
 Elliott, Jane
 Felker, Ann
 Felt, Vivian
 Ferris, Helen
 Fisher, Lucile
 Fisher, Sylvia
 Fleming, Betty
 Folger, Lena
 Fortress, Sadie
 Fosler, June
 Foster, Wave
 French, Florine
 French, Virginia

Fritsche, Luella
 Froehlich, Gretchen
 Frost, Jeannette
 Fullington, Adelaide
 Gamble, Virginia
 Gauthier, Loretta
 Gimpel, Lillian
 Gorrell, Mary
 Gould, Jean
 Gowing, Ruth
 Grantham, Rose Ellen
 Greenaway, Thelma
 Gross, Lucile
 Grover, Dorothy
 Halbach, Mildred
 Halsey, Edna
 Halsted, Betty
 Hand, Marguerite R.
 Hardy, Sylvia Ann
 Harris, Margaret
 Haskins, Charlotte
 Hauck, Mary
 Haylett, Emily
 Hemmig, Mabel
 Hergert, Ivadel
 Himelhoch, Gladys
 Hively, Esther
 Hodge, Allison
 Hodge, Lois
 Hoffman, Luella
 Hoffman, Naomi
 Hodue, Adelaide
 Howard, Teasley
 Hull, Esther
 Hummel, Lula
 Huson, Irene
 Jacobson, Ethel
 James, Lucille
 Jeager, Ruth
 Kaemline, Eleanor
 Keller, Mildred
 Kiewat, Alma
 Kiner, Mildred
 Kirkbride, Dorothy
 Kirkby, Ann
 Kirkland, Leitha
 Klein, Sylvia
 Koppes, Eunice
 Krieft, Elsie
 Kroencke, Irene
 Krow, Drusella
 Kudzia, Helen
 Kunz, Margery
 Lang, Anna

The Scotoman

SOPHOMORE GIRLS (continued)

Langdon, Kathryn
 Lasalle, Ruth
 Lavenberg, Lucile
 Leake, Mary
 Leive, Pauline
 LaVally, Dorothy
 Lewis, Pauline
 Libbe, Ruth
 Lovewell, Edna
 Lurie, Anne
 McClure, Geraldine
 McCowan, Evelyn
 McElroy, Eloise
 McNary, Jane
 Mahon, Dorothy
 Mandlin, Alyce
 Martin, Iris
 Mason, Ruth
 Mathias, Geraldine
 Matyas, Helen
 Mendenhall, Faith
 Merry, Mabel
 Mewborn, Ruth
 Meyers, Helen
 Minke, Virginia
 Minneker, Dorothy
 Mitchell, Irma
 Mitchell, Marian
 Montgomery, Josephine
 Morgan, Amelia
 Murray, Evelyn
 Newton, Nancy
 O'Connor, Maxine
 O'Neil, Barbara
 Overly, Helen
 Palmer, Mary Carolyn
 Pankhurst, June Burriet
 Parker, Altha
 Parrish, Mary
 Peabody, Mary
 Peoples, Lois
 Peterson, Alice
 Pettigrew, Eva
 Pettit, Hazel E.
 Pingen, Ann
 Pintis, Lillian
 Pocotte, Nina
 Pool, Dorothy
 Price, Helen
 Rakestraw, Iva
 Ray, Elizabeth
 Reid, Helen
 Reynolds, Alice

Riggs, Marian
 Root, Charlotte
 Rowley, Betty
 Rucker, Virginia
 Ruedy, Ella
 Russell, Virginia
 Rutschow, Wilma
 Sande, May Irene
 Schlegel, Helen
 Schoenfeld, Katherine
 Schwyn, Florence Louise
 Seligman, Lillian
 Shepler, Virginia
 Sherman, Helen
 Shinbach, Lillian
 Sibert, Vera
 Siddall, Helen
 Silverberg, Thelma
 Skeer, Caroline
 Smith, Gayle
 Smith, Marjorie Helen
 Smith, Marjorie M.
 Sneider, Elizabeth
 St. Amant, Gretchen
 Stewart, Druzella
 Stewart, Phyllis
 St. John, Helen
 Strobel, Grace
 Strong, Alice
 Swayzee, Eugenia
 Tallman, Marion
 Teachout, Virginia
 Thatcher, Lois
 Traphagen, Doris
 Troutner, Gertrude
 Turner, Esther May
 Valiton, Kathryn
 Wagner, Maryellen
 Wilbur, Myrle
 Weber, Ruth Elizabeth
 Webster, Jane
 Webster, Martha
 Wern, Margaret
 Wettstein, Anne
 Wheeler, Ruth
 Willson, Alice
 Wilson, Helen
 Wilson, Pauline
 Wingert, Margaret
 Winkler, Florence
 Woodley, Jeanette
 Wuerful, Carol
 Zuker, Bertha

The Scotoman

Sophomore Boys

Atkins, Howard
 Allyn, Fred
 Annin, Robert
 Arbogast, Harold
 Argow, Walter
 Bachelor, Dorman
 Backus, Arthur
 Badger, William
 Baker, James
 Barnthouse, Maurice
 Barnett, Reign
 Basinger, Cyril
 Baxter, Alfred
 Beard, Jared
 Behrens, Walter
 Bender, Austin
 Beschoter, William
 Binzer, Isadore
 Bishop, Vaughn
 Blair, Laurel
 Blake, William
 Blanke, Joseph
 Bolinger, Paul
 Briggs, Jack
 Britz, Max
 Brown, John B.
 Bruggemeier, John
 Bruning, Bert
 Bryce, John T.
 Bullard, Brockway
 Berbank, Ernest
 Burgess, William T.
 Butler, Frank
 Calef, Oran
 Campbell, Jack
 Cartwright, Calhoun
 Case, Charles
 Chollett, Wellington
 Ciralsky, Milton
 Clark, Kendall
 Clingan, Robert
 Cochrell, Leroy
 Cohen, Homer Roy
 Collier, Arthur
 Colton, Fred
 Comstock, Clark
 Conrow, Raymond
 Cooley, William
 Corbin, Melvin
 Cove, William
 Cox, Albert
 Crabbs, Lyman

Cresswell, George
 Crocker, Luther
 Darah, Toufie
 Davey, Marion, Jr.
 Davidson, Robert
 Davis, Glen A.
 Davis, Neal
 Dennis, Charles
 DeVore, Henry
 Doppler, Russell
 Easton, Robert
 Eaton, Egerton
 Eberle, Harold
 Edson, Willard B.
 Edgington, Frederick
 Eley, Robert
 Emerson, Edgar
 Farmer, Tom, Jr.
 Feldman, George
 Fiske, Arthur
 Fleischman, Carl
 Foster, Frank H., Jr.
 Fox, Fred
 French, James
 Friedman, David
 Friend, Jack
 Gardner, Sprague W.
 Garrison, Richard
 Garrison, Frederick
 Gelzer, John
 Gfeller, Walter
 Goldmann, Edward
 Gowen, George, Jr.
 Gradolph, William
 Graver, George
 Green, Glenn
 Green, Henry
 Groves, Ernest
 Groves, Ronald
 Grude, Walter
 Haller, Oscar
 Hamman, Huber
 Hardy, Bert H., Jr.
 Harrigan, Jack
 Harris, Lynn E.
 Harrison, George
 Harrsen, Frederick, Jr.
 Hassen, Harold
 Hawkins, Elmo
 Hayes, Scott
 Hedley, John D.
 Henderson, Jack

The Scottdian

SOPHOMORE BOYS (continued)

Holley, Quentin
 Holton, John
 Houser, Reece
 Hullhorst, William
 Hutchens, Robert
 Jennings, Robert
 Jones, Harold E.
 Keedy, David M.
 Keeler, James
 Kegg, Clare
 Kent, Wayne
 Kindley, Robert M.
 Kistler, Kenneth
 Klatt, Walter
 Knoke, Kenneth
 Knowles, Bert
 Koehman, Marvin
 Kripke, Homer
 Lasley, Jack
 Lasley, James
 Laubach, John
 Levison, Stanley
 Libbing, Keub G.
 Lindsey, Harold
 Lineback, Harold
 Linthicum, Harold
 Lippert, Lloyd
 Lober, George, Jr.
 Lynch, Harold
 McCann, Edward
 McIlwain, William
 McIntosh, Robert
 Mackinder, Alfred
 Matheny, Mahlon
 Mehring, Dale
 Merrill, Hilbert
 Merry, Clarence
 Merry, Lyman
 Messmore, George
 Metzler, John Paul
 Meyers, Burdette
 Miller, Albert
 Miller, Howard
 Miller, Thomas S.
 Minke, Edward
 Moan, Harold
 Montgomery, William, Jr.
 Morris, Garth
 Morrison, Archie
 Murphy, Pete
 Naylor, William F., Jr.
 Nettleton, Edward, Jr.
 Neuendorff, Junior

Oakes, Ralph
 Osnowitz, Eddie
 Overbeck, Louis
 Palmer, Arthur
 Parks, Lytle
 Patterson, George
 Penney, Horace, Jr.
 Penoyar, Frank
 Perlis, Herbert
 Peters, Franklin
 Pettit, Charles
 Phillips, Cledwyn
 Poast, Willard
 Polscher, Andrew
 Powers, Leverett
 Powlesland, Clarence
 Preas, John
 Raab, John
 Raber, Carl
 Raber, Nelson
 Rager, Harold
 Rethmel, Richard
 Richter, Harold
 Rideout, Milton
 Roberdeaux, Linden
 Rodenhauser, Jermain
 Rosacrans, Clifford
 Rule, Elmer
 Russell, John
 Saleta, Don
 Salisbury, William
 Sanzenbacher, William P.
 Sargent, Donald
 Schaefer, Philip
 Schmidt, Vincent
 Seeley, Fred
 Shapiro, Marvin
 Sharpe, Richard
 Shaw, Grove
 Shawen, Donald
 Sichenenthal, Kriby
 Silverman, Miles
 Simpkins, Harry A., Jr.
 Smead, George T.
 Snyder, Eugene
 Solether, Larry
 Spross, Myron
 Staebler, George
 Stalder, Roland
 Stanley, Robert
 Steinberg, Abe
 Steinman, William
 Stewart, Warner

The Scotoman

SOPHOMORE BOYS (continued)

Stewart, William R.
Steuer, Norman, Jr.
Stinehelfer, Jonathan
Stowe, David
Strater, Donald E.
Swank, Robert
Swartzbaugh, Robert
Sweet, Harold
Temple, Ralph
Thompson, Devon
Thal, Irwin
Throne, Oral
Tobias, George
Tucker, Eugene
Ulmer, Jack
VanLandingham, Richard
VanWormer, Leslie
Velliqueth, Clement
Voigt, Eldon
Wacker, Wilbert
Wagner, Robert E.
Waldrogel, Lowell
Walsh, Harold
Waltz, Harold
Ward, James
Warrick, Denson

Webster, Robert
Weckle, Albert
Weill, Alvin
Wernert, Herbert
Westcott, Burke
Westgate, Arthur B.
Wheating, Richard
Wheeler, Donald
Whipple, Thomas
White, William
White, Robert
Whitmill, Kenneth
Wieland, Robert
Williams, Clark
Willis, Alfred
Wills, Robert E.
Wing, Edward C.
Winters, Albert
Winters, Donald
Wiseman, John C.
Wittman, Ralph
Wohler, Leonard
Wolfe, Alonzo D.
Young, George
Young, Oliver, Jr.







LEE
CULLER.

The Scotoman



MR. CONKLIN

Scott has been very lucky in having Mr. Conklin to instill in the Freshmen our true school spirit. He has directed them and counselled them in their first-year difficulties. But for him, many Freshmen would get the wrong habits, get discouraged with their failures in school work, and leave school, to regret in later years their foolish act. A more experienced and able person could not be obtained as supervisor and counselor of the Freshmen.

Freshman Girls

abbott, florence
 adams, martha jane
 alberry, rose
 albertson, pauline
 anderson, floradel
 angell, charlotte
 aring, ruth f.
 atwater, irene
 augsbach, marian
 augsbach, virginia
 baise, eunice
 baker, dorothy
 baldwin, victoria
 barnes, carmen
 bateman, melba
 baughman, lucy
 bauman, valeria
 beck, rose
 beckler, mildred
 behm, dorothy
 benhoff, mildred
 bennett, jane w.
 bigelow, virginia
 black, theresa
 blake, alice
 blanchard, beulah
 blanchard, suzanne
 bollinger, gladys
 bones, virginia
 bowman, beulah
 broer, marion
 bronson, grace
 brown, herma
 brown, kathryn
 brown, mae
 bruning, delores
 bunge, dorothy
 bunnell, florence
 carmichael, hilda
 carnes, ruth
 carpenter, jacquelin
 caves, margaret
 chapman, ione

church, velma
 cleland, dorothy
 cole, dorothy
 collins, dorcas
 cooley, may
 corson, mildred
 crandell, jane
 cummings, mary
 cunningham, ifolaw
 currie, anna
 davenport, mildred
 davis, betty jane
 davis, dorothy
 deckard, olive
 decker, helen
 deister, ailys
 deshetler, arline
 doll, augusta
 dresser, lenore
 eberle, dorothy
 eckhardt, virginia
 ells, louise
 emerson, dorothy
 ensign, helen
 eure, mary e.
 eleanor, fay
 felbinger, phyllis
 fisher, harriett
 fisher, helen
 fleischman, genevieve
 forman, fern
 fox, helen
 francis, dorothy
 frazier, marian
 french, margaret
 freund, mary leone
 friedell, evelyn
 genas, mary elizabeth
 geroe, caroline
 gerwin, velma
 gimpel, jeanne
 githens, hazel
 gloud, beulah

The Scotoman

FRESHMAN GIRLS (continued)

goepf, elizabeth
goldberg, alice
good, dolores
gordon, virginia
grandstaff, naomi
grandstaff, miriam
grone, naomi
guilinger, verna
haderman, phyllis
hahn, katherine
hales, virginia
haller, dorothy
halsted, clara-mae
hannah, helen
hardy, sylvia
harman, bernice
harris, leona
harrison, martha
hinckman, alma
hoffman, ellen
hoffman, esther
holmes, dorothea
hoover, grace
howard, dorothy
husband, helen
idoine, doris
jacobs, josephine
johnson, lela
kaminski, victoria
kaser, dorothy
kaufman, dorothy
keckley, helen
kern, jessie
kirtland, rosemary
klivans, irene
kneisser, katherine
koenig, alma
kohler, crystal
kohlrusch, marguerite
kornfeld, rose mae
kratz, june
krease, amelia
kruse, helen
kurth, genevieve

lamont, mary
marie, lechner
levitt, ruth
lewis, helen
lewis, nellie
lichtenstein, beatrice
liffring, wilma
linker, viola
litchfield, grace
lloyd, janet
luscombe, geraldine
mcafee, dorothy
mccarty, genevieve
mccully, alice
mcdermott, helen
mckechnie, leona
mckinley, florence
mcleish, mary
mcnut, irene
mcphee, hazel
maccloy, june
macdonald, garnett
mahon, fern
martin, hope
masters, gertrude
maxwell, maxine
meinka, ruth
mendelsohn, blanche
mengel, catherine
mensing, marion
mercereau, kathryn
merki, marian
miller, jeanette c.
milligan, ruth
minke, hilda
mulholland, margaret
murphy, virginia
Myles, esther
nichols, elfrid
nitschke, susie
noyes, eleanor
olmstead, leila m.
o'neil, ardanelle
o'rourke, leora

FRESHMAN GIRLS (continued)

osborne, ruth
owen, gertrude
page, ruth m.
palmer, charlotte
patterson, helen
peck, elizabeth
pimblett, edith
porter, frankie
powell, marguerite
pratt, iris
raber, leota
recknahel, alice
reiter, helen
repasz, marjorie
reynolds, helen
rice, adeline
rice, ruth
richards, frances
richter, helen
roberts, mable
robertson, martha
rogers, catherine
rose, maebyron
rothert, virginia
rudin, alice
st. aubin, ethel
sala, christine
sanzenbacher, marian
sedgwick, ruth
seitz, selma
shank, margaret
shaw, mildred
shinbach, roxine
slick, ruthjane
smith, garnette
smith, lenna
smith, louise
sparks, grace
stalker, geraldine

stewart, doris
stockford, margaret
stone, margaret
stopplet, dorothy
straka, helen
streetman, rosabelle
stuart, jane
stutton, genevieve
swanwick, mary
swartzbaugh, frances
tassell, bessie
taylor, barbara
taylor, doris
taylor, margaret
thoma, leona e.
thompson, genifrede
tom, hester
torrence, jane
truesdall, katherine
ungewitter, clara
wagenknecht, betty
wagers, mildred
ward, mary
watson, viola
weber, elise
weese, juanita
welket, fern
wells, norma
westwood, florence
whitney, edith
walcott, charlot
wilder, jessie elizabeth
williams, doris
williams, thelma
woods, geraldine
wymer, hope G.
yarrington, pearl
zucker, mollie

The Scotoman

Freshman Boys

ake, francis
 alspach, donald
 augsbach, clarence
 avery, cecil
 bailey, frederick
 barlow, george
 bauman, howard
 baumgardner, edson
 baxter, malcolm
 berozet, gerhard, jr.
 betts, james
 betz, norman
 billingslea, frederick
 bissell, herbert
 bixler, robert
 blackburn, donald
 blackford, richard
 blanchett, harold
 blitz, jules
 bovard, wilson
 briggs, charles a., jr.
 bristol, boston
 brown, howard
 brown, pierce
 browne, mermyn
 bucklew, arnold
 burge, robert
 byers, paul
 cady, cleon
 carson, clarence
 carsten, chester
 carter, carl
 chapman, robert m.
 clark, clyde
 claus, ralph k.
 clevenger, william
 collins, edmund
 comstock, oliver
 conklin, james
 crabbs, wilbur l.
 crawford, eldred
 crawford, franklin l.
 crook, donald h.
 crosby, glenn
 crosby, thomas

cummings, dayne
 curson, leroy
 darah, toufie
 debute, walter
 deckard, glen
 deckelman, john
 desir, raymond
 dice, william d.
 dickey, george
 dieball, legrand
 dietz, albert
 dille, harold j.
 dohn, robert
 dominick, lloyd
 dossat, sidney
 douglas, robert
 druit, charles
 duffy, lowell
 dupins, enos
 dupins, ernest
 easton, james
 edwards, wilson
 elwell, robert
 emch, wilbert
 emery, corliss
 feltis, james melvin
 fleischman, otto
 ford, raymond h.
 fortress, herbert j.
 fortune, james h.
 foster, howard
 foster, robert
 friedman, herbert
 frost, henry
 gettin, paul e.
 gibbons, louis
 goshia, herman
 grafton, richard
 gray, marion
 girgsby, david
 gross, robert e.
 grover, bernard
 grover, gerald
 grow, dewitt

The Student

FRESHMAN BOYS (continued)

hahn, philip
hall, john c.
hamilton, daniel
hankenhof, melvin
hamsen, ernest
hansent, robert w.
harris, philip
hassen, frederick, jr.
hausmann, irving
haviland, charles
hayes, howard
hecht, j. leonard
hecker, earl
henderson, robert l.
herrick, forrest
hess, robert
hogle, holton
holton, lawrence
houston, john a.
hullhorst, charles
jablinski, edwin
jackman, george
jackman, ralph
jacobs, curtiss
jacobs, richard
johnson, justice
jones, robert e.
joseph, charles
kamm, coy
kass, philip
keilholtz, richard
kirkbride, willis
klinck, edgar r.
klink, ernest
klopfenstein, james
klotz, harry
kolling, orville
koproski, henry
kress, richard
lavey, carl
leibovitz, louis
letke, peter
lewandowski, thaddeus

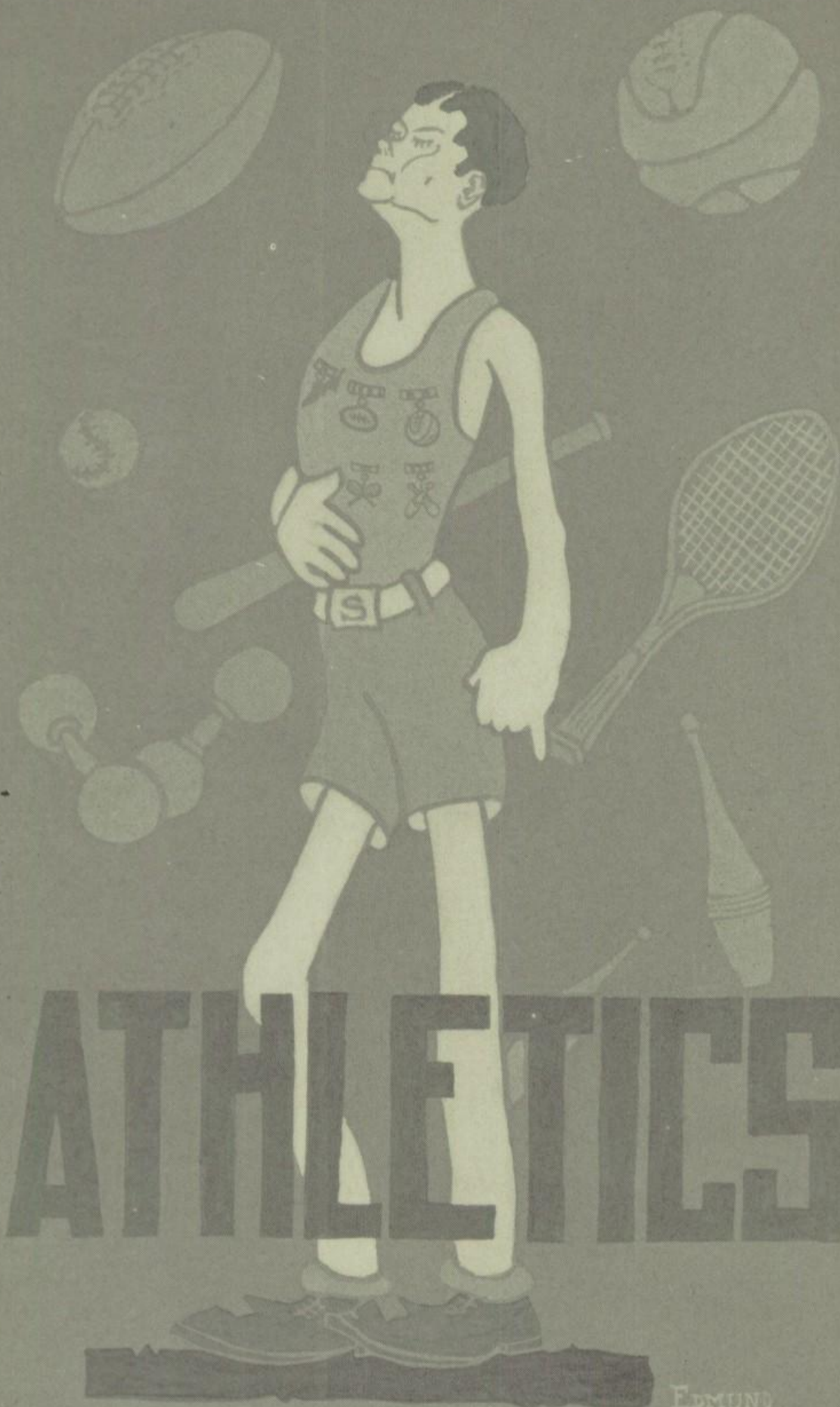
litsinger, george
little, george
mccaw, pern
mccord, john
mccullough, carl
mcelheney, robert
mcfadden, william
mcgee, walter, jr.
mack, harold
mandler, john
manning, david
marquardt, william
marshall, charles, jr.
mefford, reynold
merrill, alfred, jr.
merrill, robert
mewhort, alan
micham, riley
miller, charles e.
miller, john
miller, walter
moan, glenn
moomey, john
moore, george e.
munn, edward
myles, chester
neifer, cloyce
nelles, thomas
nolan, ralson
northup, john
nuttan, garfield
o'connor, john
ostrander, ralph
ostrander, roland
parsons, robert
parlick, joseph, jr.
pattison, donald k.
penney, douglas
perdine, james t.
perlmutter, louis
perlmutter, paul
pheatt, john
pheatt, richard
pioch, willis

The Scotoman

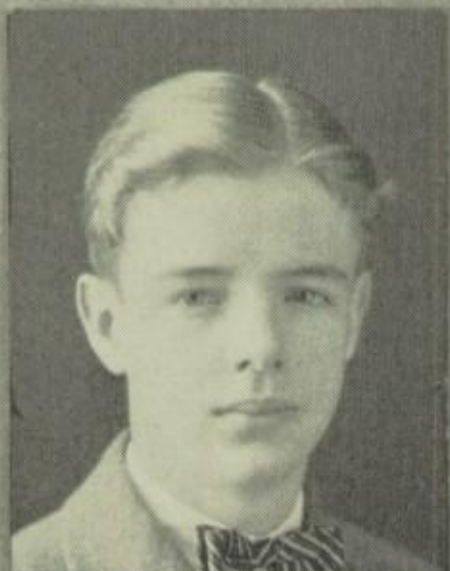
FRESHMAN BOYS (continued)

provo, philip
 rakestraw, harmon
 rapp, ivan f.
 ravin, louis
 reed, boyd
 reid, marshall
 reid, william
 reuman, walter
 rhodes, charles
 rice, roy
 rogers, howard j.
 rothert, robert
 routson, william
 rule, donald
 ruth, charles
 ryan, benjamin
 salisbury, robert
 sangbush, frederick
 schall, wellington
 schalitz, elmer
 schmidt, robert
 schoettley, kermit
 schwab, victor w.
 sears, sherman
 selger, junior
 shaffner, robert
 sharfman, herman
 sheffield, gordon G.
 sherron, joseph
 shulz, richard
 sigg, gordon
 silverberg, seymour w.
 simon, frederick h.
 sinclair, john
 smith, coyle
 smith, ralph p., jr.
 sodeman, lester
 soldner, raymond
 somerville, russell
 start, gwyn h.
 stein, robert w.
 steude, howard

stevenson, howard
 stickroth, wayne
 stower, james
 straka, arnold
 taylor, dan
 taylor, paul
 taylor, raymond
 tenney, harold
 thal, nelson
 thornburgh, john
 tice, harry
 townsend, horace
 townsend, robert
 trags, kenneth
 turner, john
 underwood, norman b., jr.
 van deman, william h.
 van dorn, henry
 van landingham, wilson
 vogel, howard
 volt, frederick
 vrooman, george
 wagner, arlyn o.
 ward, howard
 ward, rolland
 warrick, gilbert
 weaver, edward
 webster, forman
 wheaton, estel
 whitmill, carmon
 whitmore, robert
 whitney, henry
 whittaker, alfred
 williams, john b.
 wilson, wilber
 wing, burton
 wiser, carlton
 yager, orval
 zanrille, maurice
 zeisler, william j.
 zepp, theodore h.



EDMUND
MARKOWSKI



The Scottonian

OFFICERS OF ATHELETIC ASSOCIATION

GEORGE MOOR	<i>President</i>
MARTHA GOSLINE	<i>Vice-President</i>
WALTER DELAPLANE	<i>Secretary</i>
HENRY DEVORE	<i>Historian</i>
CARL MEISSNER	<i>Treasurer</i>

Scottonian Athletics

The following players received the block "S" for service on the basketball team in 1925:

Winfred Orwig, Charles Wertz, Fred Ritter, Harold Peters, Howard Peters, Irving Sack, Charles Pettit, *Manager*.

The following men received the "S.A.A." for substituting in some of the basketball games:

Pete Murphy, Eldon Voight, Deane Donley.

These persons received the old English "S" for playing with the Lightweight basketball team in 1925:

James Lasley, Fred Sampson, Kenneth Lindersmith, William Walker, Charles Carson, Bertram McBain, Richard Stophlet.

For service on the baseball team in 1924, the following players received the right to wear the block "S":

Ralph Merickel, *Captain*, Fred Schaub, Russell Keier, George Alber, Ronald Saffen, Stuart Collin, Marvin Crabbs, Andrew Schreiner, Fred Ritter, Harold Peters, Chester Breede, *Manager*.

These players received certificates with "S.A.A." for playing part of the games:

Thad Taylor, Charles Wertz.

The following men were awarded certificates with the block "S" for serving on the track team in 1924:

Fred Joseph, Edgar Levitt, John Moor, Merrell Cook, Lewis Cook, James Hodge, *Manager*.

A mass meeting was held Friday, February 20th, for the purpose of awarding letters for foot ball. Faculty Manager Carl Meissner presented the following persons the sweater with the block "S" on it for service with the Varsity football team in 1924:

The Scottonian

Charles Carson, Charles Wertz, Fred Ritter, Ralph Merickel, Howard Johnson, Crawford Felker, Clarence Garrity, Irving Sack, Kenneth Lindersmith, Tom Ramsey, Ronald Saffen, Emmett Russell, Philip Moses, Donald Lovewell, Albert Weckle, Fred Joseph, George Moor, Frank Meese, George Alblet, Chester Breede, *Student Manager*.

The following persons received certificates with "S.A.A." on it for participating in part of the games.

Pete Murphy, Richard Stophlet, Harold Arbogast, Deane Donley, Thad Taylor, Harold Jones, Neal Davis, Gilbert Meyers, Preston Thal, Robert Pocotte.

The following persons received certificates with the old English "S" on them for service with the Lightweights in 1924:

Bill Benschoter, Fred Bishop, Wayne Kent, Carl Raber, Nelson Raber, Pete Letke, Stanley Holton, Wilfred Orwig, Joe Myer, Edgar Sanders, Fred Lohfink, Jack Wheaton, Benn Barnhart, Eldon Voight Garfield Nutten, Douglas Marshall, Robert Wibel.

Coach Ted Keller

THE SUCCESS of Scott's football team of '24 was due mainly to the untiring efforts of Ted Keller. At the beginning of the season he was greeted with a handful of veterans and a group of recruits but, undaunted, he set about molding a team that suffered but one defeat. He developed them into a winning combination, and before the season was well under way, his experience was shown by the skilfull way in which his charges played the game and planned the attack, which proved baffling to their opponents.

During Ted's first year as head coach, he plainly demonstrated his splendid leadership and not once during practice did he find it necessary to lose his temper. A man with indomitable courage, a fighting heart and a strong determination to accomplish what he sets out to do, Ted has been a fine example for the boys to whom he teaches the gridiron pastime.

Looking into the future and hoping that Coach Keller will again guide our gridiron warriors through the coming season, we predict a most successful year and can visualise another championship.



TED KELLER, *Head Coach Scott High*



CARL MEISSNER, *Faculty Manager*

The Scottonian

Athletics

VICTORY in life as well as in athletics depends on how well we are equipped to meet the obstacles that are bound to confront us. No where will one find an institution with a finer tradition in its athletics than in Scott High School.

Our athletic teams are known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. This has not "just happened." Careful preparation, practice, training and the fine team work of not only the players, but our teachers and the large student body behind the teams has established a habit of producing results that are remarkable.

It is often said our teams win because of their fighting spirit. Scott teams go into the game well prepared to meet the offense or defense—in prime condition to offset any attack, whether it be of brawn or brain. That is our history of the past in athletics, as well as in scholarship.

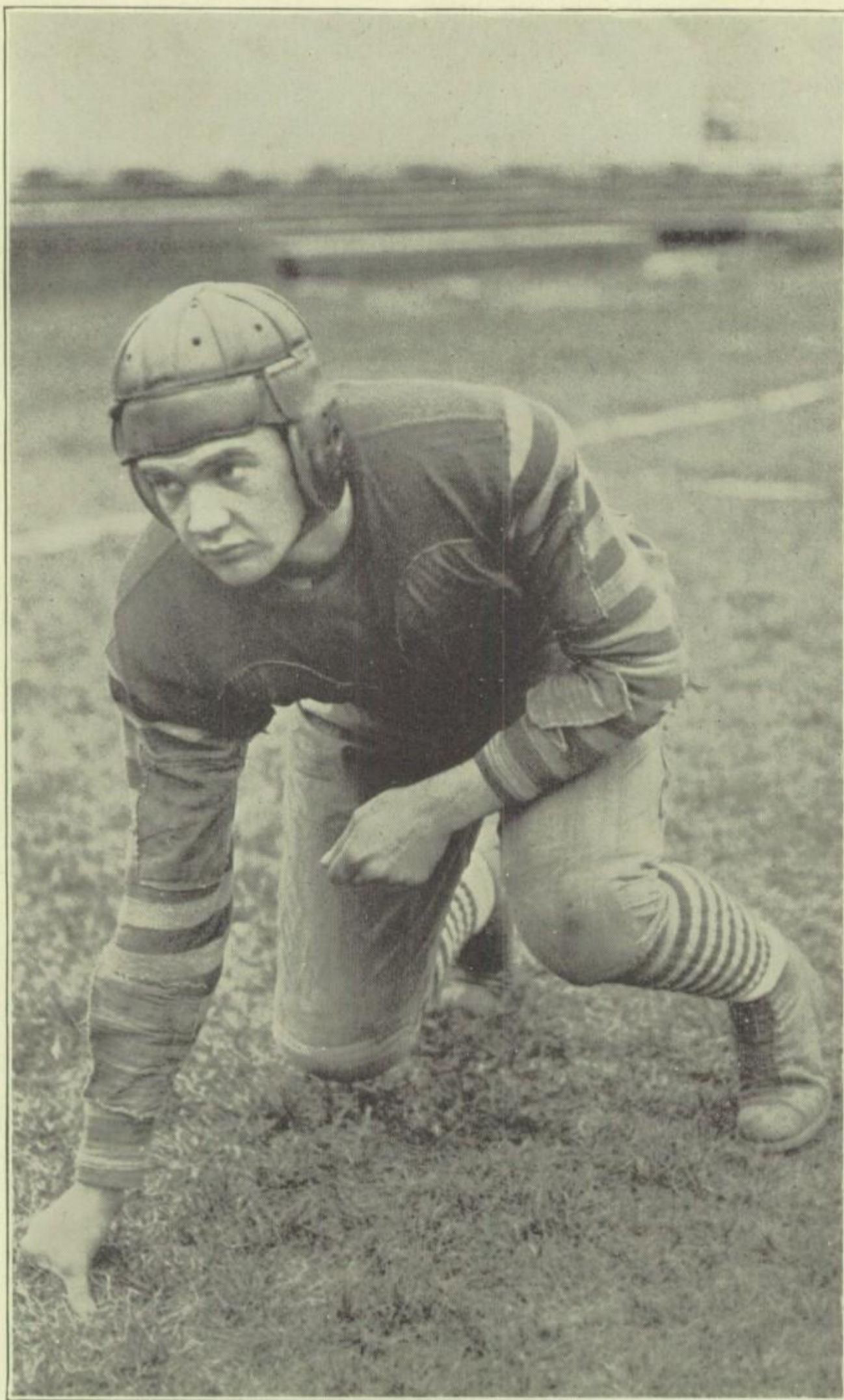
We sometimes ask ourselves, "Will we continue to advance?" This depends on how well we accept these traditions and get into the activities of our school, helping to establish new records of accomplishments and passing them along to the incoming students. We cannot falter in our scholarship or athletics—Scott students and teachers must continue to "carry on" to the end of time.

The Class of '25 has done well in holding up our traditions, and from now on the classes of '26, '27 and '28 have a great responsibility resting upon them. We know they will accept their opportunity and Scott High will continue in the path of progress.

MR. MEISSNER.



DR. W. A. NEILL, Advisory Coach Scott High



FRANK MEESE, *Scott High*
Captain of Football Team, 1924



GEORGE ALBER
Lightweight Coach Scott High



HERMAN BERLIN
Trainer Scott High



RALPH MERICKLE
Ass't. Lightweight Coach Scott High

The Scottion

Scott and Athletics

THESE TWO WORDS, Scott and Athletics, have always been and always will be linked hand in hand. Not satisfied with the fame acquired through her scholars, teachers, and organizations, Scott has extended her athletic prowess to the farthest corners of the United States. The very name of Scott means to the country clean, sportsman-like athletics. What has made this unparalleled success possible? There are many reasons and causes which have contributed to the glory of our athletes.

We must first offer to our coaches a large part of the credit. The principal ones are Keller, Meissner, Neil, Clash, Langstaff and Kirk.

These have composed one of the finest and most complete staffs ever possessed by a high school. They worked fully as hard as the players, giving all they had for their boys and the school to which they were devoted.

Next is the fighting, generous spirit of those lads who made up the teams. Turning out in large numbers, they furnished a wealth of material for the different branches of sport. And on the field of battle they were noble, fighting to the last ounce of strength left in them.

Another important factor has been the cheerful and hearty support of the student body. The fact is well known that the spirit of the school is the fiery urge behind the boy in the game. The students can well be thanked for their contribution to success.

Finally, the honest co-operation of the citizens of Toledo, lovers of clean and wholesome sport, has added the finishing touch to our undertakings. The people are always ready to stand by Scott and lend their aid in moments of difficulty, and proud and happy when Scott shines forth in all her brilliance.

Scott and Athletics—May they both live on forever!

The Scottsman

A Word From Mr. Keller

IF WE should look back a few years we should find where Scott was infinitely proud of the first section of the concrete Stadium, and this year we dedicated the completed Stadium. Infinitely proud we are, and should be, for no high school can claim the like, and this is impressed on us more and more as visitors from far and near inform us that they have heard and read about it, but could not believe it until witnessed. In like manner Scott has had teams that have been known from coast to coast, and while this year's team was not crowned undefeated champions, they played a brand of football upon which the school and city can place their stamp of approval. In practically every game the Scott lads were forced to fight against tremendous odds, both in weight and experience, for only four fellows remained from last year's team, and in only one game did Scott outweigh its visitors. Ponder over this, ye Scotters!

What is it, then, that makes these wonder teams? Just this: the system of play in vogue these last years was instituted by Doctor Neill, and has been tested and tried under most adverse conditions and its superiority has been proven. Scott has been recognized for years as National Champions, and to uphold this honor is an unsworn pledge of every player. The student body deserves credit for the splendid spirit they have developed, which is enough to lead any team to the end of the world, and they back each succeeding team with renewed vigor. Now, place the boys in this environment and they soon become inoculated with that mysterious something (which is nothing more than that just mentioned), and they appear to be superhuman giants, volunteering to carry the name of Scott to new heights and greater glories. Is there a result? Yes; these facts are boiled out of the majority who have made good. Football, in fact, all athletics, teaches one to fight life's uphill battles and only to quit after it has been conquered; it also develops snap judgment of a sound nature; sacrifice to either side if future benefits are to be derived; endurance to stick to it as all problems are not overcome in a few minutes; a temperament of even quality for a cool mind guides the experts; willingness to learn and do, for we are never too old to learn and do. In short, athletics teaches that each one must be master of his own body and only a clean mind and a sound heart in an unabused body can carry on a winning fight.

FOOT-BALL





CAPTAIN FRANK MEESE

Frankie was a captain royal, always encouraging his team to do its utmost, and giving his all to the game. He played tackle with a ferocity which often enabled him to break through and down his opponent with the ball in his hands. It was this which brought crowds to their feet with excitement.

GEORGE MOOR

One of the biggest reasons why it was difficult to go through Scott's line was "Babe." He was a veritable tower of strength on the line, his defensive work being especially good. On several occasions he acted as Captain, and proved fully worthy of the honor.



CLARENCE GARRITY

Undoubtedly one of the greatest players ever turned out at Scott, "Moose" proved the sensation of the year at his fullback position. He was in truth, a real triple threat man, always to be relied on for a substantial gain. On the defense he was a wall by himself, stopping many thrusts at the line. His punting, passing and running were the pride of Scott, and the envy of all others.





IRVING SACK

Filling the shoes of Eddie Evans at quarterback seemed an impossible problem, but Sack did it to perfection. The team ran like a clock under his smooth guidance, executing plays faultlessly. He was a running mate with Garrity, being able to penetrate the line or run around the ends.

EMMET RUSSELL

Tackle is no easy position for a new man to hold, but Russ was not to be daunted. He took Meese's place and played it with a determination and fight which proved uncomfortable to the men facing him. He also was a great receiver of forward passes and was often shifted to end for this purpose.



RALPH MERICKLE

Ralph was a cool, steady half-back, constantly ready to gain the required yardage or to prevent his adversary from doing the same. His defensive work was wonderful to behold, especially that of breaking up an aerial attack. A grittier player than Merickle is not to be found.



PHILIP MOSES

Phil was a fellow who could be placed at most any position on the line. He played center, guard, and tackle with the same intensity and fight. On the rare occasions that he replaced Moor, he proved to be a most capable center against the most overwhelming odds.

DONALD LOVEWELL

Don played the game of his life at guard, opening holes large enough for the passage of a steam engine. He blocked plunges when they got to the line, even the most concentrated attacks failing to pass him. His loss will be keenly felt by those who knew him and watched his playing.



RONALD SAFFEN

Ronnie was Scott's hard luck man, running from one injury to another. However, this did not prevent him from becoming a most valuable half-back. He could carry the ball through any point of the line, and an end run rarely passed him. Together with Sack, Garrity and Linder-smith, he formed Scott's great "Four Horsemen."





HOWARD JOHNSON

"Soapy" was one of the regular ends, a fitting wing for Scott's formidable line. He fought every minute of the time he was in the game, breaking up passes and end runs before they were fairly started. As to catching the ball himself, he was second to no one.



TOM RAMSEY

Ramsey's place at left end will be hard to fill next year. He was exceptionally fast at getting down the field under punts, and caught seemingly impossible passes. He played a hard, fast game that won the admiration of everyone.



CRAWFORD FELKER

Although handicapped by the lack of weight, he made up for it by the way he went after his opponents. He possessed an uncanny ability of leaping high in the air, and many were the passes that came to rest in his arms. He was very fast and seemed to be everywhere at once.



FRED RITTER

"Fritz" was another of Scott's featherweights. However, a scrappier little fighter than Ritter has never been seen, and, as everyone knows, fight always makes up for lightness. He was a great defensive half-back, wide awake every minute, and quick to take advantage of his opportunities.

CHARLES CARSON

Although he had had little previous experience running a football team, "Chick" proved to be an able field general, and handled the team in a very creditable manner. He showed equal ability in both offensive and defensive play, smashing everything that came his way.



FRED JOSEPH

"Firpo" Joseph, built like a brick wall, acted fully in this capacity in every game he played. He is the kind of player whose place will be extremely hard to fill. He especially enjoyed circling the opposing tackle and downing the ball-carrier behind his own lines. And it wasn't any man who could plough through him with ease.



KENNETH LINDERSMITH

"Kenny" was the good-looking half-back who ran interference by himself and delighted in cleverly disposing of a waiting tackler. Although he could not carry the ball well himself, he opened holes large enough for the rest of the backfield to charge through. Ken will be remembered for the clean, square game he played.

CHARLES WERTZ

The position of right end could not have been better filled than by Wertz. He was constantly striving to play a better brand of football, and this made him one of the best ends Scott ever possessed. Fast as lightning, a hard and sure tackler, he could be depended upon in any emergency. He made a fitting partner for Ramsey in catching passes.



ALBERT WECKLE—*Captain Elect*

"Al," 1925 Captain-elect, was one of the outstanding players in all of Scott's games. The harder the work the better he liked it, never failing to erase his man as he charged. Even when smothered by a whole team at once, he was on his feet the next instant, ready to go. We expect great things of him the next season.

The Scottion

SCOTT—18

ALUMNI—8

Another milepost in the history of Scott High was passed when the new concrete stadium was dedicated on September 27, 1924. This enduring monument was named Siebert Stadium in honor of Fred Siebert, Jr., whose untiring efforts made such an enterprise possible. The Rev. Allen A. Stockdale delivered the dedicatory address in which he praised Scott for clean athletics and Fred Siebert for his interest and devotion to the school. This address was followed by the raising of the flag presented to Principal Ralph H. Demorest, by Principal Charles K. Chapman of Woodward Technical High School, while a gathering of 4,000 stood with bared heads. The Stadium Queen, Miss Dorothy Hull, and her attendants, chosen from the student body, then christened the stadium with water from both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, denoting Scott's supremacy from coast to coast.

Following the preliminary ceremonies the gridders of 1924 made their initial appearance on the field and were met with a rousing reception. The Alumni team that started against the Scotters was composed of players on the '13, '14 and '15 elevens, and included such stars as Jack Fluhrer, "Hush" Zimmerman, "Norm" Jamieson, Clarence Frain and Palmer Scott.

In the first quarter the Scotters scored two touchdowns in quick succession, while the Alumni only scored two points on a safety. In the second quarter a new Alumni team was rushed on the field to replace the stiff, tired and fatigued crew which started the game. Although this bunch with Bob Cowell, Tommy Andrews, Luke Hunt and Wally Kirk in the backfield couldn't score on the west-enders, they held them to a single touchdown.

At the start of the second half, Coach Ted Keller sent in several substitutes, and against these men the Alumni started going strong.

The Scottonian

Bob Cowell, captain of the great eleven of 1916, revealed some of his former plunging ability and carried the ball over for a touchdown.

A finely conditioned team composed of Scott's 1923 aggregation and others was held in reserve to battle the Scotters in the fourth period, and they gave the Green and White a stiff workout. The game ended with the score 18-8, in favor of the Varsity.

The Scott team as a whole was green, but big and powerful; the line was heavier than the forward wall of last year and charged well. The all-around work of Garrity was exceptionally fine and was the outstanding feature of the game.

SCOTT—19

WOODWARD—13

Resorting to nothing but straight football in the presence of several scouts from other high schools, Scott defeated Woodward Tech 19 to 13. The contest was just as thrilling as was prophesied, featured by running, plunging and several showers of passes.

Scott scored all its points in the first half by carrying the fight to Woodward, and kept the ball in their territory most of the time.

Scott should have scored twice in the fourth period. On two occasions they pounded the Woodward line to pieces and advanced the ball to the one-yard line, only to lose the ball on fumbles.

Scott's first score came as the result of one of Garrity's well-directed passes to Wertz over the goal line. In the second quarter, after an exchange of punts, Wertz caught a long pass and was stopped on the 5-yard line. "Moose" Garrity then crashed through for the touchdown, and Merickel kicked goal. At the close of the quarter Scott held Tech for downs on their 30-yard line. Then Garrity again passed to Wertz, who streaked over for the third and final score. While two long runs through the Scott team for touchdowns by Rogolsky

The Scottonian

and Walls were fine examples of offensive play, the accurate pass by Garrity to the ends, Wertz and Ramsey, which scored two touchdowns and paved the way for the third, was the outstanding feature of the game.

SCOTT—26

LIBBEY—0

Directing a relentless attack at Libbey's line, skirting the ends with ease and facility, and bewildering the foe with a dazzling aerial attack, Scott easily outclassed the south-end invaders, and before 13,000 howling fans humbled them by a 26 to 0 count.

Scott played with the cool deliberation that has made the championship teams of the past so successful, and on the defensive seemed to analyze the Libbey plays before they started. The ragged team work and uncertainty that showed in the Woodward clash were gone, and although Scott did make one fumble after crashing across the goal line, they handled the ball better than at any time previously this year.

Libbey was able to make only one first down which was the result of a forward pass, Zbierajewski to Mengel, in the second quarter. On the other hand, Scott made 18 first downs, nine in each half.

The Scott attack was built around Garrity, who ripped holes in the Libbey line both while carrying the ball and as interference. But just as much credit must go to the line which presented a stonewall defense to the Libbey plunges. Zbierajewski and Kaminski were the best ground gainers for Libbey.

SCOTT—33

STREATOR—0

In the first intersectional game of the season, Scott defeated the Streator, Ill., team 33 to 0. The entire Scott team displayed good form, executing the plays smoothly. On the first kick-off the Green

The Scotoman

and White started a march down the field that ended only when Merickel had crossed the last chalk line. Garrity added the second touchdown after several long gains.

In the second period, after Scott had advanced the ball to the goal line, Sack fumbled, but alert "Soapy" Johnson fell on the ball behind the line for a touchdown.

In the second half Streator began a desperate passing attack in an effort to score. Sack broke this up when he intercepted a pass and raced 42 yards to the 2-yard line. On the next play he went over for the final score.

Scott made 30 first downs as compared to the visitors' nine, eight of which were made in the third period, when they made their strongest bid for a touchdown via the aerial route. Garrity starred for Scott and Dixon and Dawson for Streator.

SCOTT—7

STIVERS—7

In a thrilling game which was to determine the National High School Championship, Scott and Stivers of Dayton battled to a 7 and 7 tie. The game was a nip-and-tuck affair from start to finish.

During the first six minutes Scott carried the ball over for a touchdown with a fierce onslaught which Stivers was unable to stem. Merickel drop-kicked for the extra point. The two teams battled the remainder of the half on even terms.

In the third quarter Stiles ran 75 yards through the entire Scott team to the 7-yard line, where Saffen stopped him with a good tackle. From this critical position Gabler carried the oval across the goal line. Otto then added the needed point by means of a drop-kick. A short time later Otto made a run of 60 yards to Scott's 20-yard line where

The Scotoman

he tried a drop-kick, but failed. Later he was given another opportunity, but his kick was blocked.

The only other chance for Scott to score came in the last period, when Sack attempted a field goal. This, however, was blocked by the Dayton ends.

Both teams played a whirlwind game, with Garrity and Meese starring for Scott, while Otto and Stiles did most of the work for Stivers. The game was clean and gave satisfaction to both sides.

SCOTT—20

EAST TECH—7

Fighting an uphill battle for the first time this season, Scott defeated their old rival, East Tech of Cleveland, to the tune of 20 to 7. Nine thousand feverish fans cheered lustily as the Green and White added the deciding points.

The first quarter was a punting duel, with Garrity having the edge. The first break came when Joseph recovered a fumble on Tech's 25-yard line. After several line smashes, Garrity carried the ball over for the first touchdown. Sack missed the try for point.

East Tech's score came in the second period as the result of a long pass. Surina kicked goal, which put Tech in the lead.

The third quarter went scoreless, neither team being able to penetrate the other's territory. But in the last period the Scotters began fighting with a desperateness which could not be checked. Garrity, in three successive plays, took the ball over from the 9-yard line. Scott recorded its third score late in the final quarter. Garrity threw a 25-yard pass to Wertz, who was downed on Tech's 18-yard line. Saffen made three yards, and then Garrity steam-rolled his way through the center of the line and over the goal line, shaking off no less than six tacklers.

The Scotoman

Through his wonderful all-around performance, "Moose" Garrity was by all means the star of the day; he did everything that it was possible for one man to do. Acting captain "Babe" Moor also played an excellent game.

SCOTT—7

FINDLAY—6

Scott nosed out Findlay by a 7 to 6 score in a game that provided plenty of thrills. Scott was unable to smash the Findlay line when in the vicinity of their goal, losing several chances in this manner. The Green and White scored their only touchdown by means of a 30-yard pass, Garrity to Sack.

With Findlay in possession of the ball on their own 24-yard line, Copeland punted over Sack's head, and as the ball sailed by he touched it with his hand. He chased it across his own goal line, and was downed. When the referee arrived the ball was in Grotty's possession, giving Findlay a touchdown. Schuchart failed to kick goal.

The teams then battled evenly until the fourth quarter, when Findlay worked the ball to Scott's 20-yard line. Presnell was sent in to kick a field goal, but the pass from the center was low, and the kick was blocked, Scott recovering the ball.

Captain Meese and Garrity both played a sterling game for Scott, while Grotty, the Findlay quarterback, took a big share of his team's glory.

SCOTT—40

CARL SCHURZ—0

Scott defeated Carl Schurz High, of Chicago, 40 to 0, in the last game of the season before the Scott-Waite battle on Thanksgiving. Although the Green and White got away to a slow start, they came back with a vengeance in the second half.

The Scottsblum

Scott did not score until the second quarter, when Busch was downed behind his goal line for a safety. A few moments later Garrity scored the first touchdown, after two passes had placed the ball on the 15-yard line. A pass over the goal line, Garrity to Wertz, resulted in another touchdown.

It took Scott just seven plays to score the first touchdown in the second half. Sack made this touchdown, and added another as the period ended.

Scott scored twice in the final quarter, one as a result of an avalanche of forward passes, and the other through the plunging of Sack.

"Moose" Garrity was easily the star of the game, but along with his name goes that of Sack. The little quarterback played his best game this season, and ran the team perfectly. Busch and Anderson played a good game for Chicago.

SCOTT—6

WAITE—13

The National Championship, which Scott has claimed throughout the last two campaigns, passed into Waite's hands when the Purple and Gold triumphed over the Green and White 13 to 6 in the annual Thanksgiving battle in Siebert Stadium. It was a wonderful game in every respect and satisfied the 22,000 persons who were seated within the concrete walls.

There is no room for alibis. The score indicates which was the better team. Waite won because they had a better balanced team with four reliable ground gainers in the backfield, and an almost impenetrable line. On the other hand, Scott was forced to rely on two players, Garrity and Sack, to carry the burden of the offensive.

Steele kicked off to Ritter for the first play of the game. Scott's first attempt was a pass, which grounded. After each team had held

The Scotoman

for downs several times, Waite rushed the ball to Scott's 26-yard line, where Penkoff tried to place kick, but failed. Garrity was hurried in his punting and made a poor kick to his own 35-yard line. On the next play, Neubrecht broke through and dashed the 35 yards for a touchdown. The place kick, for the extra point, failed. Resorting to passes, Scott advanced the ball into Waite's territory, but did not have the needed punch to put it over.

At the start of the second half, Scott launched a passing attack which has been unequalled on a Toledo gridiron. Ramsey and Wertz dragged the floating ball out of the air time and again. Soon the ball was on Waite's 3-yard line. Garrity passed over the goal line to Wertz, who made a wonderful catch, but, as fate would have it, he was beyond the end zone, and the touchdown was not allowed. This was a great blow to the team, but it made them fight all the harder. They again carried the ball down to Waite's goal line, via the air, but another pass over the line was grounded.

The fourth quarter began with the score still 6 to 0 in Waite's favor. Through some wonderful catches of Garrity's passes, by Ramsey and Wertz, the ball was advanced to Waite's 20-yard line. Garrity then threw a pass which bounced through one Scott player and two of Waite's men into the hands of Fritz Ritter, who ran 15 yards for Scott's touchdown. Sack's pass to Ramsey for the extra point was blocked.

Waite tried another place kick after carrying the ball to Scott's 25-yard line, but it was blocked, Sack recovering. Garrity then passed from behind his goal line, Penchoff intercepted the ball and ran to Scott's 1-yard line where Sack stopped him. In three tries the Waite backs lost three yards, but on the last down Penkoff went over for the deciding touchdown. He then drop-kicked goal. The game ended on Scott's 35-yard line with Waite in possession of the ball.

The Scotoman

Disregarding the final score, Scott and Waite were equal victors in one particular. This was the spirit of sportsmanship displayed by both teams. The game was clean and hard fought from the starting whistle to the finishing gun.

The Waite backfield was in truth a "Purple Hurricane," while the line presented a stonewall to Scott's attack. Garrity completed his career at Scott in the best manner possible, he and Sack gaining all of Scott's yardage by rushing the ball. Lindersmith and Ritter played a fine game, while Wertz and Ramsey gained many yards by their ability to snag passes. Joseph and Russell played hard, fighting games at the tackles, and Lovewell and Weckel showed to advantage at the guards. Moor, acting captain in Meese's absence, was a demon at the center of the line.

All-City Team

Picking an All-Toledo scholastic team is, at best, a difficult proposition, but this year the task was not so hard.

The honor of being the first man to be placed must be given to Garrity of Scott. There is no argument over the ability of the "Moose" as a fullback. He can do to perfection everything that is required of a back. His punting throughout the season has been marvelous; he can pass accurately, and is a most difficult man to stop, when carrying the ball.

The quarterback position would be capably filled by Penkoff of Waite. Pete is also a triple threat man, being able to punt, pass and carry the ball.

Penkoff's running mate, Pencheff, is given the first call for the half position. In addition to being a wonderful receiver of forward passes, he is exceptionally fast.

The Scottonian

Neubrecht of Waite secures the other half position. His sensational playing against Scott assured him this place. He is a most accurate place-kicker.

Picking the ends is the easiest task of all. Ramsey and Wertz, both of Scott, have no rivals. Their defensive plays throughout the season have been good. Their offensive play, however, was what placed them so high in Toledo football.

Taraschke of Libbey, and Sloan of Waite cinched the tackle positions. Taraschke is one of the most versatile linemen. He is big and an excellent offensive and defensive player. Sloan played a remarkable game all season, and could always be relied upon to stop plays directed at him.

Captain Arnold and Steele of Waite received the guard positions. These two men performed meritoriously during the entire season.

Moor of Scott is the unanimous choice for center. He backed up the line nicely, and always played a steady offensive game.

This team would certainly be a tough one to stop if it really could appear on the gridiron.



The Scotoman



THE ENTIRE SQUAD OF 1924

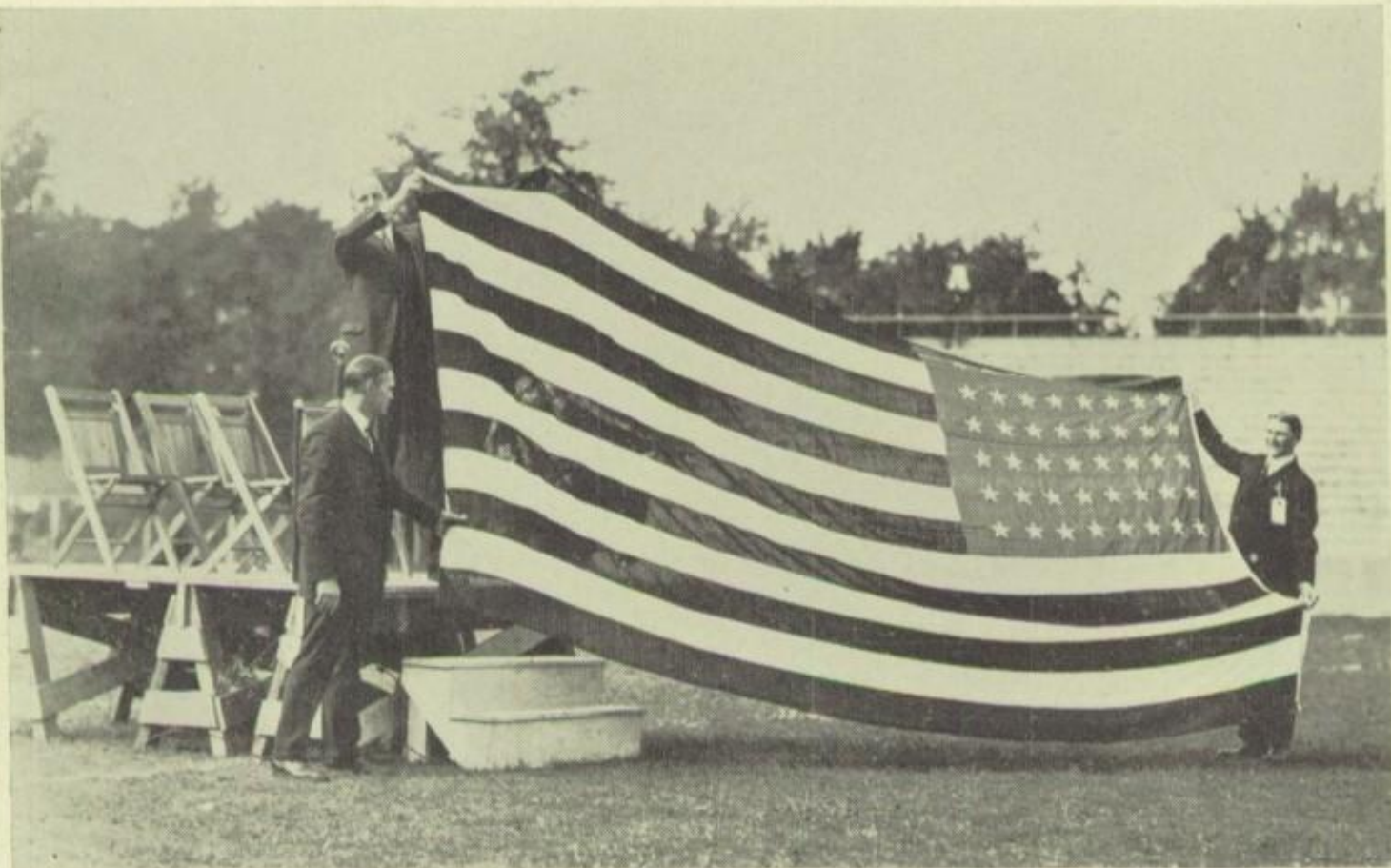


Bob Cowell, captain of the 1916 team, being stopped in the Alumni game.

The Scottdonian

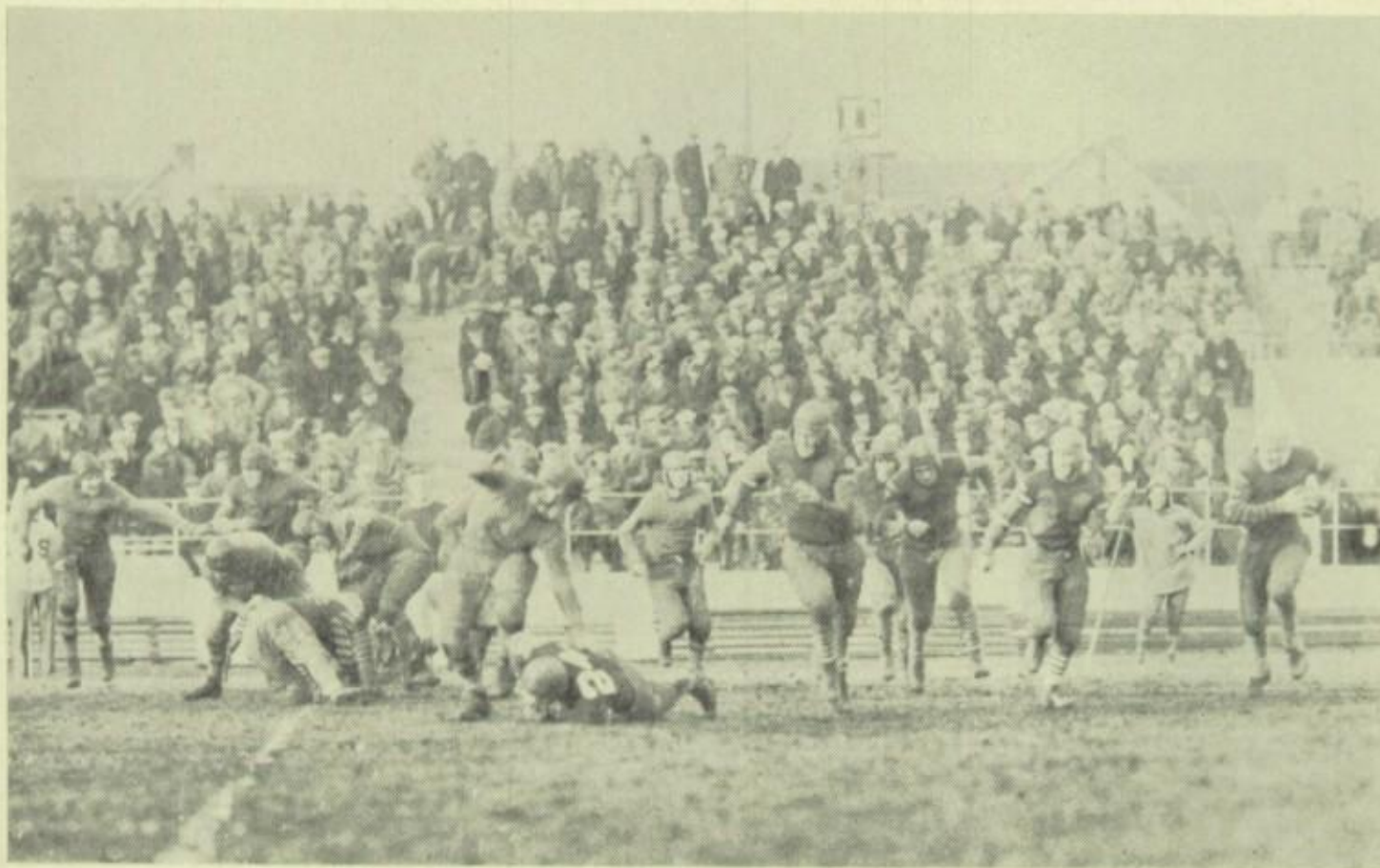


Dedication Exercises—Alumni Game

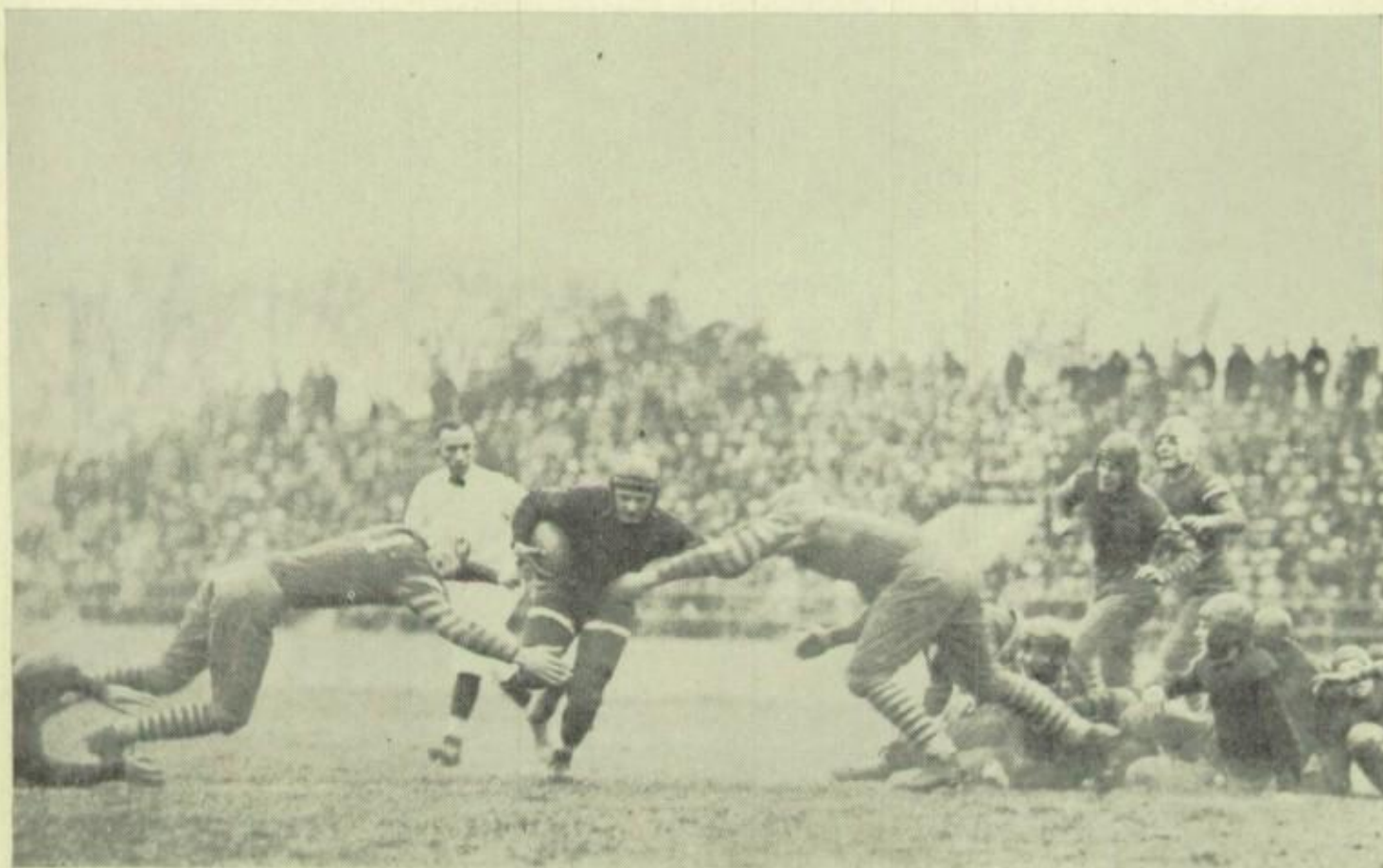


Flag purchased by the students of Woodward Technical High School, and presented to Principal R. H. Demorest of Scott by Principal Charles K. Chapman of Woodward.

The Scotoman

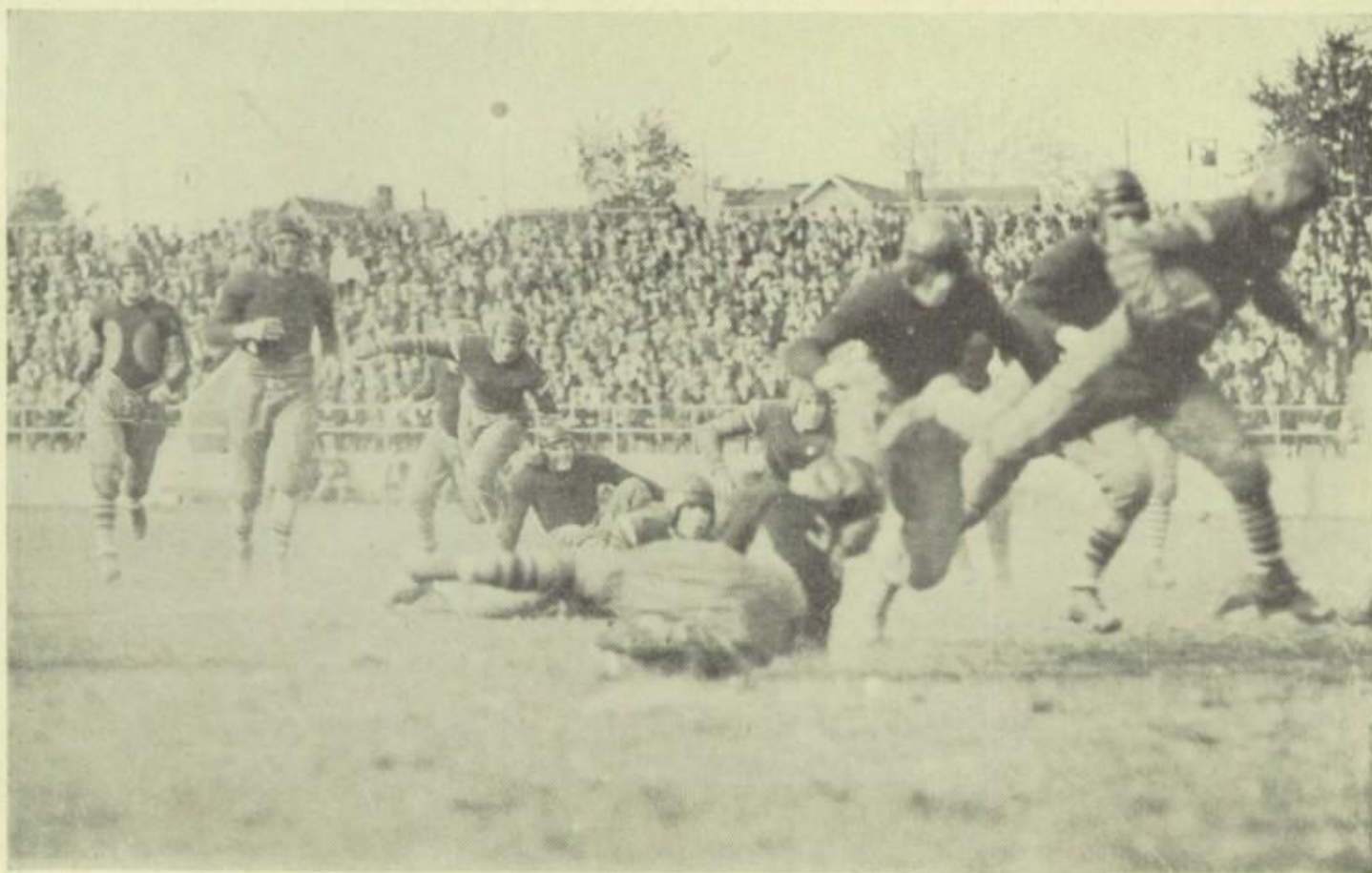


Gerrity starting with plenty of interference in the Findlay game.

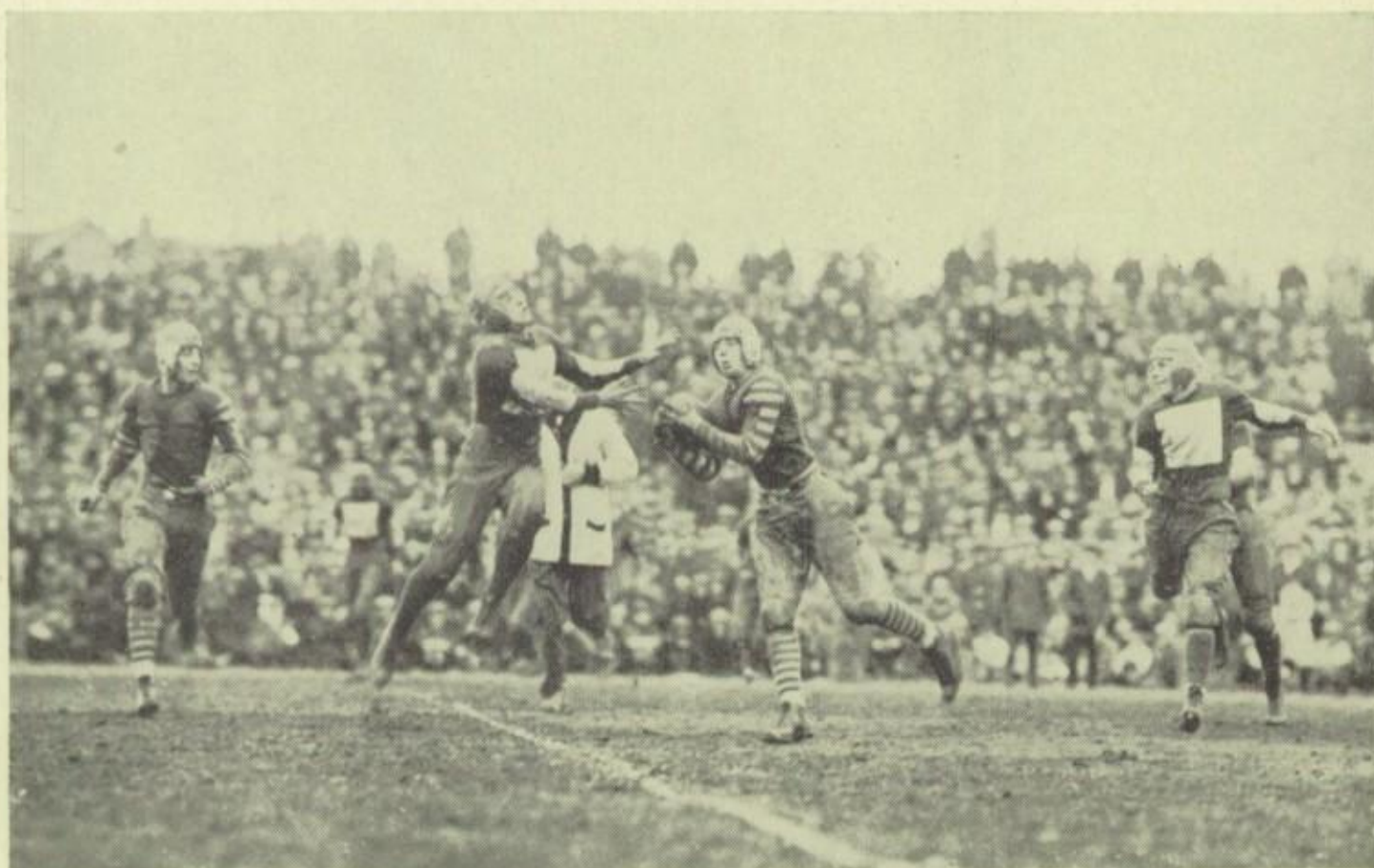


Ramsey and "Babe" Moore making a tackle in the East Tech game.

The Scottdown

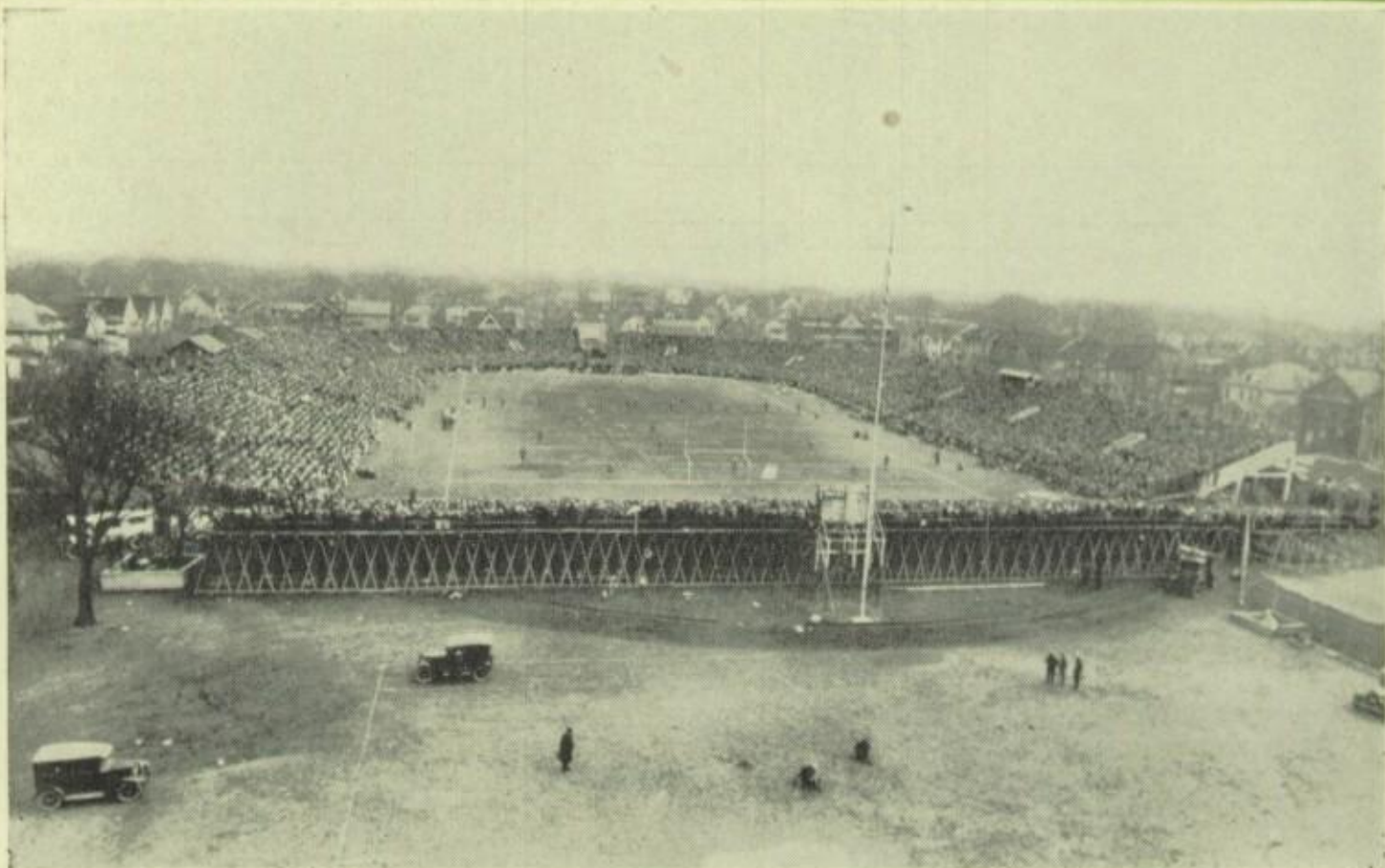


Sack making a substantial gain in the Streator game.



Ramsey snagging a pass in the Waite game.

The Scottonian



At the kick-off, Thanksgiving Day 1924.

THIS OPPORTUNITY IS TAKEN TO EXPRESS THE APPRECIATION OF THE SCOTTONIAN BOARD TO THE MANAGEMENT OF THE TOLEDO NEWS-BEE FOR THEIR GENEROUS DONATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL PICTURES OF THE 1924 FOOTBALL TEAM REPRODUCED IN THIS VOLUME.



Art Coller



RONALD SAFFEN—*Captain*

Captain Saffen deserves a great deal of credit for his splendid leadership and his ability to keep up the spirit of his team. "Ronnie" was always there in the pinch, to grab the ball and whirl away. His guarding was of the finest quality, while his long shots from mid-floor often counted.

IRVING SACK

Sack is the kind of player who fights every instant, always getting up quicker than he goes down, and always prepared at the critical moment. He was an all-around forward, being especially adept at the passing game.





CHARLES WERTZ

"Chuck" showed well at either the position of forward or at center. Being very fast on the floor, he frequently eluded his guard and dropped the ball through the basket, after dribbling most of the way.

WILFRED ORWIG

Bill Orwig, the rangy center, was the chief point-getter on the squad, possessing an eagle eye for the basket. Either from under the basket or from the middle of the floor he was wont to drop them in with great regularity. He was fast, furious, and the basis of Scott's offense.



FREDERICK RITTER

"The bigger they come, the harder they fall," was the motto of this diminutive guard. Holding the ball was Fritz's specialty, and any player always experienced great difficulty in trying to take it away from him. His speed and tenaciousness counted in all Scott's games.



HOWARD PETERS

Although Howard has often undoubtedly been cheered as Harold, and vice-versa, it bothered him not a bit when the time came to throw the next basket. Besides being a wonderful player he possessed an exceptional ability for locating the hoop, hurtling through goal after goal.

HAROLD PETERS

Making a fit partner for his brother, Harold was an expert on the running attack. Putting them in from all angles was everyday work with him, and when he was too closely guarded to throw, he snapped it to his brother, who put it in for him. Co-operation like his made the Scott team what it was.



DEAN DONLEY

Dean spent most of his time helping out the lightweights with his basket shooting and excellent guarding. He was apt to take the ball from an opponent's hands in mid-floor and carry it down for a score. He also had a knack of outjumping a taller center.



PETER MURPHY

A steady, cool, defensive game was the basis of "Pete's" success at guard. He could easily send and receive lightning passes, thus saving many seemingly impossible shots. Once in a while Pete would take a shot, so we merely added two points to the score.

CHARLES PETTIT—*Manager*

Chuck is always on the job and that's an accomplishment in itself. Taking everything into consideration, he has proven a very capable manager and we'll be very glad to see him on the job next year.



The Scottdonian

SCOTT—60

ALUMNI—30

After getting away to a poor start, Scott came strong in the second half and trounced the Alumni 60 to 30. The old graduates composed of "Dutch" Vick, "Monk" Meyers, "Hush" Zimmerman, Luke Hunt, Ralph Merickle, George Urschel, Fritz Lauffer and Don Lower, created quite a stir, quickly forging to the front, and leading 11 to 9 at the half. However, they were unable to cope with the pace set by the Varsity in the last two periods. Bill Orwig was the principal scorer, accounting for 11 baskets. In the preliminary, Monclova defeated the Lightweights 23 to 6.

SCOTT—2

LIBERTY TOWNSHIP—18

The Scott team traveled to Rudolph, Ohio, for a practice game with the Liberty Township High School. This was merely to accustom the players to a strange floor. The Maroon and White forwards had no trouble eluding the opposing guards and dropping the ball through the hoop. The team showed a decided improvement over the opening tussle.

SCOTT—44

ADRIAN—14

The quintet from Adrian High of Michigan proved no match for the speedy Scotters and soon succumbed to a dazzling attack, both on the floor and shooting baskets. The Maroon and White flashed a wonderful passing game and at the same time presented an almost impenetrable defense, forcing Adrian to resort to long shots. Orwig possessed a deadly aim, counting seven field goals. The Lightweights defeated Jackson Township 38 to 16.

SCOTT—27

SPRINGFIELD—25

After coming from behind with a determined spurt, Scott finally emerged victorious over the Springfield aggregation, contesting for state honors, by the narrow margin of two points. Although Springfield took an early lead and led at the half 13 to 7, Scott came back

The Scottdonian

strong in the second half, and the contest changed to a furious battle, only decided by a basket in the last minute. The Peters twins, Orwig and Wertz were all stars on the offense, while Ritter and Saffen made thorough jobs of their guarding. Keyser, Carter and Maxton played well for Springfield.

The Lightweights defeated St. Johns Freshmen 28 to 21.

SCOTT—39

ST. JOHNS—18

Scott defeated St. John's High School quintet 39 to 18 in a game that was harder fought than the score would indicate. The Scotters took a heavy lead in the first half through accurate basket shooting and clever guarding. St. Johns tried desperately in the second half to overcome this lead, but Scott's consistent scoring discounted their efforts.

For Scott, the Peters twins, Saffen and Wertz performed brilliantly. Howard Peters was the scoring ace with seven field goals and one foul. McKinnon and Selz were the outstanding players for St. Johns.

The Scott Lightweights defeated the St. John's Reserves 27 to 10.

SCOTT—20

WAITE—16

The old Scott-Waite rivalry stirred itself once more when these two quintets clashed on the basketball floor. When the noise and clamor had finally died away, Scott emerged victorious from the smoke of battle. The Maroon and White literally swept the Purple and Gold off its feet with a scintillating attack, and piled up an insurmountable lead. Scott basket shooting especially proved far superior, while their passing and floor work was faster and more accurate. Bill Orwig, Harold and Howard Peters starred for Scott; Capt. Muellich and Pencheff for Waite.

In a fully exciting preliminary the Lightweights defeated the Waite Reserves 29 to 15.

The Scotoman

SCOTT—27

WAITE—32

Waite's Purple and Gold quintet upset the famous dope-bucket and trounced the Maroon and White cagers 32 to 27. Their floor work was swift and sure, while their basket shooting was much more accurate than that of Scott. Although the Scotters staged a desperate rally in the third quarter, they were unable to overcome the substantial lead which Waite had accumulated.

SCOTT—30

WOODWARD TECH—23

By comparative scores, Woodward was scheduled to conquer Scott, having soundly trounced Waite. However, the Carpenters proved no match for the lightning passes and deadly basket shooting of the Scotters. Both teams traveled at full speed throughout, and frequently the ball was faster than the eye. Howard Peters and Bill Orwig were the aggressive stars, with Zaner and Weisberg doing good work for Tech.

In a fast prelidinary, the Scott Lightweights defeated Woodward Reserves 28 to 17.

SCOTT—38

PERKASIE—17

Scott was again a contestant in the Pennsylvania basketball tournament this year. A favorite from the outset, the Scott team was one of the most feared of the contenders.

In the drawings of the first round, Scott was paired with Perkasio High School, a very formidable team and one not to be too lightly thought of. The game was clean and hard-fought, but the result was apparent from the outset. Scott easily asserted her superiority and advanced to the second round by a 38 to 17 victory.

SCOTT—16

WOODWARD TECH—21

Scott was eliminated from the city high school tournament in the initial round by the quintet from Woodward High. The contest was bitterly fought throughout, Tech seeking to avenge their former defeat and Scott striving to keep their record clean. The two teams

The Scottsman

battled on even terms until the final quarter. Weisberg began by breaking away and looping two field goals. Wertz and Saffen added points from the mark, and Ritter scored from mid-floor. Zaner then broke up the game with a field goal, cinching the victory. Saffen and Sack labored heroically for Scott, while Weisberg and Zaner starred for Woodward.

SCOTT—32

HATBORO—17

The day after the Perkasio game, the Scott five met and defeated Hatboro in the second round of the tournament. Scott was the favorite and did not upset the dope, easily outclassing the opponents in every department of the game. That Scott would win was never doubted from the first whistle to the last, and our representatives, by their second victory, went into the third round of the tournament.

SCOTT—33

UPPER DARBY—28

Scott reached the semi-final round in the University of Pennsylvania tournament when they won an exciting game from Upper Darby High School, a suburb of Philadelphia, by the score of 33 to 28. After taking the lead in the first quarter Scott was never headed, though at times seriously threatened by the brilliant work of Cates, who scored most of his team's points. Sack and Harold Peters were the outstanding players for Scott.

SCOTT—22

ST. JOSEPHS—23

Scott went down fighting in the semi-final round of the tournament, succumbing to the Philadelphia quintet by the small margin of one point. Scott took an early lead, and although the advantage was small, led throughout the entire game until the score was tied in the final minute of play. Martin then tossed the foul which won the game. Orwig was the individual star, annexing four field goals while Harold Peters accounted for three.



CHEER LEADERS 1924

HUBER HAMMAN
CURLY CARTWRIGHT
BILLY EDGECOMB

SENIOR NUMBER.



THE WELL KNOWN LOOK OF THE SENIOR.



IF YOU NEED SHIRTS AND UNDERWEAR FOR GRADUATION SEE ASSISTANT MANAGER — MARY WILLIAMS

MILNERS

'WE SAVE YER JACK.'



THE WELL KNOWN AND FAMOUS "HIGH" HAT WILL COME INTO STYLE SHORTLY. IT WOULD BE ALRIGHT IF IT COULD REALY FIT SOMEONE

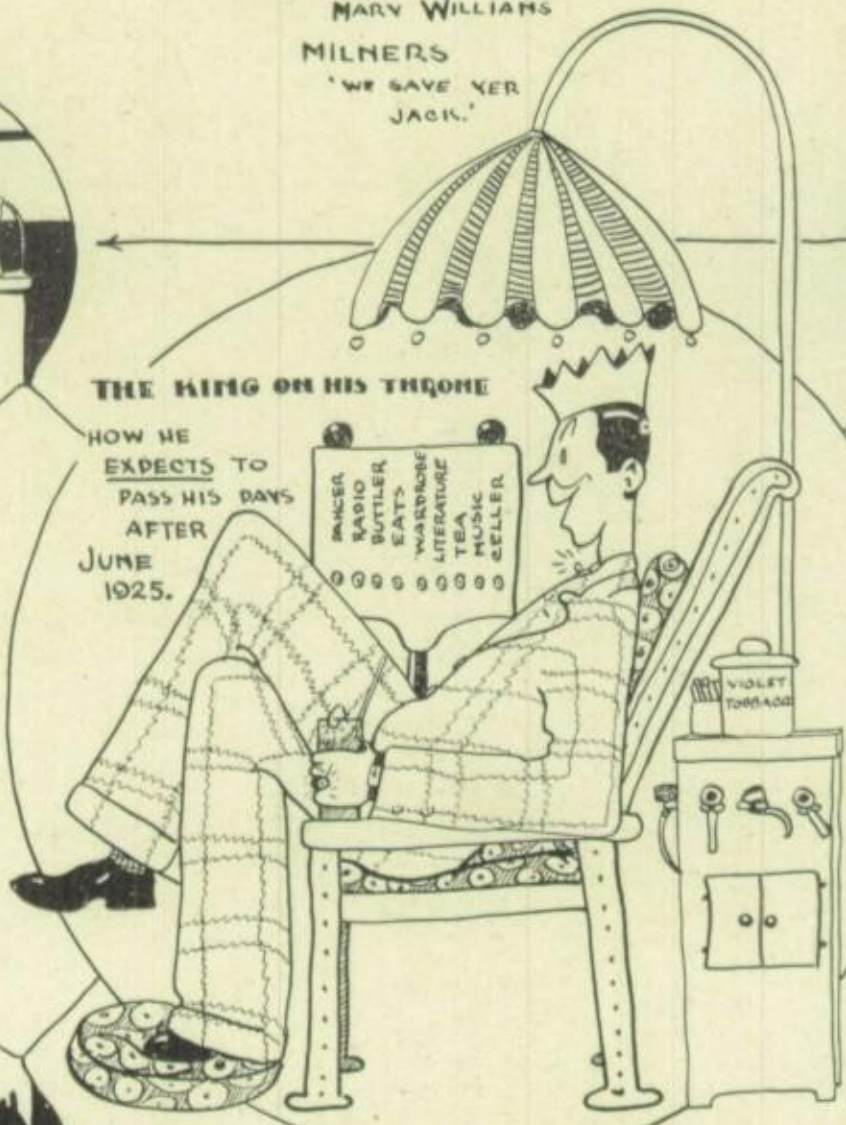


COLLEGE.

THE KING ON HIS THRONE

HOW HE EXPECTS TO PASS HIS DAYS AFTER JUNE 1925.

DANCER
RADIO
BUTTLER
EATS
WARDROBE
LITERATURE
TEA
MUSIC
SELLER



HOME

WHAT HE REALY DOES!



WORK.



LIFE

THE SENIOR PROM.

FRESHMAN SEEM TO HAVE HAD A GOOD TIME TOO IN FACT WHY SHOULDN'T THEY THE SENIORS TOOK THEM

EVIDENTLY THE SENIORS GET A BIG KICK OUT OF THE TEACHING BUSINESS.



WE ARE SO SORRY TO LEAVE OH! YES!

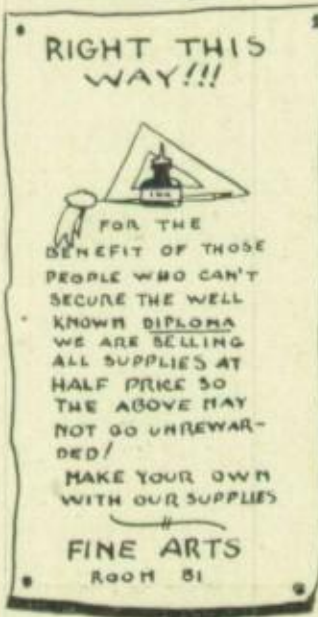


RIGHT THIS WAY!!!



FOR THE BENEFIT OF THOSE PEOPLE WHO CAN'T SECURE THE WELL KNOWN DIPLOMA WE ARE SELLING ALL SUPPLIES AT HALF PRICE SO THE ABOVE MAY NOT GO UNREWARDED! MAKE YOUR OWN WITH OUR SUPPLIES

FINE ARTS ROOM 51



NO! THIS IS NO PAJAMA PARTY THEY ARE JUST GOING TO THE BEACH FOR A LITTLE SWIM.

TALK ABOUT LUCK YOU PEOPLE SOME HAVE IT

LEE CULLER

ORGANIZATIONS



Louise Saleta





The Scott High Glee Club

OFFICERS

HARRY WUERFUL	<i>President</i>
JOHN WIELAND	<i>Vice-President</i>
EDNA MOWERY	<i>Secretary</i>
DOROTHY MINNEKER	<i>Treasurer</i>
EDGAR EMERSON	<i>Stage Manager</i>
WILLIAM NAYLOR	<i>Property Manager</i>
LAUREL BLAIR	<i>Publicity Manager</i>

SOPRANO

Irene Atwater	Lucretia Miller	Leona McKeckne
Mildred Blecher	Selma Seity	Marcella Osgood
May Covley	Erma Mitchell	Betty Preas
Mary Hartman	Alice Good	Doris Stewart
Madelyn Levi	Ruth Weber	Eva Pettigrew
Dorothy Minneher	Leasley Howard	Pearl Yarrington
Adelaide Berman	Juanita Weese	Elsie Krieft
Dorothy Evans	Charlotte Haskins	Katherine Hahn
Edna Mowery	Dorothy Holmes	May Sande
Evelyn Hay	Luella Fritsche	Ruth Jaeger
	Jeanette Weber	

ALTO

Rose Abery	Melita Hoffman	Ruth Rice
Irene Benzer	Edith Kloffenstein	Martha Webster
Lillian Lindow	Genevieve Fleischman	Esther Hull
Mary Smith	Fern Welher	Naomi Hoffman
Margaret Sutphen	June McCloy	Gladys Nelson
Helen Price	Helen Kechly	Jane Welch

BASS

Carroll Warmington	Harry Tice	Harry Wuerful
Johnathan Steinhelfer	John Wieland	Edgar Emerson
Charles Hurlhost	William Naylor	William Badger

TENOR

Laurel Blair	Walter McGue	Homer Cohen
Byron Tigges	William Steinman	Frederick Brown

The Scotoman

The Freshman Friendship Club

THIS YEAR has been the first for the Freshman Friendship Club. As we expected, it has developed into a large and successful club.

The purpose is to stand for wholesome pleasures, a friendly spirit, and helpfulness to others.

Miss Park, Miss Geer and Miss Bingham consented to be our advisors, and we all realize that we are very fortunate to have them.

We entertained a large group of children at the Y. W. C. A. by giving them a Christmas party. We had a Santa, stockings filled with candy and toys, and all such things necessary for Christmas.

—Dorothy Haller.

OFFICERS

VIRGINIA ECKHARDT	President
CLARA MAE HALSTEAD	Vice-President
GENEVIEVE KURTH	Secretary
GENEVIEVE FLEICHMAN	Treasurer
DOROTHY HOLLER	Reporter
Elizabeth Peck—Chairman of Social Committee.	
Martha Robertson—Chairman of Program Committee.	
Dorothy Cole—Chairman of Social Service Committee.	
Genevieve Fleichman—Chairman of Money-Making Comm.	

MEMBERS

Irene Atwater	Katherine Hohn	Marjorie Repasz
Pauline Albertson	Doris Idoine	Ruth Rice
Lucy Baughman	Lela Johnson	Helen Richter
Virginia Bigelow	Helen Keckly	Martha Robertson
Dorothy Cleland	Genevieve Kurth	Maebyean Rose
Dorothy Cole	Helen Lewis	Lenna Smith
Dorcas Collins	Katherine Mercean	Margaret Stone
Mary Cummings	Nellie Lewis	Jane Stuart
Virginia Eckhardt	Genevieve McCardy	Mary Swamvick
Fern Felker	Leona McKecknie	Francis Swartzbaugh
Genevieve Fleichman	Florence McKinley	Doris Taylor
Buella Jane Gloud	Margaret Mulholland	Hester Tom
Dorothy Holler	Eleanor Noyes	Elizabeth Wilder
Clara Mae Halstead	Leona O'Rourke	Hope Wymer
	Elizabeth Peck	

The Scottsman

Senior Friendship Club

THE MEMBERSHIP of the Scott Friendship Club has increased so much that it has been necessary to divide the club into one for lower and one for upper classmen. Both clubs now have a membership of about forty and have accomplished great things. Besides giving twenty-five dollars for Miss Spidel's work in China, and a Christmas party for some needy children, the club has had many social events. A Roast at the Nedermyer farm with the Hi-Y Club, Kid and Sleigh-ride parties, banquets and teas have formed a part of the club's entertainment. This year the club has represented a ship with the program carried out in nautical terms. The members have been very fortunate in securing excellent speakers for their own meetings as well as bringing Dean Voigt and Miss Margant Slattery to the city for all the girls in the High School. Then, too, the new advisors, Miss Smead and Miss Lewis, have given the club new life and ideas. The Friendship Club has gone ahead by leaps and bounds this year and will continue to do so in the future, because it is the kind of an all-round club that stands for physical, mental and spiritual development. It is the only club of its kind in the school and is a real power and influence.

—M. D.

OFFICERS

MARTHA TOM	President
JOSEPHINE LASKEY	Vice-President
DOROTHY MICHENER	Secretary
ELIZABETH REPAZ	Treasurer
MARY FOLGER	Chaplain
MABLE KECKLEY	Reporter
MARY PARKER	Social Chairman
HENRIETTA LECHNER	Social Service
ALBRY ARMSTRONG	Ways and Means
RUTH CARNES	Sergeant-at-Arms



The Scottonian

Scott Senior Friendship Club

MEMBERS

Helene Agler	Mable Keckley
Albry Armstrong	Josephine Laskey
Elizabeth Beyers	Henrietta Lechner
Betty Britain	Dorothy Leive
Ruth Carnes	Dorothy Michener
Marcella Carsten	Hazel Mullenkamp
Maria Cole	Mary Parker
Burdean Curry	Helen Paryski
Hazel Dence	Edith Pimblett
Marian DeWeis	Iris Pratt
Alice Dresser	Helen Price
Lenore Dresser	Elizabeth Repaz
Rachael Dunbar	Francis Rife
Lena Folger	Frances Ritter
Mary Folger	Evangeline Seifke
Maybelle Gehring	Helen Sekrya
Dorothy Gogan	Leila Shepler
Alice Good	Louise Smith
Thelma Greenaway	Martha Tom
Helen Hager	Ruth Weber
Mildred Halbach	Dorothy Weisbrod
Melitta Hoffman	Dorothy Wilder
Dorothy Kaufman	Florence Wittman
Katherine Kaufman	





Periclean Literary Society

FOUNDED—1901

MOTTO—*Nulli Secundae* COLORS—White and Gold

OFFICERS

MARION TRETTIEN	President
DOROTHY VAN NESS	Vice-President
MARY BREHAUT	Recording Secretary
MARGARET VAN NESS	Corresponding Secretary
KATHERINE HAMM	Treasurer
LAURIBEL BIRKENHAUER	Censor
RUTH MEWBORN	Sergeant-at-Arms
HENRIETTA GEISSMAN	Reporter

REPORT

ONCE AGAIN the Pericleans have scored a successful year, in ways two-fold: educationally and socially. The first has been obtained through the efforts of our competent censor, Lauribel Birkenhauer, with the co-operation of our critics, advisors and members. The second is a result of our entertainment committee who, during the course of the year, planned many novel events for the members. The Bridge Tea, given the first of the year, acted as a get-together. A joint meeting with the Webster Literary Society was the first of its kind for several years; however, all indications show that it will not be the last. Also, our joint meetings with our sister Peris at Waite and Libbey, as well as with the Scott Philalethians were a source of enjoyment to all. Our annual banquet of all the chapters of the society acted as a Senior Farewell and was a memorable occasion to those who attended, especially the Seniors.

With the closing of one of our most successful years, we wish to take this opportunity to extend our sincere thanks to our able advisor, Miss Aufderheide; to our critics, Miss Kirkby, Miss Caughey, Miss Lucke, Miss McGiunness, Miss Barkdull and Miss Humphrey; to our competent officers, and to every one of our members for their splendid co-operation throughout the year.

It is with deep regret that we Seniors leave the active work of the club, but we feel confident that the work we leave will be carried on nobly by our able under-classmen, and that they will score an even greater success than did their predecessors.

—Henrietta Geissman, Reporter.

The Scotoman

Members of the Periclean Literary Society

SENIORS

Mabel Barnes
Lauribel Birkenhauer
Mary Brehaut
Gertrude Crampton
Virginia Duffy
Henrietta Giessman
Frances Gettins
Katherine Hamm
Evelyn Hay
Velma Pease

Margaret Reeder
Aileen Thompson
Marion Trettien
Helen Van Cleef
Dorothy Van Ness
Elva Bernhisel
Edna Mowery
Margaret Timmons
Kathryn Trietch
Dorothy Weisbrod

JUNIORS

Lenore Fain
Virginia Hanford
Virginia Hoeft
Bessie Horwitz
Elizabeth Repaz
Alice Richards

Stella Stein
Martha Taylor
Margaret Van Ness
Eleanor Ruidisch
Naomi Zimmerman

SOPHOMORES

Florence Cripe
Virginia Jones
Ruth Mewborn
Alice Peterson
Jeannette Woodley
Albry B. Armstrong
Elizabeth Delaplane
Jean Gould
Mary Gorell
Evelyn McCowan
Helen St. John

FRESHMEN

Jane Stuart
Clara Angewitter
Naomi Grove
Hazel Githens
Grances Richards
Elfrid Nichols
Hester Tom
Leona Thoma
Jacquelin Carpenter
Dorothy Kaufmann
Helen Reynolds
Rosabelle Streetman

The Scotoman

Philalethian Report

ENTERTAINMENTS and study of all kinds have given us both pleasure and knowledge in our meetings this year. Our study has not been of but one phase of literature, as it was last year, in the study of one-act plays, but we have tried to give our attention to a variety of subjects. Programs and short stories, charades, pantomimes, songs, dances, plays, readings and talks by members, teachers, and outsiders have been planned and made most interesting by our censor, Dorothy Tester. The society has been greatly enlarged this year, as we have taken in a great many new members, including both Freshmen and upper-classmen. It is sincerely hoped that they will carry on the work we have begun, and keep up the interest in the Philalethians and the standard of our society.—Phyllis Creswell, Reporter.

OFFICERS

RUTH STARK	<i>President</i>
DONNA DEANE SHERMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
MAYBELLE GEHRING	<i>Treasurer</i>
CORINNE CRESWELL	<i>Recording Secretary</i>
MARTHA GOSLINE	<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>
DOROTHY TESTER	<i>Censor</i>
PHYLLIS CRESWELL	<i>Reporter</i>
CATHERINE PETRIE	<i>Chaplain</i>
MARY ELLEN WAGNER	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

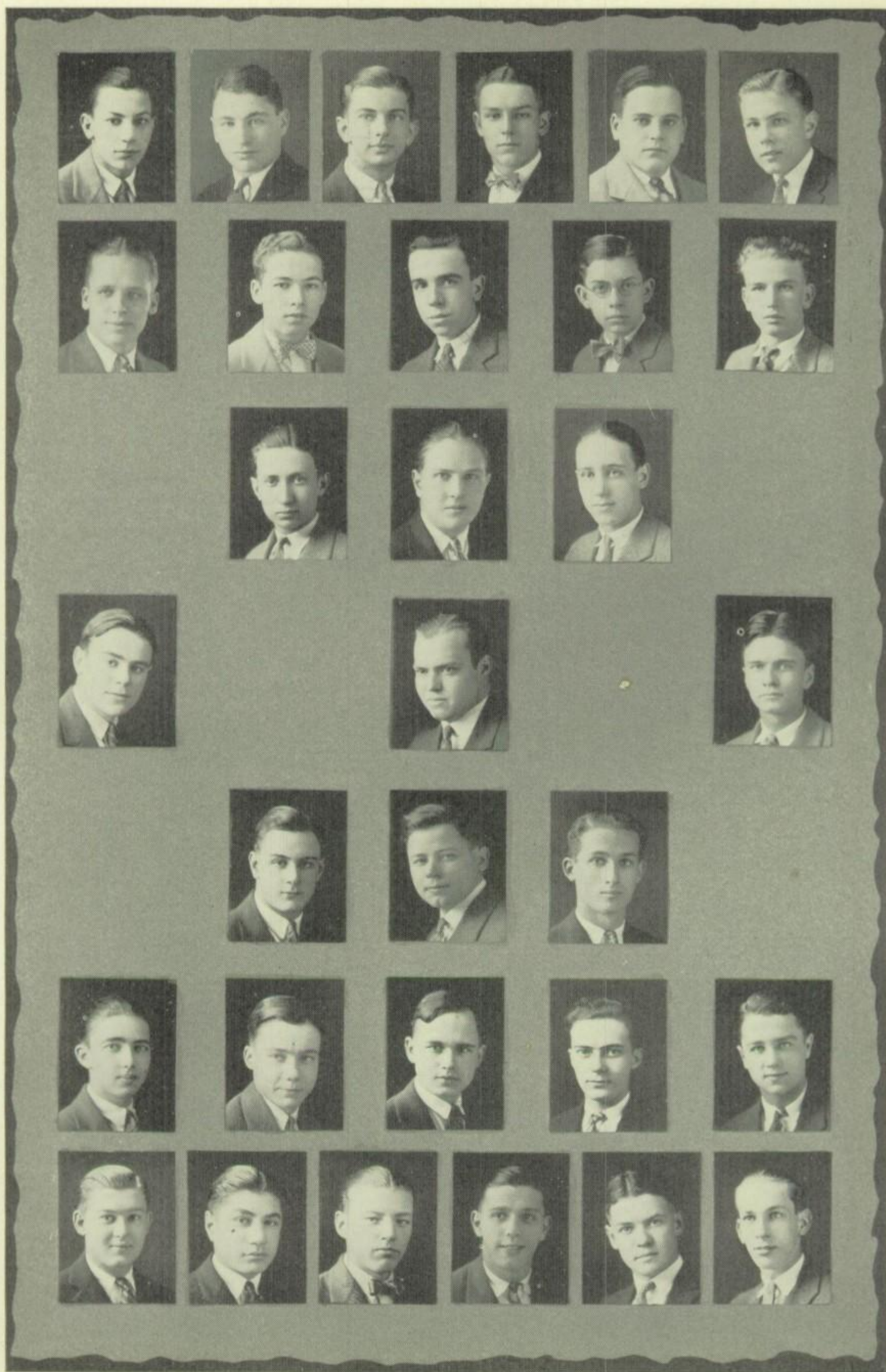
Margaret French	Ellen Dupius
Helen Rupp	Eleanor Kaeonline
Dorothy Davis	Maune O'Connor
Virginia Daniels	Henrietta Cunningham
Katherine Ellis	Louise Deane
Betty Crowder	Alice Barber
Josephine Bielhartz	Margaret Bues
Cornelia Arnos	Bessie Franklin
Margaret Fox	Allison Hodge
Margaret Harris	Edith Klopfenstein
Dorothy Jane Kirkbride	Evelyn Murray
Jane Moor	Amelia Morgan
Virginia McCreery	Frances Montgomery



The Scotswoman

MEMBERS (continued)

Miriam O'Neil	Florence Schwyn	Frances Schmidt
Maryellen Wagner	Mary Hartman	Mildred Kiner
Ruth Davis	Annabel Bohnengle	Jane Trost
Virginia Bierly	Marjorie Broer	Margaret Stark
Dorothy Tester	Catherine Petrie	Dorothy Wilder
Jane Elizabeth Elliott	Kathryn Meyers	Helen Jane Reed
Margaret Laycock	Maybelle Gehring	Phyllis Creswell
Gretchen Froelich	Virginia Eckhardt	Florence Bunnell
Lois Peoples	Elizabeth Gessner	Marjorie M. Smith
Eleanor Mueller	Virginia Arnsman	Mary Chase
Doris Williams	Wilma Putshaw	Elizabeth Snyder
Ruth Wheeler	Lucy Westwood	Vivian Felt
Dorothy Mahon	Lucille Gross	Romaine Bidwell
Burdean Curry	Ruth Beckham	Ruth Stark
Martha Gosline	Donna Deane Sherman	Elaine Sheffield
Geraldine Mathias	Kathryn Shoenfeldt	Helen Reid
Gwendolyn Collins	Lillian Laycock	Corrine Creswell
Anne Eberth	Dorothy Holler	Doris Taylor
Sylvia Hardy	Miriam Peters	Dorothy Smith
Marjorie Smith	Eleanor Bates	Adelaide Hague
Janet Floyd	Frances Swartzbaugh	Wilma Liffing
Jeanette Bretherton	Helen Crawford	Ruth Fisher
Elizabeth Smith	Thelma Stevens	Betty Wilder
Mary Cline	Margaret Heath	Dorothy Keller
Kathryn Schwab	Virginia Meyer	Betty Brittain
Dorothy Stophlet	Genefrede Thompson	Fern Walker
Helen Rechter	Pauline Albertson	Florabel Anderson
Sou Chapman	Helen Hannah	



The Scotoman



Webster Literary Society

FOUNDED—MDCCCXCVIII

COLORS—Navy Blue and White

SLOGAN FOR YEAR 1924-25—"Service to Our Scott"

OFFICERS

PAUL HOY	<i>President</i>
PAUL HEDDEN	<i>Vice-President</i>
RICHARD BEARD	<i>Secretary</i>
BERNARD KLIVANS	<i>Reporter</i>
ROBERT HUTCHINS	<i>Treasurer</i>
ROBERT SELBY	<i>Censor</i>
FERN WEATHERWAX	<i>Critic</i>
MR. C. E. KIKER, MR. H. M. EMERY, <i>Faculty Advisors</i>	

MEMBERS

John Adair	Frank Hawley	Arthur Palmer
Paul Ansted	Paul Hedden	Leverett Powers
Richard Beard	John Hone	Fred Rieble
Charles Bohnengle	Walter Hoover	Wellington Roemer
John H. Bryce	Paul Hoy	Kenneth Ruhl
John T. Bryce	Harlan Hutchinson	Bob Selby
Dale Burk	John Inman	Clarence Shaw
Wilson Butler	Walter Johnson	Stuart Stead
Dan Camp	Bob Kelly	Don Swan
Dean Caswell	Wayne Kimmerlin	John Swanwick
James Davies	Bernard Klivans	Arthur Sweet
Jack Delcher	George Lamb	Preston Thal
Louis Earick	Stanley Levison	Byron Tigges
Fred Gilchrist	Willard Lowery	Dalton Walper
Louis Gross	William Lucas	James Ward
Dan Hamilton	Milton McCreery	Fern Weatherwax
Stephen Hart	Edmund Markowski	Burke Wescott
	Bill Naylor	

The Scottion

Webster Literary Society

MANY SOCIETIES claim the honor of being the best in the school. If that never-to-be-forgotten maxim, "Actions speak louder than words," means anything, certainly the Websters have every right to claim the distinction of being the best society in the school for the year 1924-25.

With the Annual Slogan, "Service to Our Scott," every Webster did all in his power to aid in each Scott venture and to uphold his school's high standards and traditions in and out of school. Throughout the entire year the Websters have tried to find some way in which they might be of some use to the school.

At the Scott-Waite Turkey Day Game, the Websters showed their real spirit in many ways. The entire organization volunteered and served as ushers, and the maroon-and-white-Webster tag was to be seen in many sections. The society also erected the huge "Welcome Waite" and "Howdy Scott" signs at the end of the stadium which so clearly exemplified the feelings of every loyal Scotter on that memorable day.

Not only within the school, but also within the society itself, has the organization excelled. Our football team rose to great heights when it defeated the Demosthenian team by the score of 33 - 13. As to the literary efforts, the debating team is one of the best that has ever represented the society, and the programs have been of the highest type.

Social activities have not been lacking, as the Annual Dance, held on Friday, the 13th of March, and the Annual Banquet proved to be tremendous successes.

In fact, success has been the plight of the Webster Literary Society in every venture it has attempted, and it is our most sincere hope that it may ever merit its foremost position and continue to be a great "Service to Our Scott!"

—Bernard M. Klivans, Reporter.



Demosthenian Review

THE OPENING of school in September marked the beginning of the Demosthenian Literary Society for another year. At the second meeting of the society, officers were elected to carry on the work of their predecessors.

As this review is written, but one of the three big events scheduled for the year has taken place: the football game. Although the Demos lost the game this year, their spirit of fight was not damped. The debate and the banquet are looked forward to with great anticipation.

The meetings of the society have been varied and well attended. The programs have been well balanced, with the literary phase of the work receiving just attention. The usual procedure, at a regular meeting is as follows:

- Opening prayer
- Talks by about five members
- Discussion
- Business
- Adjournment

May those who graduate with the class of '25 feel that they have received an inspiration and a benefit from the society by maintaining and extending its standard of literary work. May the Demosthenian Literary Society prosper and always hold its outstanding position.

—Charles Faber, Reporter.

- FOUNDED—1896
- MOTTO—*Vita sine literis mors est*
- COLORS—Green and Gold

OFFICERS

GEORGE BRADLEY	President
HUGH SHARP	Vice-President
RUSSELL BROWN	Secretary
SAM JORDAN	Treasurer
DONALD ROGERS	Censor
MR. LANGSTAFF	Debate Coach
MR. V. CRAMER	Faculty Advisor



The Scotoman

MEMBERS

Burton Wing
Earnest Groves
Russell Brown
Charles Faber
John Hungerland
Sam Jordan
Fred Koss
Jack Lasley
John Marks
Judson Reid
Donald Rogers
William Seamen
Dalton Smith
George Smead
Jerome Starsky
Charles Wertz
Donald Winters
Melvin Oliver
Robert Kidney
Alfred Cohn
Russell Davis
Robert Lewis
Herbert Veler
Fred Edington
George Messemore

Reign Barnett
George Bradley
Walter Delaplane
Fred Froelich
Sidney Jacobson
Reeves Kidney
Albert Kripke
Lawrence Maine
George Newkom
Milton Rideout
Ronald Saffen
George Smead
Carolus Sheffield
Ronald Groves
Oral Throne
John Wieland
Hugh Sharp
Charles Carson
Bruce Trippensee
John Pheatt
Stanford Treuhaft
Fred Fox
Robert Wills
Fred Rhines
Kirtland Harsch



The Scotoman

Junior Fasces

OFFICERS

DOROTHY SMITH, THAD TAYLOR	<i>Consuls</i>
JEAN FORSTER	<i>Praetor</i>
JOHN EBERTH	<i>Quaestor</i>
FRANKLIN QUALE	<i>Censor</i>
ELIZABETH GESSNER	<i>Vates</i>

MEMBERS

Virginia Arnsman	Madelyn Levi
Eleanor Basch	William Lucas
Leslie Bigelow	Mary Mandler
Alfred Cohn	Jane Moor
Corrine Cresswell	Nancy Morrison
Virginia Duffey	Thomas Miller
James Davies	Alice Nathan
Ellen Dupuis	Kathryn Petrie
John Eberth	Franklin Quale
Frederick Dohn	Elizabeth Repasz
Charles Faber	Helen Rupp
Lenore Fain	Emmett Russell
Mary Elizabeth Foster	Jack Schackne
Jean Forster	Dorothy Smith
Margaret Fox	Willard Smith
Gratia Geer	Donald Swan
Maybelle Gehring	Martha Taylor
Elizabeth Gessner	Thad Taylor
Kenneth Gillett	Kenneth Turner
Rush Inge	Jack Ulmer
Robert Kelley	Harold Woehrle
Arthur Klein	Carolyn Weismantle
Josephine Laskey	Lillian Welker



The Scottonian

Senior Fasces

REPORT FOR SCOTTONIAN

THE SENIOR FASCES of 1924-1925 has had a year of interesting and delightful, as well as educational, programs.

The initiation of the new members which took place in November was unusually interesting. It was taken from the belief of the ancient Romans that Charon ferried the newly-arrived souls across the River Styx. There they received their judgment from Themis, daughter of Minos, after which they were allowed to enter the Elysian Fields.

In December the Senior Fasces was the guest of the Junior Fasces at a very jolly party.

In the Spring, Miss Merrill of the Toledo Museum of Art, gave an illustrated lecture on the Aeneid, at which all the Latin department was present. Another event later in the year was the film of the "Wanderings of Ulysses."

At the regular monthly meetings, talks on many and various topics were presented by members of the society. Among some of the most enjoyable talks were those on the Saturnalia, The New Method of Teaching Latin, Poetical Translations of Jupiter's Promise to Venus, Women of Rome, Easter Celebrations Ancient and Modern, and Business and Professional Men of Rome.

Our success this year is a challenge to the class that follows us, and we hope that they will accept it with the same spirit of progress that they have shown this past year.

—Eleanor Cunningham,
Praetor, '25.

OFFICERS

JEANNE ECKHARDT, ROBERT POCOTTE	Consuls
ELEANOR CUNNINGHAM	Praetor
JAMES LASALLE	Quaestor
CHARLES MATTIMOE	Censor

MEMBERS

Dorothy Brassington	Frances Patterson	Robert Kidney
Helen Deckelman	Dorothy Tester	Thomas Lovering
Katherine Hamm	Helen Weaver	Russell Mallrick
Miriam Kruckman	Charlotte Wine	Donald Rogers
Margaret Laycock	Pauline Zeluff	Dalton Smith
Adelaide Machen	Paul Hoy	Fred Sampson
Gladys Nelson	Frederick Eyster	

The Scotoman

Alchemist Society

OFFICERS

ARTHUR MARLEAU	<i>President</i>
RUTH STARK	<i>Vice-President</i>
HELEN VAN CLEEF	<i>Secretary</i>
GEORGE LAMB	<i>Treasurer</i>
GERTRUDE DEVERELL	<i>Censor</i>
JACK WHEATON	<i>Sargeant-at-Arms</i>
THELMA STEVENS	<i>Reporter</i>

MEMBERS

John Adair	Lillian Laycock
Alice Barber	Arthur Marleau
Josephine Beilharz	Helen Reed
Elva Bernhisel	Donald Ross
Frances Curson	Elizabeth Smith
Gertrude Deverell	Lee Smith
Margaret Laycock	Ruth Stark
Henry Doder	Audrey Steiner
John Eberth	Thelma Stevens
Ruth Fisher	Dorothy Tester
David Frick	Margaret Thompson
Kathryn Githens	Marian Thompson
Frank Hawley	Helen Van Cleef
Clarence Kamm	Dalton Walper
Margaret Kapp	Eileen Walper
George Lamb	Jack Wheaton



The Scottonian

Alchemist Report

THIS YEAR has been a prosperous one for the Alchemists of Scott. The society has grown until the membership is now quite large, considering that the organization has only been in existence since June, 1923.

The meetings have been full of life, and very interesting programs have been presented. Such subjects as "The Romance of the Atom," "The Making of Gold from Mercury," and "Synthetic Perfumes and Flavors" have been discussed. Before the end of the year, the members expect to visit the Filtration Plant, The Ford Plate Glass Company, and other concerns of interest in a scientific way.

The Alchemists have also been successful socially. On October 9th they were entertained at the home of Arthur Marleau, and on October 30th they had a weiner roast near Perrysburg. The members and their friends enjoyed a sleigh ride in January and other interesting activities, including a dance, are being planned.

The society owes its successful year to the hard work of the officers, the help of Mr. Weiser and Mr. Francisco, and the fine co-operation of the members. Our president deserves much credit for the fine leadership he has given the society.

We hope that in each succeeding year there may be as much improvement in the organization as there has been in the last two years. It would not be long then until the Alchemists held a place among the most important societies of Scott. —*Thelma Stevens, Reporter.*

The Scotoman

Scott Jr. Hi-Y Club

TWO YEARS AGO the executive committee of the Senior Hi-Y Club decided that the Freshmen and Sophomores in the clubs should have a greater opportunity for leadership than was possible when mixed in with the Juniors and Seniors. It was decided at that time to organize a Junior club for lower classmen. Mr. Langstaff was the unanimous choice of the boys for their faculty advisor. He kindly consented to serve and has been very active in the club work since its organization.

The club has met every Monday night throughout the school year. The program has been outlined so that the members have an opportunity to develop the four sides of their lives, physical, mental, devotional and service. During the year it is the plan of the club to have some of Toledo's most able business and professional men as speakers, and we have had some splendid and helpful talks.

Our club aims to be of service to the school. In connection with the Senior Club, we entertained all the boys of the Freshman Class with a "Freshman Mixer" at the opening of the school year. We hoped in this meeting to have the Freshmen boys get the real "Scott spirit" right from the first and to have them realize that a real Scotter should practice all the things expressed by our slogan, "Clean Speech, Clean Living, Clean Scholarship and Clean Athletics."

Our club is limited to forty fellows. Already we have practically a full club.



The Scotoman

Scott Junior Hy-Y Club

OFFICERS

MR. R. J. LANGSTAFF	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>
MR. R. D. MILLER	<i>Y. M. C. A. Advisor</i>
CLARK COMSTOCK	<i>President</i>
PETE MURPHY	<i>Vice-President</i>
DAVID STOWE	<i>Secretary</i>
PHILIP SCHAEFER	<i>Treasurer</i>
OLIVER YOUNG	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

MEMBERS

Howard Adkins	Earl Hecker
Malcomb Baxter	John Huston
Gerard Beroset	Justice Johnson
Donald Blackburn	Richard Kress
Charles Briggs	George Little
John Brown	Charles Marshall
Bob Chapman	Archie Morrison
Edmund Collins	Pete Murphy
Clark Comstock	Walter Miller
George Cresswell	Frank Peters
Donald Crook	Richard Pheatt
Leroy Curson	Donald Rule
James Easton	Philip Schaefer
Robert Elwell	John Sinclair
Lambert Ericson	Howard Stevenson
George Gowen	David Stowe
John Hall	George Vrooman
Howard Hayes	Oliver Young

The Scottonian

Scott Senior Hi-Y Club

OFFICERS

Walter Delaplane	<i>President</i>
Charles Wertz	<i>Vice-President</i>
Fritz Ritter	<i>Secretary</i>
Edward Sanders	<i>Treasurer</i>
Mr. R. P. Miller	<i>Y. M. C. A. Advisor</i>
Mr. O. B. Kirk	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>

MEMBERS

Robert Boatfield	Willard Lowry
Robert Bolles	Robert Kelly
John Bryce	James Lasley
Lewis Cook	Kenneth Lindersmith
Lyman Crabbs	William McCaw
James Davies	Wilfred Orwig
Walter Delaplane	Fred Ritter
Jack Delcher	Wellington Roemer
Walter Dence	Ronald Saffen
Henry Doder	Edgar Sanders
Edgar Emerson	William Seaman
Charles Faber	Robert Selby
Crawford Felker	Carolus Sheffield
Steve Hart	Robert Thompson
Kirtland Harsch	Charles Wertz
Robert Hutchins	Dalton Walper
John Hungarland	Robert Weston
Sam Jordan	John Wieland

James Keeler



The Scott Union

Hi-Y Review

THIS YEAR has, without a doubt, been one of the most successful in the history of the Scott Hi-Y. It has been a year during which not only the members have benefited from its clean-cut program, but also many boys in school have felt its effects. The purpose of this club is to create, maintain and extend throughout the school and community high standards of Christian character, and we are of the opinion that the members have in the past year come closer to the true Hi-Y ideal than ever before in their work for others.

At the beginning of the year a Mixer was held for the Freshman boys. Here the newcomers at Scott became acquainted with each other as well as with the Hi-Y program and what Scott was to mean to them. Later in the year a number of other features and campaigns were carried on. Among these was the Vocational Guidance Campaign, the "Be Square" Campaign, the Mothers' and Sons' Banquet, and a number of talks by prominent men which tended to enliven as well as enlighten the members.

During this year we have maintained a Grades Committee whose duty it was to check up with our members and their teachers so that we might raise our scholarship to the highest possible notch. Also, during the year, the teachers have understood the purpose of the Hi-Y more fully and have helped us attain some of our ideals through their splendid co-operation.

The boys in the club truly believe that a great deal of credit is due the fine leadership of our advisors, Mr. O. B. Kirk and Mr. R. D. Miller, and our officers who have worked so faithfully for the Hi-Y and the school.

Despite the measure of success that we have achieved, we are able to see many places for improvement; and we hope that in future years the Hi-Y will attain still greater heights and will do the things which we now see that we have left undone.

—John H. Wieland, '25.

The Scottonian

Scott Engineering Review

THE SCHOOL YEAR of 1924-1925 for the Scott Engineering Society has been spent in strengthening the organization for the benefit of the coming members.

The members and friends look upon the society with pride, as after only three years of existence it now ranks with the best at Scott, and soon, we hope, will become the leading organization of our school.

During the first semester of the school year, the society more than doubled its membership. The members hope to bring the number up to forty, when no more will be admitted.

Our meetings are made up mostly of talks by members and friends on ancient and modern methods of engineering, the talks ranging from subjects like "The Construction of the Pyramids" to "Modern Methods of Bank Burglary."

Each year, at the end of the second semester, the four chapters, namely, Waite, Libbey, Woodward and Scott, unite in giving a banquet. This together with a dance, which we hope will be given by the time this is read, comprises the social activity of the club.

We of the Scott Engineering Society, while taking pride in our present accomplishments, hope that the members of succeeding years may far surpass their predecessors.

—David C. Frick, Secretary.

The Scottonian

Scott High Engineering Society

PROJECT—To develop and promote an interest in the study of science and engineering throughout the students and friends of Scott High School.

MOTTO—*In vestigiis scientiae sequitur homo.*

COLORS—Blue and gold.

OFFICERS

BURMAN CURRY	President
LOUIS EARICK	Vice-President
DAVID C. FRICK	Secretary
JOHN MARKS	Treasurer
LEE SMITH	Censor
ROBERT HUBER	Sergeant-at-Arms
MR. ROY A. WELDAY	Advisor
MR. G. S. DUNN	Advisor
MR. LOUIS MATHIAS	Advisor

MEMBERS

Fred Allyn	Bernard Klivans
Richard Beard	Paul Hedden
Leroy Cochrell	Claude Lance
Burman Curry	James LaSalle
Ralph Davis	Harold Lindsey
Louis Earick	John Marks
Clarence Frick	Edmund Markowski
David Frick	Harold Marquardt
William Gradolph	Carl Musser
Scott Hayes	Lee Smith
Robert Huber	Roy Stalker
Frank Hawley	Fred Riebel
Paul Hoy	Edwin Tasker
Wayne Kimmerlin	Burke Westcott





The Scottion

Scott High Radio Club

FOUNDED 1914

THERE ARE various organizations at Scott, and the Scott High Radio Club is one of the most important among them. The club this year has far surpassed that of other years. The membership, though small, has been steadily growing. With the aid of Mr. Foley the meetings have been held in the radio room and this has helped greatly in the advancement of the club.

Interest in the wonderful science of radio has increased immensely in the last few years. This also has been an important factor in the growth of the club.

Radio has become an important thing at Scott. A radiocast station has been maintained by the radio class and Mr. Foley, and programs of interest and the weekly football games have been radio-cast, as many students know.

The entire staff of officers of the Scott High Radio Club wish to express their appreciation for the support accorded them by the members, and it is their wish that this support shall continue to future officers of the club.

OFFICERS

JOHN C. HONE	<i>President</i>
EDGARTON EATON	<i>Vice-President</i>
MILES SILVERMAN	<i>Secretary</i>
JOHN B. EBERTH	<i>Treasurer</i>
WESTLEY KENNE	<i>Censor</i>
HAROLD HANNES	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>
J. W. B. FOLEY	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>

MEMBERS

Edgar Lutz	William Burgess	Harold Hannes
William Gradolph	John Hone	Joseph Meyers
John Eberth	Miles Silverman	Westley Kenne
Ralph Cooley	Edwin Peck	John Bailey
Alvin Weill	Harold Walsh	John Henley
Alfred Merrill	Howard Adkins	Kenneth Adkins
Edgarton Eaton	Oren Calef	Robert Swank
Donald Patterson	Arthur Fiske	Melvin Oliver
Frederick Froehlich	Richard Linhart	K. Tragus



The Scottonian

Euclidean

THE HONOR of being a member in the Euclidean is shown by the unfailing interest and hard work of every boy in the organization. Every club wishes to reach that peak of perfection where extraordinary programs may be presented and every member is alert to forward the interest of the club. If this peak has ever been reached before at Scott, it was certainly surpassed this year by the Euclidean.

We feel that great honor is due to Mr. Mathias, our advisor, and to the graduating Seniors who in the past year have set a new and better standard for future officers. We hope that in coming years the Circle and Protractor will be the sign by which old comrades may be joined.

—Paul Hedden.

OFFICERS

FRANK HAWLEY	<i>President</i>
RICHARD BEARD	<i>Vice-President</i>
HUGH SHARP	<i>Secretary</i>
DONALD ROGERS	<i>Treasurer</i>
RUSSELL MALRICK	<i>Censor</i>
WALTER DELAPLANE	<i>Critic</i>
PAUL HEDDEN	<i>Reporter</i>
MISS REFIOR	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>

MEMBERS

Richard Beard	Robert Bolles	John Bryce
Walter Delaplane	Charles Faber	Murray Friedman
Frederick Gilchrist	Kenneth Gillette	Louis Gross
Frank Hawley	Paul Hoy	Sidney Jacobson
Robert Kelly	Reeves Kidney	Albert Kripke
Donald Lovewell	Russell Malrick	Milton McCreery
Donald O'Rourke	Fred Reibel	Kenneth Ruhl
Judson Reid	Donald Rogers	Hugh Sharp
Arthur Sweet	John Wieland	Donald Walper
Frederick Rhines	Russell Davies	Ralph Cooley
Tom Farmer	Don Swan	Elmer Sperry
Dalton Smith	Sidney Green	Willard Smith
Wilson Butler	Stanley Lemke	James Dixon
Dixon Sweeney	Marian Davey	Clarence Kamm
Clarence Fike	Fred Edgington	Levan Thompson
Bernard Klivans	Don Swanwick	Willard Lowry
	Homer Kripke	



The Scottsbluffian

Scott High Orchestra

OFFICERS

MISS BESSIE WERUM	<i>Director</i>
CARROLL WARMINGTON	<i>President</i>
VIRGINIA ARNSMAN	<i>Vice-President</i>
JESSIE LILLICOTCH	<i>Secretary</i>
WILLARD SMITH	<i>Treasurer</i>
GEORGE TOBIAS	<i>Publicity Manager</i>
CARL MUSSER	<i>Business Manager</i>
JOHN LORR, EUGENE SNYDER	<i>Librarians</i>

MEMBERS

VIOLINS

Jane Davis, <i>Concert Master</i>		James Fox
Sidney Green	Tuffie Darah	Jessie Lillicotch
Maxine O'Connor	Margaret Brewster	Herbert Bissell
Walter Grudzinski	Willard Smith	George Tobias
William Stewart	Ernest Kleirck	Leroy Curson
Alfred Mackinder	Carl Musser	Vivian Felt
Walter Jublanski	Chester Myles	John Metzler
Wilson Edwards	Pierce Brown	Robert Merrill
Russell Hazzelknos	Alice Goldberg	Paul Gettin
Melita Hoffman	Bessie Tassell	John Lorr
Dolores Good	Glenn Moan	Norman Betz

CELLO

Ruth Earhart	Grace Bronson	John Brown
--------------	---------------	------------

FLUTE

Dorothy Davis	Ruth Jane Slick
---------------	-----------------

HORN

Don Saleta	Josephine Bigelow
------------	-------------------

CLARINET

Martin Raley	David Keedy
--------------	-------------

CORNET

Virginia Arnsman	Carroll Warmington	Donald Alspach
------------------	--------------------	----------------

TUBA

Cecil Avery

TYMPANI

Jack Henderson

DRUMS AND TRAPS

Alan Newhart

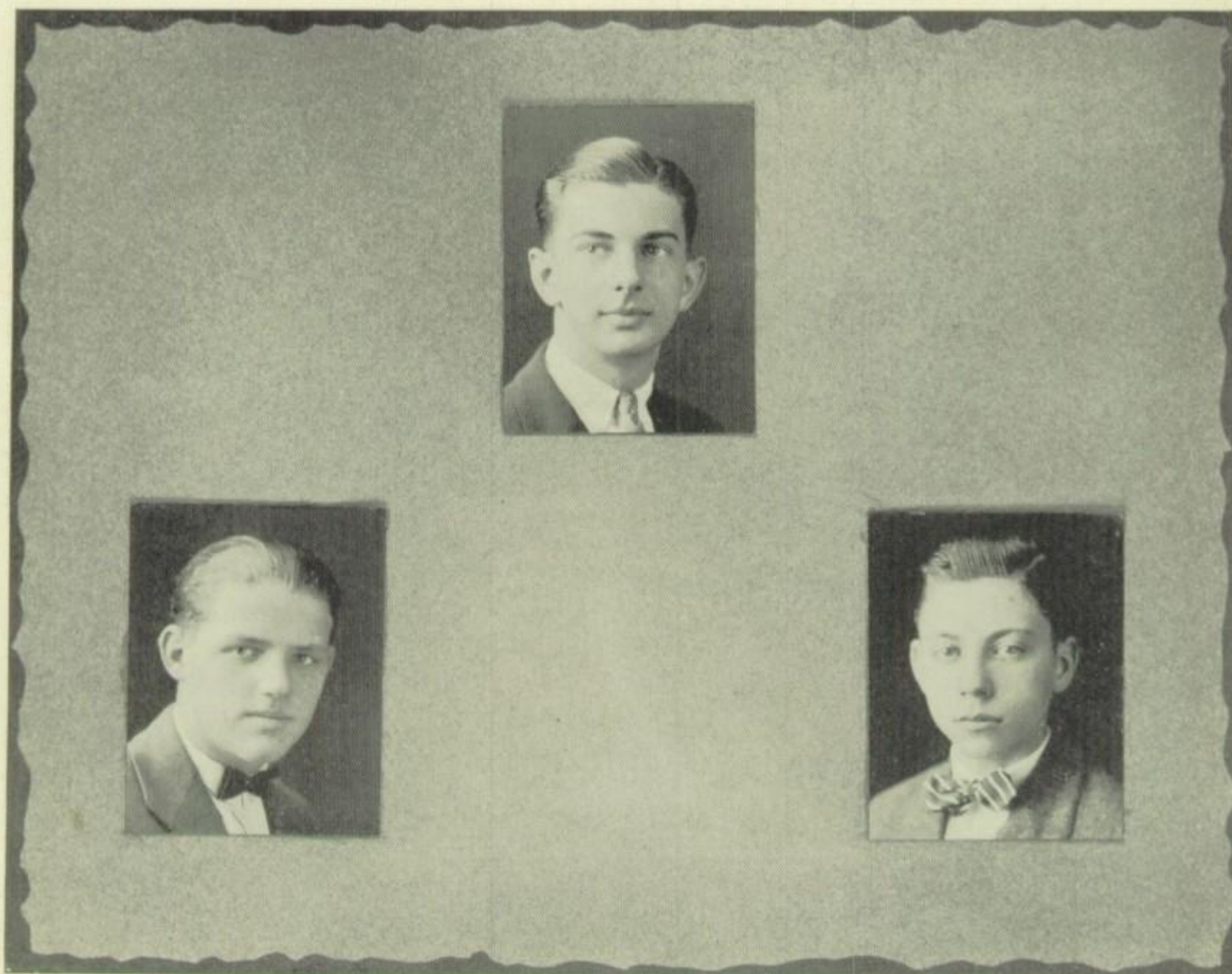
Eunice Boise

PIANO

Eugene Snyder

Charlotte Angell

Mable Roberts



Scott High Band

OFFICERS

DONALD ROSS	<i>President</i>
JOSEPHINE BIGELOW	<i>Vice-President</i>
WILLIAM NAYLOR	<i>Treasurer and Business Manager and Reporter</i>
DONALD ALSPACH	<i>Secretary, Manager of Publicity</i>
WILBERT WACKER	<i>Librarian</i>

The Scottsblairian

Scott High Band

THE SCOTT HIGH BAND of 1924-5 has materially raised the standard of excellence in all the High Schools of the city. Early in the year the football game of every Saturday afternoon during the season saw the presence of the school band. It was represented at Columbus in the All-State Band during the Teachers' Convention held there during the holidays. It played a very satisfactory concert at Findlay, Ohio, at the Elk's Home, and offered at its Spring Recital on February 20, 1925, in the Scott Auditorium.—Bill Naylor.

MEMBERS

CORNETS

Virginia Arnsman
Donald Alspach
Josephine Bigelow
Robert Hanson
Wellington Ross
Orville Yager
Wellington Roemer
Orville Yager

CLARINET

Fred Simon
Eugene Tucker
Kenneth Trago
Wilbert Wacker
Roland Ward
Earnest Ahsen
Franklin Crawford
Louis Seilowitz
David Keedy

HORNS

William McCaw
Nelson Thall
Lucy Bargham

BASS

Cecil Avery
Virginia Bigelow

SAXAPHONE

William Cummings
Walter DeButte
Robert Kelly
Carl Leilowitz
William Naylor
Lysle Underhill
Fern Weatherwax
Willis Kirkbride

BARITONE

Victor Schwab
Herbert Bissell
Edgar Minek

DRUMS

John Holton
David Stowe
Archie Morrison

TROMBONE

Arthur Backus
Harold Moan
Robert Hess
Pern McCaw

PICCOLO

Raymond Ellis

The Scotswoman



Girls Athletic League

OFFICERS

MARGARET RIEDER	President
DOROTHY EVANS	Vice-President
MARY PARKER	Secretary
VIRGINIA RIECKER	Recording Secretary
DOROTHY REMMERT	Treasurer
MISS YANT	Physical Director
MISS PARK, MISS ETHEL BAER	Assistant Directors
MISS COOPER	Faculty Advisor

The Scottdonian

Girls' Athletic League

CLASS LEADERS

MARGARET BREWSTER	Senior
ELIZABETH GESSNER	Junior
HENRIETTA CUNNINGHAM	Sophomore
VIRGINIA ECKHARDT	Freshman

REPORT

The Spring of 1924 was the beginning of the second year of Athletics for girls. Our organization, still young, increases in membership each season. The approximate number of members for a season is between one hundred and fifty and two hundred.

The schedule of sports for spring was hockey for sophomores, juniors, and seniors; tennis, baseball, and track open to everyone.

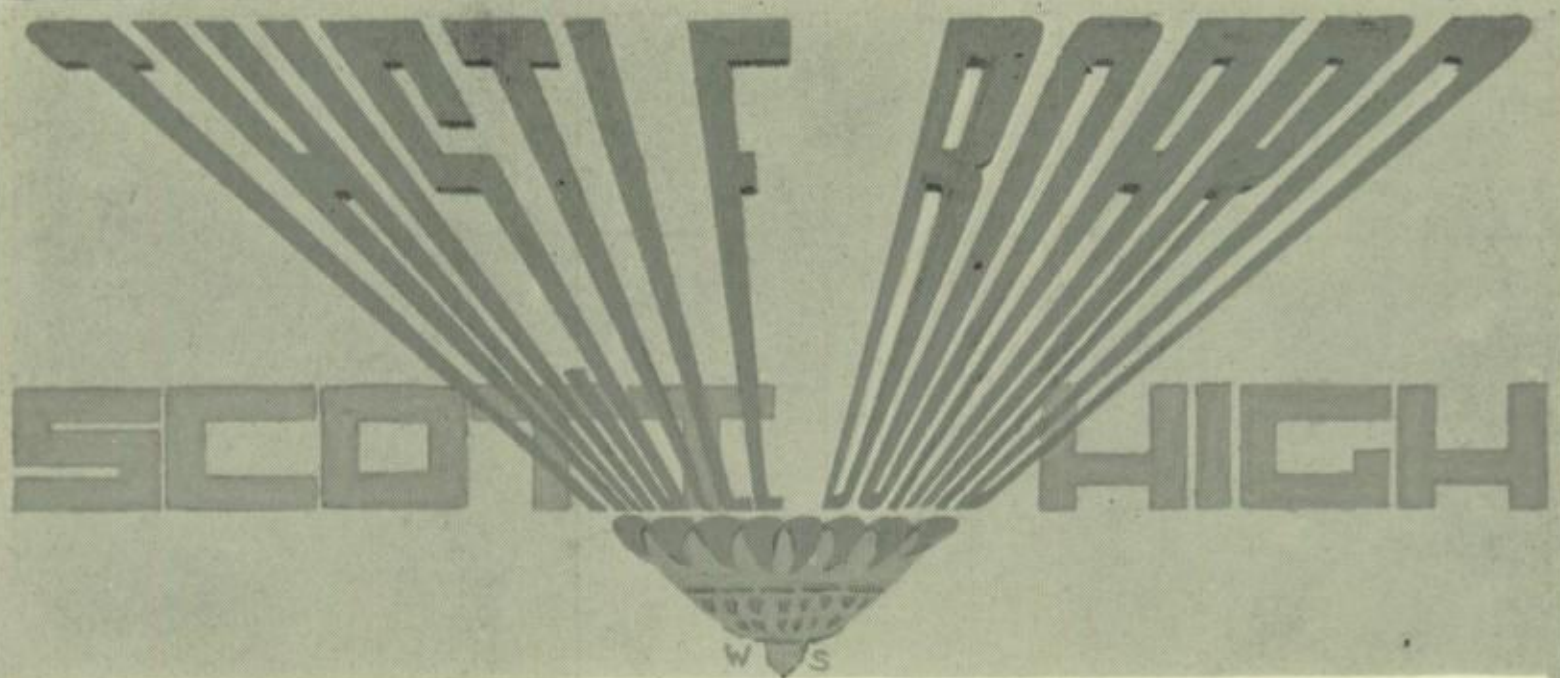
Hockey was not organized into class teams because of the small number of Juniors and Seniors; however, they played games captained by Marion Pieter and Marion Reed. Baseball was popular especially with the Freshmen and Sophomores. Tennis was well attended, Reba Baze, Catherine Canley and Ida Henry being the best players. Track completed the Spring sports.

The Fall season opened with new spirit and new members. Hockey for Juniors and Seniors, and Volley Ball for Sophomores and Freshmen were the sports offered. The Juniors and Seniors showed such a lack of interest that the Sophomores were given the privilege of playing hockey. The Freshmen organized two Volley Ball teams. Tennis was also offered.

The first week of December was the first practice for basketball. In January the class teams were organized, with two for the Seniors, Sophomores and Freshmen, and one for the Juniors, giving each girl an equal chance. The week of January 27th the regular tournament begins.

At the time this report is made the letters have not been awarded. The constitution has been amended, awarding the highest fifteen girls letters instead of a certain number to each class.

—Mary Parker, Secretary.



Editorial Staff

EDITOR IN CHIEF

JOHN ADAIR, '25

BUSINESS MANAGER

CARL FAUSTER, '25

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

DOROTHY HULL, '25

JOHN WIELAND, '25

DEPARTMENT EDITORS

Helen Harris, '25; Martha Gosline, '25	Literature
J. Kirtland Harsch, '26	Great Scotts
Scotty, '25	Opinions
Lotta Cash, '25; I. C. Betts, '25	Scott Shots
Arthur Surprise, '25	Athletics
Dorothy Tester, '25; Robert Selby, '25	Organizations
Corinne Creswell, '25	Alumni
Fritz Bissell, '25; Fred Dohn, '26	Comics
Miss Ada Ritchie	Library
Elizabeth Delaplane, '26	Exchange

ADVISORS

Miss Perkins

Mr. Emery

BUSINESS STAFF

F. Quale	Advertising Manager
James Banting, '25	Circulation Manager

STAFF—John Schackne, '26 George Dugan, '26 Don Farnham, '25
Stephen Hart, '25 Edward Mauke, '26

ART STAFF

ASSOCIATE EDITORS—Thelma Stevens, '25 Frances Hoyt, '26

CARTOONISTS—Lee Culler, '26 Ross Burget, '25

ADVISOR—Miss Morgan





SCOTTSMAN BOARD

T. BARRETT

ROBERT BOLLES, '25 Editor-in-Chief
WALTER DELAPLANE, '25 Assistant Editor
PAUL HEDDEN, '25 Business Manager

EDITORIAL STAFF

Ellen Sinclair, '25 Seniors
Ralph Turner, '25 Senior Pictures
John Marks, '25; John Eberth, '25 Athletics
Virginia Kern, '25 Organizations
Donald Rogers, '25 Literature
Bessie Franklin, '25 Society
Isabelle Griffith, '25; Gertrude Crampton, '25 Calendar
Irma Beach, '26 Special
Nancie Morrison Special
Robert Selby, '25 Comics

ADVISORS

Miss Schwenke Miss Colton

BUSINESS STAFF

Robert Colegrove, '26 Assistant Business Manager
John Wieland, '25 Advertising Manager
James LaSalle, '26 Assistant Advertising Manager
Bernard Klivans, '25 Circulation Manager
George Lamb, '25 Chief Accountant

ADVISOR

Mr. Langstaff

ART STAFF

Margaret Kapp, '25 Editor
Thelma Stevens, '25 Assistant
Edmund Markowski, '25 Assistant

ADVISOR

Miss Morgan



The Lincoln Debating Society

ADVISORS

MISS C. HUMPHREY and MR. EMERY

SAM JORDAN	President
JOHN HUNGARLAND	Vice-President
GEORGE BRADLEY	Recording Secretary
LAWRENCE MAINE	Cor. Sec. & Treasurer
ROBERT HUTCHENS	Censor
KIRTLAND HARSCH	Reporter
ORAL THRONE	Sergeant-at-Arms

MEMBERS

Charles Boningle	Jack Lasley
George Bradley	Lawrence Maine
Leslie Bigelow	George Messemore
Daniel Camp	William McCaw
Alfred Cohn	Edward Nettleman
James Davies	Carolus Sheffield
Jack Delcher	Miles Silverman
Charles Faber	Frank Penoyar
William Grover	Wellington Roemer
John Hungarland	Edgar Saunders
Robert Hutchens	Donald Swan
Harlan Hutchinson	Oral Throne
J. Kirtland Harsch	Leslie Van Wormer
John Hemley	Benjamin Williams
Samuel Jordan	Berten Wing
Robert Kelly	

The Scotoman

Review

NINETEEN TWENTY-FIVE marks the record successful year for the Lincoln Debating Society. Organized during October, 1923, we have grown steadily until we now have an active membership of over thirty workers, although we have been greatly handicapped as all new societies are. This is the only organization of this kind in Scott where debating is stressed particularly.

During the current school year there have been a number of important debates. Those attracting the most interest were: Resolved; That the United States should have compulsory voting. Resolved; That the Child Labor Amendment is unsatisfactory to our country.

The former debate claimed comment in one of the local newspapers where it was discussed, and the talent of the orators complimented.

We feel that we of the Lincoln Debating Society, have successfully braved the vicissitudes and trials of a young society, believing that we have begun an organization that will continue to endure and prosper at Scott High, throughout the coming years. —J. Kirtland Harsch.



EDMUND MACKOWSKI

The Scottonian

Society

"CO-EDNA WRITES A LETTER"

Dear Dot:

So you want to hear about our "butterfly" existence here at Scott? By that I presume you mean the parties and entertainments I can say this: They were all like our football team—"couldn't be beat."

November 1:

To start the ball rolling, the Seniors gave an "Upper Classmen Mixer." It was in honor of the Findlay football team, presumably to take away the sting of defeat. It did. Everyone was there, "finale hopping" to the strains of Freddy Lower's mean music.

November 25:

Of course, the Thanksgiving game is really a social event, in spite of the outcome of the score. One and all blossomed out in new hats or fur coats, although it was a terrible day in more ways than one!

Besides these affairs, the Peris had a bridge tea at the Josephine and the Phils a dandy spread. *Voila!*

December 4 and 5:

Hear ye the mutterings of the Seniors when they are given tickets to sell to poor, unsuspecting friends and parents! This time it was for a movie, "Miles Standish," but I have no pangs of remorse now for making the neighbors buy tickets, because it was a good movie. Really! Charles Ray looked quite fetching with his "bobbed hair."

December 11:

I considered "Captain Crossbones" one of the best entertainments of the year. It was given by the Glee Club and Orchestra. It

The Scottomism

certainly was clever, especially the male chorus dressed up as pirates! Behold our future Carusos and Galli Curcis.

December 20:

What could be more fun than a Football Dinner Dance? That is exactly what the Student Council gave at Lasalle & Koch's. It certainly was dandy, with all of the speeches n' everything. I guess everybody had fun. They should have.

January 24:

Such a mob! I'm speaking of the "J Hop." You know, this is one of the big events of the year. It is as important to Scott as any college prom is. Praise must go to the Juniors this year, 'cause their dance was fine.

February 6:

You have no idea how wonderful Tito Schipa is until you hear him. I'm not romantic as a rule, but it certainly lifted me out of the everyday world and transported me into the "heavenly realms." Uh-huh!

February 20:

H'ray! The band gave a concert. I will vouch for it, too. Every number was good.

February 21:

Oh, my dear, there were two big events on this date. One was the Webster-Demos Dance, and the other the Phil Bridge Tea. In other words, it was a red letter day for the Literary Societies. I enjoyed the bridge, even though my score took the booby prize, or should have. I rather fancy that I was too interested in the music. The dance was cute, also.

The Scottsman

February 24:

"An Evening With the Stars" was our destination when we went to hear Professor Baumgardt. Never again will I say that I hate lectures. I sincerely hope that the next year's Senior's project will prove as interesting.

April 13:

Did I say that "Czptain Crossbones" was good? It was, but "The Yokohama Maid" was better, if that's possible. 'Twas another Glee Club project. Oh, these Japanese vamps!

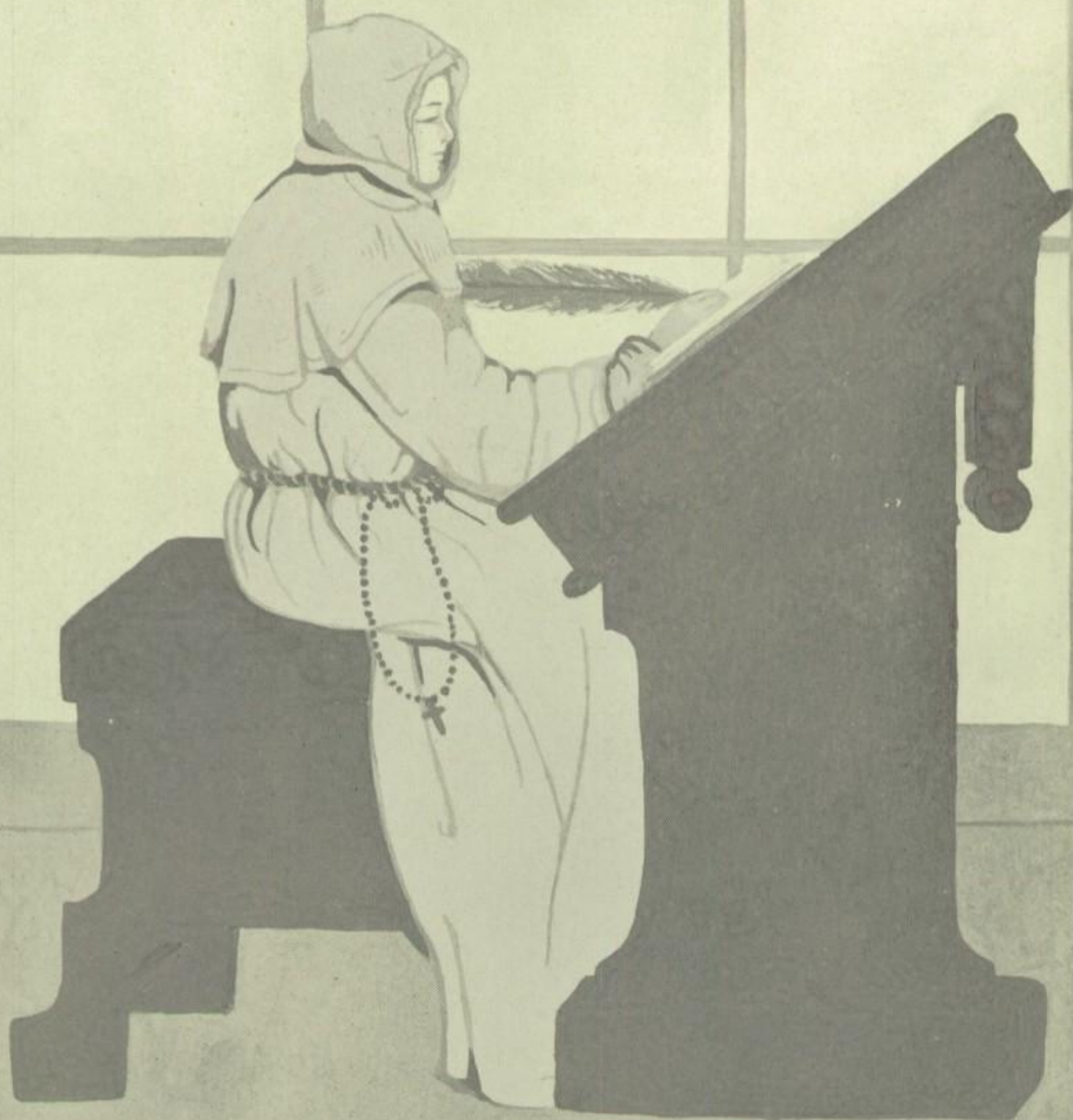
Well, Dot, I think that I have told you all that has happened so far. The Senior things will be starting soon. Oh, joy! Isn't it great to be a Senior? The Senior Prom will be on May 22; the picnic on June 5; the banquet on May 29, and Commencement, June 12. I hope I don't get emotional on that night and shed a few salt-water tears over leaving the school that has been my high school Alma Mater! Now, if I haven't done my duty, just tell me when you write again.

As ever,

Bess.



Lithraufuhr



P. Cresswell.

The Scottswoman

"We, Ten Lusty Pirates Are"

ELEANOR CUNNINGHAM

IT WAS an apple that began it all. I had just spent a trying three-quarter of an hour at the typewriter learning to pound with eight fingers instead of the customary two, with no better result than that of whetting my appetite. But my search for something to eat was rudely interrupted by a hasty eviction from the kitchen. Rather disgruntled by the lack of interest shown in my famished condition, I departed for the apple orchard and savagely shook the nearest tree. Alas, for all the summer resorters that it should have been an apple of the hardest variety grown that landed on my head. That apple produced a great impression on me—an impression which very soon grew into a projection that for a long time afterward served to keep me firmly in the path of revenge. I was an outcast from our pantry; therefore, I would be a real one, a revenging one, a pirate!

It didn't take long after that to snatch up my red bandanna and my young brother's wooden sword and set out in search of the rest of the gang. That bunch is always hunting for some new devilishment, so I was sure this would appeal to their Satanic sense of humor, and sure enough, it did. One line of "Yo! Ho! Ho! And a Bottle of Rum" shouted outside the window of Pinkie's house was enough to bring all nine rushing out of doors to see what new plan was afoot.

That was how it came about that July 12 saw strange things. That very afternoon, on that very typewriter which I barely suffered to exist, and with eight bungling fingers instead of two, I drew up articles for my sworn sea-dogs. At eleven-thirty that night the ghostly light of the moon, filtering through the branches of the apple tree to which we owed our present career, revealed the solemn conclave of ten shivering pirates. Arrayed in all the property of aunts, uncles, brothers, cousins and mothers that was worthy of a thief of the sea, they presented a startling spectacle. There was Sue, wearing a big tricorn hat with her mother's prized red ostrich plume curling under her chin, her father's big hip-boots pulled on over her shoes, and one of her brother Ted's foils thrust through a bright yellow scarf wound around her waist; there was Nan, a bright red bandanna tied over her black hair and pulled down on one side to meet a sinister black

The Scottsman

patch that was hiding in mischief in one eye. A marlinespike, a treasure of her uncle's, she had hung about her neck, and in her hand she brandished a villainous looking long-handled, two-pronged fork, with which she now and then speared an innocent apple by way of demonstrating how a well-bred pirate should deal with his captives.

The others of us were similarly costumed, and truly I do believe the like was never beheld or even imagined by any John Silver or Jesse James.

The oath was solemnly administered, and sworn by the hilt of my purloined sword—once I was dreadfully afraid I would have to buy Johnny a new one when a slight altercation arose as to who should pledge the next lusty pirate—and after some trouble with the more squeamish members, who objected to pricking their fingers, we succeeded in signing the articles according to the custom of Captain Kidd.

And oh, the strenuous hour that followed, while we elected our chief, voted for a pirate song—"We are Little Villians" got six votes and "Yo! Ho! Ho!" four—and discussed plans for the morrow's revenge. And, believe me or not, it certainly was strenuous trying to keep nine tongues still while one was going.

The next day almost proved a Friday the Thirteenth for our plans, and would have been except for a timely dose of cold water that proved to those for whom the late hours of the night before had been too much, that lying abed was conduct unbecoming one aspiring to piracy.

Promptly at nine o'clock we desperate marauders began to gether on our trusty ship, *Beelzebub*—it really was Shady Salmon's (Sally's) father's boat which we had borrowed for the day only he didn't know it! Everyone came laden with the spoils of his morning's pillage. Three of us had little brothers, and we brought them along as hostages. But I must admit that Johnny, after the manner of all small brothers, raised a terrible fuss and refused to be subdued until I told him that I was a pirate and he was my prisoner; then he sensed some fun and came so so fast that I didn't even have a chance to fasten Fido's leash on him, after I had brought it purposely so I could lead him triumphantly aboard ship at the end of a chain!

Desperate Ambrose brought her young sister's tin bank with twenty-one pennies in it; Burly Bill, her cousin's vast store of bubble gum; Poker (short for Red-Hot-Poker) came dragging the summer's supply of jello in a big crate; Chrafty Chris waved aloft the family

The Scottoman

stock of umbrellas; and last but not least, Seaman Sam crawled out from under the dock, where she had been waiting for us, with her aunt's parrot in one hand and her bowl of goldfish in the other.

All this rich plunder was stowed away in the hold along with the three prisoners whilst we weighed anchor and set sail.

As soon as we were well out of sight of the ravaged town, we held a council of war and dragged the three unfortunates on deck. Our chief, Brutal Badger, delivered their sentences.

In great glee Johnny walked to his doom off a foot of oar we laid out over the stern. The best we could do for a yardarm on which to string Chuck up was the bosun's chair. On this we hauled him up the mainmast and then heaved him overboard as soon as he had expired. Bub, who, because he was so big and strong, was sentenced to life as a slave aboard our good ship, sickened and died, of course, and had to be thrown to the fishes. As we watched them making for the shore we thought of the reception they would get when they reached home. I said "when they reached home"—*sed non sic volvere Porcas*.

The business of disposing of our provisions over, we made our way toward our rendezvous on Egg Island. Shady Salmon was already being assailed with fears that her father might have been planning to use the boat (as if pirates care what anyone else may want to do!). But then, there she was, making life miserable for us: so to lessen her qualms a bit we sang this spirited ditty about "On my father's ship with its rock and dip, oh, the life of the sea is gay. Yo! Ho! Yo! Ho!" etc. Anyhow, we couldn't go back then; so, throwing all such minor cares to the heavy sou'easter then blowing, we held to our first course and finally cast anchor just inside a tiny cove of the island.

Sometime during the next five minutes I had a presentiment that Shakespeare must have been aboard a sailboat handled by novices when inspired to write the line, "Confusion now hath made its masterpiece." It was just one mad scramble after another, question after question, command after command: "Where did you put those gaskets?" "Say, do these sisterhooks come off the bridles or not?" "You landlubber over there, come help me furl the sail;" "You're some sailor, you are. Get off those halyards and coil 'em up!" "That stays'l-sheet is fast on the wrong cleat—who put it there?" Yet, somehow, at the end of that five minutes we managed to present to our chief a wonderfully shipshape *Beelzebub*, and Brutal Badger solemnly commended us for the seamanlike

The Scottsman

way in which we had attended to our duties aboard ship and our spirit of co-operation. You may laugh if you will, but we made up for our evident lack of seamen in our ability to keep a secret. For not one single word or sign did we betray the fact that a quart of delicious tomato soup was divided between the hollow under the flooring of the cockpit and Burly Bill's shoes, and that the broken remains of a Mason jar lay concealed in a fold of the sail-cover. (Brutal Badger perched up for'ard on the end of the bowsprit—the captain's quarters—hadn't seen it happen.)

Inspection over, two or three boatloads were pulled ashore in the tiny dinghy and the ship was alone with the wind and the waves. As for us, we marched over to the lee of the island, where our cabin was, to the tune of Bill's shoes, which were squishing and gurgling eloquently of tomato soup. Then for a whole long hour we enjoyed solid comfort in the company of eggs, bacon, coffee, sandwiches, pickles, jelly, oranges, cakes and marshmallows.

The last crumb had just disappeared when a siren sounded out at sea, and lo and behold, the *Beelzebub* hove into sight from around the island. She wasn't being guided by any phantom hand either, for from the cockpit three brawny arms waved mockingly at us, and the three derisive voices of our one-time prisoners politely called farewell. Our tiny launch tied to the dinghy and trailing in her wake completed both our despair and our information as to who they were and how they got there. And there we were—ten would-be pirates, bereft of ship and spoils; prisoners on our own island.

Blankly we stared at one another, then howls of laughter rang out over the lake as we realized our ridiculous situation. How long would those rascals leave us there? All three of them, I knew from experience, were without consciences.

Late afternoon came and tempus was fugiting. Six o'clock brought ten terribly hungry pirates down to the shore. Each of us was silently planning a swift revenge for the time when we should lay hands on the boys. I was trying to decide whether to put salt and perfume in Johnny's bed or "just plain beat up on him," when an excited shout from Chris brought me to my feet in a twinkling. The *Beelzebub* was rounding the point of the island.

"In two minutes we'll be aboard our good ship. Then down with the insurgents!" cried Seaman Sam.

The Scoundrel

Humph! A lot she knew about those boys. Why, talk about our seamanship! It took them fifteen minutes to make a landing we had accomplished in five; and from the way they kept jobing and banging around, we expected to have to swim out and tow in a badly crippled sloop. Then when they did finally succeed, do you think they calmly submitted to taking a place among the ranks of a common crew? Well, I guess not! They, safely on board, solemnly extracted a promise of complete surrender and subjugation from ten raging pirates on shore. Then, and then only, were we allowed to come aboard.

With the air of mighty conquerors they received us, and Bub in a very grand and indifferent manner made known that it was only because of the great magnanimity of their natures that they had come for us at all—did we understand?—but for that we had been there still. Mock humility, an inch thick, spread itself over our faces as we gratefully acknowledged this revelation. (Hannah afterward informed me she had told them that 'twas no plum duff they'd be after havin' for their supper, if they didn't go and get us.)

And then those scoundrels proceeded to make the most of the only time they had ever had us (and ever will, I hope) under their thumbs. Four of us they detailed to sail the boat and three to scrub down the deck and polish the turn-buckles, blocks and cleats. Two unhappy sinners spent the homeward voyage *fanning* their lords with newspapers! And I (*miserable dicter*) worked Johnny's arithmetic problems for a month. (He was going to summer school then.) Moreover, being honorable pirates, we really did it all.

The only really interesting thing that happened after that was the sound of Johnny, Chuck and Bub getting into their beds that night—beds whose sheets were plentifully sprinkled with salt, and pillows with ten-cent-store perfume, and under whose mattresses were lodged several large stones.

Long live the pirate gang!

The Student

A Day in a Daze

MONDAY, March —, 1925, 8:00 A. M. First day of the Spring Vacation! Hurrah! I came down to breakfast and found Dad coaxing Mother to go with him on an all-day business trip out of town. She was hesitating, as she had promised me a week's complete rest—made possible because my sister was away—and she didn't wish to leave me alone with all the housework to do. I persuaded her to "run along," as it would be pleasure and recreation to keep house after the strenuous school work I had been doing.

9:00 A. M. I am now alone. Will jot down what occurs during the day, though no doubt it will be very little, as housekeepers have such a quiet, monotonous time of it. Tonight I shall ask Mother to read parts of this diary as it may give her an idea or two. Often I have felt that a little more system—say, the doing of things at regular times, also keeping calm and poised—would greatly improve her housekeeping; in fact, render it mere child's play. I look forward with pleasure to working out this little plan which I have set down, and shall follow to the letter:

9:00 A. M. to 12:00 noon—Air and arrange living room, make beds, wash breakfast dishes, and do the kitchen work; make out menu for dinner and order groceries. Cook and eat lunch. Prepare vegetables and bake a cake for dinner.

12:00 to 1:00 P. M.—*Rest and dress.*

1:00 P. M. to 4:30 P. M.—*Free to read or sew.*

4:30 P. M. to 6:00 P. M.—*Cook and serve dinner.*

6:30 P. M. to 7:00 P. M.—*Wash dinner dishes, and at 7:00 o'clock all the work will be finished, and I shall be free to enjoy whatever recreation the family desires.*

* * * *

4:00 P. M.—I shall write what happened, while resting a moment on the couch, as I feel a bit tired. I wasn't able to follow my schedule exactly, owing to unforeseen circumstances coming up all the time to disarrange it.

At 9:15 I opened the windows to air the living room, and all the music on the piano blew down on the floor or out of the window. Spent

The Scotswoman

some time picking it up and bringing it in out of the rain. Found so many things out of place—books, slippers, letters, gloves! Why can't people put away their own things? However, today, most of the things being my own, I can't complain much; but I was sure I hadn't left anything around. All this extra work took me longer than I thought it would, but to make up for it, I made short work of the dishes—had them done in a jiffy. Perhaps I worked too quickly, for I'm not sure just how Mother is going to feel about the two cups and the plate I broke; you see they belonged to her wedding set, and nobody ever broke any before. While I was picking up the pieces, I cut my hand, and before it stopped bleeding, the phone rang, and before I could discover who was there, the door bell rang, so I left the phone and rushed to the door; but whoever it was had gone, and when I got back to the phone, Central said, "Number, please?" I couldn't convince her that any one had been on the line, and I'm so curious, for I feel sure it was somebody awfully interesting, or something. I decided to run up and make the beds. Reached the top step, when I had to go down and let the gas man in. After he left, I went up again, then remembered that I had left the furnace draft open. Ran down in the cellar, and sure enough, the fire had burned out. Spent what seemed like hours trying to start it—something I had never been taught to do in all my years of education. It was burning faintly when I left, but I'm afraid to go down and look for fear it is out again. Oh, well, it isn't very cold anyway.

By this time, to my utter consternation, it was twelve o'clock—lunch time—which accounted for the queer "gone" feeling I had been experiencing. But it didn't seem worth while to cook a regular meal for just me, so I ate a pickle and drank some milk, yet somehow didn't feel much better.

1:00 P. M.—Decided to make my cake for dinner before doing the upstairs work, as something always seemed to happen when I got to the top of those stairs. Soon after the cake was safely in the oven, for I am quick, if anything, and I hastened up to do those beds while the cake was baking—but the door bell rang; a book agent! I welcomed this opportunity to dispose of this genus neatly and quickly. Mother has a tendency to dally with them, to be polite; but it really doesn't pay, and I have often told her so.

The Scotoman

3:00 P. M.—The agent has just left, and what was left of me wasn't worth mentioning. In spite of my dignity I listened for two hours to the wonders contained in the "Great Compendium of Education"—no family can amount to a hill of beans without it! It tells the exact number of Ford sedans, placed end to end, that will encircle the globe; the illnesses moths are subject to; the maiden names of all the Vice-Presidents' wives; and answers every question you want to know, except how to get rid of a book agent. But I found that out—the only way is to buy the book—so to save time I signed up for it, though I don't know what Mother will say. Poor Mother! Perhaps I was a little severe with her in regard to her treatment of agents.

Coincident with the departure of the agent, I smelled a strange odor. Somehow I felt justified in thinking it was my cake burning. For the first time today I was right! It was not only burning, but almost entirely burned—so completely that it took me thirty minutes to clean the pan and dispose of the cinders where they would cause the least unpleasant comment from the family.

Felt pretty blue at burning my cake, but happened to remember that I had forgotten to put in any baking-powder or flavoring, so it wouldn't have been any good anyway. Burning that cake settled one question; no more time wasted on agents. I simply would not go to the door. The bell rang almost immediately. I peeked out. Sure enough, I could see a lady's back, and she carried a book under her arm. I kept very still, and let her ring and rap and finally depart; but as she rounded the corner and I saw her face, I recognized an old neighbor of ours. The book was one she had borrowed a year before, and alas! I fear now she will never return it. Oh, dear! Well, I simply must get those beds made. More later.

* * * *

9:00 P. M.—I'm just ready to "fall" into bed. Feel rather weary. My head and feet ache, all my muscles, too. I've a burn on my wrist and a cut on my hand, but aside from these things, everything is all right. It was so late I made the beds rather hurriedly, no use to be too particular when they were to be used so soon, and no company to see them. I'm afraid I did not tuck in the bedding at the foot so very well, but then, it isn't going to be a cold night.

The Storyteller

Didn't have time to dress, but hurried right down to get dinner ready for the folks who would soon be home. Suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to order any groceries, and it was too late then. Dinner, or whatever you wish to call what we had, was rather "sketchy," and also rather late, but nobody seemed very hungry, anyway—at least, they didn't eat much, so it was all right. Mother insisted on my leaving the dishes, for Dad wanted to take me to a movie to make up to me for having such a "quiet, uneventful day." But I said, "No, Mother, not tonight. I must write in my diary before I forget." As if I could ever forget this day!

I still think my system was all right, but so many extra things kept bobbing up to interfere with it. Guess I won't show this diary to Mother, or teach her the system until I've tested it out again. After all, I don't believe I'll keep a diary any longer. I'll spend the time helping Mother a bit more. Nature surely ought to supply all housekeepers with several pairs of legs, and at least one extra pair of arms. Good night.

—Ruth Stark, '25.



The Scotoman

"Still Waters"

BY BESSIE FRANKLIN

IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN a very simple thing, this plan of getting Mary married. One look at her was enough to give any normal man a thrill of happiness. The minute a man saw Mary he would feel that here was his Ideal One. But, sad and bitter truth, it was not so. Mary was cursed with an incurable malady for a girl of the twentieth century. She was bashful. It was not an ordinary sort of bashfulness either. It was an overwhelming self-consciousness that she could not get away from. At high school she had been a hopeless failure. Many young men, attracted by her beauty, had taken her places only to find that she was impossible. The poor child tried to be full of life and interesting, but she could not. Silent as a clam, she would sit by some suffering boy who had taken her at face value. So it was that Mary was labelled "beautiful but dumb," and left entirely alone.

When she had reached the age of twenty-five and was yet unmarried, her family decided that she was a liability and not an asset, as she should be. The idea was to get her married. In Elmsdale it was impossible, because everyone knew Mary and her infliction. They said she was a "sweet girl," and then winked knowingly.

One evening after dinner, her father, Mr. Rippey, cleared his throat importantly and said to her, "Well, Mary, my dear, I have some wonderful news for you!"

"Yes, father?"

"Yes, indeed, my child. Prepare for it—I warn you. Ready? I have a position for you. You remember General Gushrie, the dear old fellow that came here last year to visit me? He wants you to come to New York as his private secretary. Very charming man, too, and you'll meet people and see life. Hm—and no doubt you'll meet some very nice—er—men! Now, what do you say?"

"Father!" she gasped, "you aren't going to send me away from here? Dad, don't please. I couldn't stand it!" Tears came to her eyes, but he was not to be moved by them.

"Bosh! You'll be crazy about it," he protested. "Why, it's the chance of a lifetime. Besides, I've made the arrangements, so you

The Scotswoman

can't back out. "He frowned forbiddingly, and Mary could do nothing, but nod in a sort of despairing way.

A month later found Mary in New York, working as a sort of private secretary. Even New York had not changed her. In fact, it was worse than ever. She was afraid of everything; the subways, the elevated, but most of all the crowds. She would see people happy and carefree and it gave her a helpless feeling. Even General Guthrie, she knew, had taken her simply because he was a friend of her father's. He was quite a personage, too. His bluff and hearty ways attracted everyone, and people thronged to his home to dine and talk. On these occasions Mary was in misery. They talked of the very things that she loved, books, art, the drama; but Mary was afraid to say a word.

Her idle moments were spent browsing in art museums or book shops. She felt free there, as she wandered about looking at the priceless treasures; for there she could go into raptures without fear of discovery.

As she stood before a favorite painting one day, someone came up softly behind her and looked at the same picture that she was admiring. She was unaware of the presence of anyone, until she turned to walk away. It was then that she bumped into a young man who had been entirely oblivious to her. They stared at each other, and a queer thing happened. The man turned perfectly crimson, stammered an apology, and ran away in a very undignified manner. Mary continued to stare at his retreating figure. Then a puzzled look appeared on her face. A miracle had come about, and Mary had seen someone as bashful as herself!

Several days later she saw the same strange young man wandering around, looking very lonesome and unhappy. He was not a formidable person to Mary. Something had happened to her. She went up behind him timidly, and cleared her throat. He wheeled around, ready to make a retreat. She surprised herself by saying, "Please don't go away. I'd like to talk to you—you look so lonesome, and I know I am."

The blush receded from his face, and he said slowly, "Yes, I am lonely. But you—you aren't, are you?" She sat down on the bench and looked at him directly. Then she said, "I am the loneliest person in New York. I can't help it. I have everything that money can

The Scotswoman

buy, as far as that goes, but what I want and need is something that money will never buy. I'm bashful, self-conscious, or whatever you call it—"

He broke in: "But you cannot be like that. Why, you have every advantage! You don't understand what it means to be bashful. *I know!* It's the cause of my failure in life."

Mary smiled sympathetically. "There; we should get along famously from now on. I take it that you're an artist? I'm very fond of art, or anything that is beautiful. By the way, my name is Mary Rippey."

"Grant Alden is the best I can give you for a name," he told her, and then he told her a story of his struggles. Of course, his lack of confidence in himself handicapped him and he could do nothing but hope for the best.

When they bid adieu that day they were friends—partners in misery. She made a mental resolve to help him. The sketches that he had shown her from his shabby portfolio showed that he had the spark of genius.

They met in the same corner nearly every day after that. He would talk wistfully and she courageously about his future. It was the only time she felt free to talk and laugh. It was because she had found a kindred spirit, one who had her ideals, her own thoughts; even her own affliction of bashfulness. When she left, it was as if a book had been closed and she was the same frightened, bashful girl. At General Guthrie's dinners she longed to talk of her newly-found friend and his work. Every time she tried to say something she would blush and stammer. His guests, at first, had tried to talk to her; especially the men who saw her lovely face, and wondered if Venus had come to life. When they found that they were mistaken, they turned their attentions to those who were less beautiful but more interesting. General Guthrie was quite fond of Mary, but he saw that until her self-consciousness had been overcome, she would remain seemingly stupid, although he knew she was not.

He made an announcement at dinner one night that Mary listened to with great attention. He said it casually enough, but it was a heaven-sent gift, to Mary's notion.

The Scotoman

"Suppose you've all heard about the New Comers' Art Exhibit?" he asked everyone in general. "Quite an opportunity for the amateurs and struggling young artists. There are very liberal prizes, too. Comes off on April first. Suppose you'll all be entering your stuff!" He chuckled and changed the subject.

Agog with excitement, Mary went to the usual meeting place to tell her news. She glowed with life and love as she told him, and together they planned a picture that would command attention. He took out his sketch book and roughly drew the idea.

"Wonderful!" she exclaimed.

"Mary, do you think so?" he said.

"Do I? Well, I should say! Now listen. You get to work on it, and we'll stop meeting here. I'll drop in at your studio. And, Grant, I'm going to buy your materials, because I want them good. I won't let you say no." He smiled. "Studio? Well, I'd hardly call it that, but I'd—I'd like to have you, Mary."

"Thank you, Grant," she murmured, and was gone.

The picture progressed slowly. Grant was a careful though ardent artist. He put his whole soul in his work and was hardly aware of Mary, who, perched on a high stool, watched his every movement intently. When he was finished for the day, she would praise or criticise; then they would have tea and wafers, and she would leave.

The night before the exhibition, Mary and Grant celebrated by going out to dinner at a quiet, but expensive restaurant. Grant's picture had been entered formally. Mary was confident of victory; Grant wanted to be. She talked and laughed as she had never done before; he listened to her and looked the very personification of devotion and contentment. Mary took her goblet of water and raised it high.

"To success!" she cried.

"To you!" he answered, boldly.

The night of April first found Mary feverishly waiting for General Guthrie to start out for the exhibit. He saw that she was excited, and wondered at the cause. She gave no light on the matter, and he passed it up as a trivial concern.

The halls were brightly lighted, when they arrived. Many people came out of pure curiosity; others for the love of Art itself.

The Scotoman

The artists were there, varying in feeling from the depths of despondency to the heights of self-assurance. Mary was unable to find Grant in the throng. The public at large was allowed to examine the pictures until ten o'clock; after that only the judges and a select few were permitted to remain. Mary sought out Grant's contribution. She found it in a very inconspicuous place, where not many were wont to visit. But she looked at it through the eyes of a woman who loved. As she stood there, Grant came up to her and said, "Well?" in a very meek and far-away tone. She turned and exclaimed: "It's better than I thought, Grant; you can't help but win out. I simply can't wait until the people go and the judges start in. It's almost time now."

"Mary," he said, "do you mind if I leave when they start? I—I—well, you know my disposition, and I'd rather wander around by myself until they read the reports. Every time I look at that picture, I get a little less confident. But, Mary, If i do win out, will you—Oh, the devil! What's the use?" He turned away savagely and left Mary very mystified.

Ten o'clock came. The people departed, leaving the chosen group. Mary, as Guthrie's secretary, was allowed to remain. She was excited, thrilled, nervous all at once. She knew he must win—he must! The judges inspected each picture, and the people followed them and listened to their criticisms; a word of praise here, a solemn nod there. Mary had reached the heights of her excitement when they came to Grant's picture. She expected them to fall on their knees in reverence before it, and at once acclaim it to be the winner. She strained eagerly to hear what they said. They said nothing—and passed on casually, without another look. Mary grew dizzy and faint. What was the matter? Why didn't they say something? They had passed on! She followed them back to the auditorium, where the judges would give the reports. By this time she was furious with everyone; ready to tear Guthrie and his pack of imbeciles to pieces. She took a seat near the judge's stand and listened as they read. Each picture was recorded, and a word or two of comment on it. They simply read the title and artist of Grrant's.

That was the breaking point. Mary had seen Grant's drawn, white face in the back of the auditorium and she could stand no more. She got up and went to the platform, a small volcano in appearance.

The Scotoman

Her eyes were blazing, her fists clenched. She glared at General Guthrie and shook her fist at him.

"What do you mean by saying that you're a fair judge? You—You! You passed by the best picture of them all without a word. Why don't you look at the picture—at the technique, the work, instead of looking to see if the artist is a well-known one or not? Yes, you'll give the prize to some dub who can't paint but has a fairly good reputation, or the ladies like him—or some fool reason! I don't see how you can do it! You're nothing but a bunch of fat-headed old lobsters—and you, General Guthrie!—you're the worst of them all!" And utterly exhausted, she sank to the platform and burst into tears.

Guthrie looked absolutely astonished, as did every one else in that aristocratic, well-born throng. He lifted her from the floor and said in a surprised tone, "Why, Mary, I didn't know you had it in you! Now, to which picture are you referring?"

Mary lifted her head and said, "You wait and I'll bring it here myself. Please give it a fair show. I know it's worth it." Three minutes later she returned with the unframed picture, and placed it before the judges.

"Look at it!" she exclaimed, proudly. Then, like a connoisseur of art, she went on: "Gentlemen, study this technique! The coloring, the ease, the beauty of it. Look at the naturalness of every part. Oh, how can you pass it by without knowing its worth?" She challenged them with a "Well, gentlemen?"

Guthrie rose and said: "Let us consider this work, also, my friends. Our decision will be made in private and announced later." And to Mary he said, "Now, dear, you go home and calm down. You're a brave girl!"

Outside she met Grant, the very picture of defeat and despair. She took his arm, and tried to say cheerfully, "Well, it will be all right," but failed miserably. They hailed a cab and neither one said a word on the way home.

An hour later, before the grate fire, Grant said: "Mary, why did you do it for me? I'm not worth it. I knew my picture was rotten. I tried to put my soul into it. I guess I'd better try my hand at auto-mechanics or something practical. But, anyway, Mary, before I go

The Scotoman

I want you to know that I love you, and—" he broke off and got up to leave.

"Why, Grant, that's all that matters," she said. "Don't worry—why, here's the General!"

He beamed on them. "Well, well, well! Is this why you were such a heroine? Why, Mary, that did me a world of good to see you emerge from your chrysalis. And as for you, young man, you have a future! We have decided to award you second prize. That means a trip to Paris to study—and I suppose Mary will be with you! Well, goodnight, children."

All Elmsdale was agog with excitement several weeks later. Never in its history had it been so upset. For Mary—Mary the bashful spinster, had returned as Mrs. Alden, the blushing, beautiful bride. Her home-coming with her artist husband was like a triumphal entry. They were there for a short sojourn; then to be on their way to Paris—the gay, the beautiful! Paris, the haven of artists and lovers!



The Storyteller

A Close Shave

THIS IS A STORY which has been handed down in our family for generations. I know it is perfectly true, because my great-grandfather told it to my grandfather, my grandfather told it to my father, and my father told it to me; so, of course, it must be the truth! But I'm certain that, had my great-grandfather known that an "illustrious" grandchild was going to tell it to you more than ninety years after it happened, he would have made it even "truer" and more interesting than he did.

To make a short story long, it was very dark indeed, when Joseph, an English youth, entered "Ye Sailors' Inn" and paid for a night's lodging from a worn wallet containing little more than enough to pay for his passage to America next day. Joseph had earned every cent in the old purse, and had walked miles from his home to save coach fare; but his heart was lighter than his purse, for he saw visions of wealth in the new country to which he was going.

In the bar-room—a place now supposed to be obsolete in this country—Joseph stood watching some rough fellows playing a game of chance with cards, and foolishly allowed himself to be drawn into it. In the fascination of the game he forgot all else, and when he "awoke" or "came to," or whatever it is that men do who are losers, he found it was nearly midnight and that he had lost every cent of his hard-earned money to those "card-sharps." Sadder, but wiser, he sought his bedroom, which, luckily, had been paid for in advance, resolving to be up at daybreak and home—there to begin all over again. Just as he was about to close his eyes in sleep, the door quietly opened and in stepped a strange and terrifying figure! Tall, gaunt and ghostly pale! Sunken eyes which yet gleamed like fire! Carrying in his

The Scotoman

hands a shaving-mug and razor, and over his arm a towel, the man leaned over Joseph and in a voice deep and unearthly in quality, said: "Young man, do you want shaving?" Now there were many things Joseph needed more than a shave, as I told you. In fact he was at the age when he really didn't need to shave at all, although he shaved frequently and hopefully, as I'm told boys do. He was about to answer, "No, sir, I don't need a shave," but one glance into those terrible eyes and he stuttered "Y-yes, thank you, I believe I do need shaving."

Silently, but deftly, the barber lathered and shaved him, and as silently picked up his tools and departed, the door swinging to without aid behind him. The lad rubbed his chin, likewise his eyes. He must have been asleep and dreamed this odd dream! All nonsense! He composed himself once more for sleep.

Immediately after closing his eyes, the door opened and in walked the same figure, but if possible, more forbidding in appearance than before. In a voice which sent the prickles up and down Joseph's back, he again asked, "Young man, do you want shaving?" "Why," said Joseph, "you just shaved me." But again (the horrible form bending closer) the lips fairly hissed, "Young man, do you want shaving?"

"Why, yes—er—yes, I believe I do need shaving." And again he submitted to the same process, his poor face smarting under the ordeal. A second time the barber disappeared and the door closed behind him.

Now, Joseph was a sensible boy and he was sure it must all be a dream—yet, what was that he had heard whispered in the bar-room? Something about this being the night when the "ghost of the inn always walked." He had thought nothing of it then, for all inns are supposed to have a "spook" somewhere in the background—yet this was very

The Scotoman

strange! He decided it might be wise to stay awake the rest of the night, for one more shave would be more than he felt he could endure.

For some time he kept his weary eyes open, but, exhausted by his day's long tramp, he finally grew very drowsy. He was just falling off to sleep when he heard a clock somewhere strike twelve and, simultaneously, the door opened and in walked the same barber, more ghostly, more terrifying than before, and in a hollow and ghostly tone again demanded, "Young man, do you want shaving?"

With a yell Joseph sprang to his feet—all his British blood in revolt. "No!" he shouted. "You've shaved me twice already within an inch of my life, and I don't want it done again. What do you want, anyway?" Instantly the man changed. All his ferociousness left him, and laying down his tools and towel on the bed, he spoke: "That's all I want—someone to listen to me. I was once the barber in this inn. Thirteen years ago in this very room I was murdered for my gold; but they didn't get it! They didn't get it! Every year on this night I return and try to get someone to hear me, but you are the first who has not run away. Now listen—thirteen feet behind the ash-can; thirteen feet deep under the old gooseberry bush lies my gold! It is yours! Dig!"

Before Joseph could speak, the man disappeared, and the boy again rubbed his eyes, for he felt he must have been drowsing. But there on the bed were the razor, the mug, and the towel! Placing the towel over his arm, and taking the mug and razor, he quietly made his way down the dark hall to the bar-room, where the men were still playing cards. Quickly opening the door, he said, "Young men, do you want shaving?"

If any of them "wanted shaving" they got it elsewhere, for the tables were overturned, money scattered about, and the room emptied

The Scotoman

before Joseph could collect his wits. Evidently they had heard of the murdered barber and cared not to make his acquaintance.

Finally Joseph collected his wits enough to collect what money he had lost, as he felt he had been cheated. Then he lost no time locating the gooseberry bush where—believe it or not—he found buried a pot of English gold! Happy boy! He departed next day on a good ship for America, the land free of ghosts and crooks.

Now I have always believed every word of this story, and I am glad my great-grandfather remembered to tell it; but I do wish he had also remembered to tell what he did with that gold, for not one of his descendants ever saw a single bit of it from that day to this!

—Ruth Stark.



The Scotoman

The Musique

EDNA MOWERY, '25

TIME—Latter years of World War.

PLACE—SCENE I—"Y" Hut somewhere in France.

SCENE II—Same Hut.

SCENE III—Studio in New York.

CAST IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

"Wop."

McCline.

Furstenburg.

Clifton Harrow—"The Musique."

Marie.

Two Critics (French).

Soldiers and Crowd at Studio.

SCENE I.

The stage represents the interior of a typical "Y" Hut not far from the front. Rough wooden floor and benches around unpolished, bare tables. Soldiers lounging against the walls and around the tables. A few writing and some aimlessly nursing rather warped-looking French cigarettes. Audience's attention is focussed on a group around a table at the front of the stage. The group: McCline—a large, raw-boned man with a somewhat Irish cast of countenance; Furstenburg—a small, insignificant-looking Jew. "Wop"—for lack of a better name—a rather mixed type with a sour expression on his face.

The Scottsman

Wop: What's the use of arguing? No use. He's gone nutty already over his music an' his ideas of religion. Me, I don't believe the parson's lies. If there was a God he wouldn't let them German sharpers pick off so many of our men. But, g'wan, Mac, g'wan.

McCline: Gimme time, gimme time! An' then he said we all had a wrong vision of this life; if we could only see it through his eyes we wouldn't be so foggy about this camp. That someday he was going to compose some piece about us ('ja get that—us!) an' see if we couldn't just see a difference between real life ——and——make-believe, I suppose.

Furry: He's like a story I used to read at night, so brave and——

Wop: Bah! Furry, cut the gaff. 'Tain't——.

McCline: Furry's right, Wop. *The Musique's* sure a big-hearted fellow. Why, look how he treats the kid who scrubs the floor.

Wop: Humph! Don't think he doesn't get all he wants outa the little French kid. She's the one decent-looking native around here and she'd lose her soul for Clif.

McCline: Cut it out, Wop. Ain't everybody as bad as you are. He treats her like she was his sister, and——

Furry: Yes, yes; (growing excited) you should see the way she looks at him out of those blue eyes while he plays for her on her father's old fiddle. Just like in the book ——

Wop: Good Lord, Furry, when you going to drop the "story-book" business? Guess you'd be telling me the story of Cinderella, if I'd be listening. Where'd Cliff pick this kid up, anyway?

The Scotswoman

McCline: You know the kid, Marie—that's what *The Musique* calls her—comes in here every morning to scrub the floor. One morning *The Musique* comes in the hut, and I was only the one in here except the kid washing the floor. Gee, she sure did look pretty down there on the floor with her black curls all around her neck, an'—and I saw *The Musique* come in the doorway with the old fiddle, just a-humming for all he was worth. Then, of a sudden, he stopped as if something hurt him——

Furry: 'Twas his heart, like in the story—

McCline: 'Twasn't his heart, fool! 'Twas his eyes, 'cause he an artist an' temperamental. He's got an idea, maybe—seeing the kid down on the floor like that, and then—

Wop: Bah! Makes me sick about how he gives her lessons on that ole fiddle when he could be doing something else—bah!

Furry: It's true, I swear, Wop. I see it all—like in—oh, well, I won't say it, but I mean it's like in that—oh, that book (I had to say it) I was reading. There, here comes the kid now. (*Enter Marie with scrubpails and brushes. Pausing in doorway with a charming smile, revealing white, flashing teeth, she greets the soldiers.*)

Marie: You must run, now, Soldats. I must clean up the room for you.

Soldier: *Bon matin, ma belle*, what do you say to a good-morning kiss?

Another Soldier: Come on—kid's got to scrub up. (*Exeunt everybody from the hut. Marie, kneeling down by her pails, draws on a pair of rather worn rubber gloves. She commences to scrub, singing a little*

The Scotoman

French song, turning every minute to the door as if expecting someone. Suddenly the door opens and a tall, handsome man enters.)

The Musique: Sorry, if I am late this morning; but I was detained.
But—Marie—I have sad news for you—

Marie: Oh! *Musique*—

The Musique: A dispatch from headquarters has been received.

Marie: Oh, But *Musique* it is—?

The Musique: —tomorrow at midnight. Marie—whatever may happen—remember—*My Inspiration. Au Revoir!*

(CURTAIN)

SCENE II.

The late afternoon sunlight is admitted through a small crack by the window into a scanty, dark little room, leaving its rays on two placid figures. The one, reclining on a small trundle cot, with head thrust back as if some hidden thought had forced this position, communing with the sweet music which is filling his heart with longing and hunger; the other, a small, graceful figure standing in the open ray of light, pouring out her heart and soul in one shapeful piece of wood and strings—her violin.

On the day of the dispatch, Marie had bravely watched her regiment of soldiers march toward the line. But early the next morning her smiles were snatched by the news of Clifton's wound. Heartfully nursing him back to health again (though his eyes were growing weaker and weaker), she amuses him by his compositions, and by his help and teachings, she soon learns to play his compositions.

The Scotswoman

Marie: But, oh! *Musique*, what *will* I do when you go back to your America? There with all your studies, your studio, your new life—and, oh! you shall forget forever your little Marie. My heart will no longer pour out its feelings to my dear violin. Oh! What—!

The Musique: For shame you talk to me like that, Marie. Did you not think I had my plans for you? For just this short time of study—have I not realized your great talent?—for shame!

Marie: Oh!—

The Musique: For two years shall you stay in Paris under the guidance of my great friend, Fosti; then shall he bring you to me in New York—a great and wonderful artist. And then—but, oh! my eyes—Marie—where are you?

Marie: *Musique!* You indeed are blind? Oh!— (Without is heard a great clamour of bayonets and cries. Looking out the window Marie sees a great force of German soldiers gushing through the streets. Rushing to Clifton she pushes him into a concealed dugout. Thus she sacrifices her life for *Musique*, for she is carried away by the Germans as their captive.

(CURTAIN)

SCENE III.

The early morning scent of mid-summer air is admitted into a large studio (arranged for a musical reception), through the wide-open doors of the corridor. The walls are lined with pictures of greatmasters and a carved, massive table near the center of the room holds several unfinished compositions. A small part of the right corner of the

The Scotoman

studio is curtained off with a richly-colored piece of Belgian tapestry, as if concealing the entrance to an inner apartment. The tapestry makes a rich background for a cast of the Venus de Milo on an ebony pedestal. A group of finely-dressed women are seated upon and around a massive sofa. Two French gentlemen seem to be genuinely interested in their host who converses with his guests with a seemingly radiant smile.

1st Gentleman: Pity she was captured. They say she showed such unusual talent. It is said his life and hope were staked upon her. Clifton evidently has a poetic soul. Did you notice those unfinished songs among his other original copies? That old man at the door (indicating the door-keeper by his glance) who said he came over from France with Clifton, told me that after the first call for men Clifton never added another note to them; he volunteered immediately.

2nd Gentleman: Yes, and they say he was one of the bravest soldiers America gave France. You should hear that little Jew—Furry, I believe they called him—who was here this morning, tell of the times he would crawl back after he had been at the enemy's wires, wounded and almost dying, pick up the violin and start a new song, playing until he was exhausted.

1st Gentleman: Yes—a pity. But since he has lost his sight his soul seems bigger and his compositions greater.

2nd Gentleman: Ay—but it was her faithfulness and sacrifice that has made his heart so full of love and pity.

1st Gentleman: Come; it is time (*Silence slowly creeps over the crowd as they watch the artist take his place. Slowly placing the violin under*

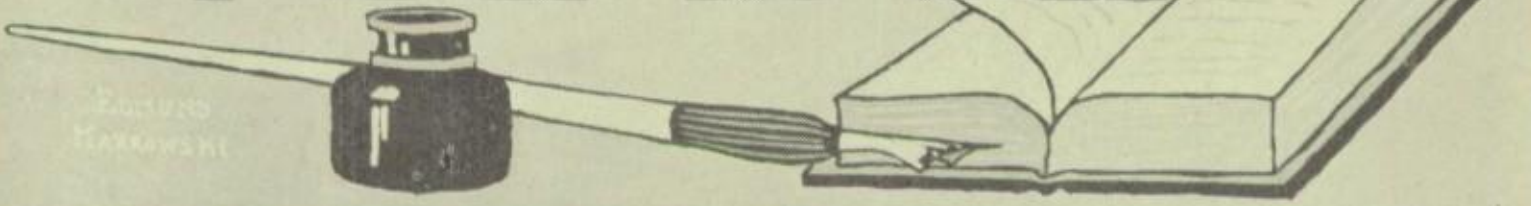
The Scottoman

his chin he plays his Own Great Masterpiece—"My Inspiration". And drawing the bow over the strings of his violin, he sees in his vision—Marie—his inspiration! His spirit is aroused to the highest degree and he plays his masterpiece with such fullness of tone and wondrous spirit that the audience is lost in the wonder of it. But the musician's soul has been touched and the world is awakened to the loss of a great artist—for suddenly he sinks to the floor.

THE END



CALENDAR



SEPTEMBER

- 8th—Back to school: plenty of rain; yellow slickers predominate. Cheer up—the worst is yet to come.
- 9th—Gee! How we hate to get up in the morning. A new place to eat. What a find!
- 10th—Ex-Scotters wandering through the halls with a superior air.
- 11th—The bookline seems longer this year.
- 12th—Last day of first week. The Freshmen are too wise this year. We told one to take the elevator and he refused.
- 15th—Getting down to business; all should have lessons. No excuses now.
- 16th—Ink schedules. They will be able to keep track of you now. First mass meeting today. How many season football tickets can you sell?
- 17th—The library is open. Jaded friends.
- 18th—Everyone is established in his new locker. The Freshmen have a place to deposit their bookstraps, knapsacks, etc.
- 19th—Penalty sessions begin.
- 22nd—Lewis Cook heads Student Council.
- 23rd—Mass meeting. New Stadium will be dedicated next Saturday. Vote was taken in second hour class for Stadium Queen.
- 24th—Who is she?
- 25th—Scott will play the Alumni in its first football game Saturday.
- 26th—Still wondering who is Queen. Be on hand at dedication.
- 29th—Senior election. Great commotion in 178. Dick Walper is president.
- 30th—John Adair, editor of the Thistle, may now stay out of classes. We hear he is now making a collection of hall permits.

The Scotoman

OCTOBER

- 1st—Senior committees appointed. Now watch us work.
- 3rd—Mrs. Crampton has something else to keep her busy—Senior Advisor.
- 6th—Million Dollar Style Show. Another queen in our midst. Junior Council election today. Go to it, Juniors.
- 7th—Some of the girls take note that garters would make good Christmas presents for the boys.
- 8th—Library closed as the new books are being arranged. We are asked to elect Athletic Association officers today.
- 9th—The different classes are given definite seats for mass meetings.
- 10th—An outdoor mass meeting to practice cheering.
- 13th—We notice from study windows that the leaves are turning.
- 14th—Girls' mass meeting. Dean Voigts gave a splendid talk. Faculty tea in library after school.
- 15th—Unsats. Thistle subscriptions. Oh, you yellow tags! Hour and a half parking on Machen St.
- 16th—Parent Teachers convention. Strangers in halls. Sign up for trip to Dayton.
- 17th—From fourth hour windows we may see the Streator team practicing. What joy! Fifth and sixth hours will be shortened to permit a massmeeting. Streator team our guests. The captains shake hands.
- 20th—Are you going to Dayton?
- 21st—Mrs. Crampton asks us not to disturb a boy who is sleeping in sixth hour study.
- 22nd—Seniors are advised in their first business meeting to start saving pennies.
- 23rd—Mass meeting. All set for Dayton. The Northwestern Teacher's Association is coming, hurrah!
- 24th—No school today. Aw heck!
- 27th—Stivers Hi gets a taste of Scott and Garrity.
- 28th—Many Scott students visited the Court House to hear Frank Meese's trial.
- 29th—Seniors fitted for rings. More of our good money gone.

The Scottonian

30th—In mass meeting today mention was made of the "drug store cowboys."

31st—Watch out the goblins don't get you! Upper Classmen Mixer in gym tonight.

NOVEMBER

3rd—All Seniors sign up for pictures. Remember the camera is not to blame. Scottonian subscriptions taken in study.

4th—Corduroy trousers seem to be the vogue. Our Civic teachers have given us permission to stay up late tonight—Presidential election.

5th—Fight! Team! Fight! Welcome, East Tech.

6th—Sophomores organized. Keep up the good work.

7th—Bubble gum. Enough said. Fresh air mass meeting.

10th—Did anyone ask if we brought home the bacon? Say, we took the whole darn pig! Aren't those football players great orators?

11th—Armistice day. No school.

12th—Professor Clark of Michigan talked. What is Education?

13th—We noticed some feminine ears. What a novelty. Periclean initiation.

14th—Putting up temporary stands.

17th—Fur coats.

18th—The ground is covered with snow. Note the system with which we get our Scott-Waite tickets.

19th—Some of the boys have acquired the art of "beeping" like the new horns for machines.

20th—Mr. Meissner has a cold.

21st—The Seniors are given tickets to sell for "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

24th—This Monday is only powder-blue—three days of school this week. The time is drawing nearer—the temporary stands are up.

25th—Miss Ritchie calls us to the auditorium to tell us about the Scott Schipa concert for the benefit of the library.

26th—Whew! What a peppy mass meeting; Judge Cohen spoke. We went home singing "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

The Scotoman

DECEMBER

- 1st—Mass meeting. We are to say, "The victory was not ours."
2nd—Crutches seem to be quite the style. Bob, don't you know how to climb a fence?
3rd—Colder.
4th—It's not hard to guess why the Webster-Demos football game is postponed. The field is like a lake.
8th—Virginia Kern has something of a load in and on her car in the morning.
10th—Boys called to court as witnesses.
11th—Christmas is approaching.
12th—Student Council Dance tomorrow night.
15th—Are you lucky enough to have your Senior ring fit?
16th—The library is decorated.
17th—Unsatisfactories are in the mail. What an inappropriate time, just before Christmas!
19th—This noon some initiates had to walk on a line the length of the floor.
22nd—Freshmen are behaving, hoping Santa will be good to them.
23rd—It is snowing. Oh, won't vacation be grand?

JANUARY—1925

- 5th—It is rather hard to settle down to business. A rumor is passing around that Mrs. Crampton is going to leave.
6th—Plates and New Year's resolutions were made to break.
7th—Thistles didn't come out. More snow.
8th—Gerrity, it isn't so bad to fall down stairs.
9th—The exams are getting too close for comfort.
12th—Reviewing is starting in earnest.
13th—Some students hear Helen Keller.
14th—J. Hop tickets distributed in study. Collection taken for Mrs. Crampton's present.
15th—A mass meeting. Join the orchestra.
16th—Tests start Monday.

The Scotoman

- 26th—The beginning of a new semester. Many have good intentions. Miss Perkins is the new supervisor of 178.
- 27th—Meeting Juniors and Seniors to present Mrs. Crampton with a present. We said "au revoir."
- 28th—Books sold to Freshmen. From appearances we have many lumberjacks in our midst.
- 30th—The basketball season starts tomorrow. We wish you luck.

FEBRUARY

- 2nd—The novelty has worn off our new classes.
- 3rd—Ink schedules.
- 4th—A mass meeting. A campaign is launched to be courteous. Dr. Long talked.
- 5th—Posters adorn our halls. Be courteous. The snow melting. Lovely underfoot.
- 6th—Basketball—Scott 20, Waite 16. Isn't revenge sweet! Seniors are given tickets to sell for Professor Baumgardt's lecture.
- 10th—Philalethians are giving a bridge party. The girls' basketball tournament begins.
- 11th—No school tomorrow.
- 13th—Friday. Are you superstitious?
- 16th—Senior class meeting. Where will we go for our picnic?
- 17th—Rev. Talmadge talked to us.
- 18th—Courtesy is an aid to a good personality.
- 19th—A grotesque sketch on the study room board informs us that the Webster-Demos dance is in the gym Saturday evening.
- 20th—Athletic Association meeting. Football letters and sweaters awarded.
- 23rd—No school. To celebrate Washington's birthday.
- 24th—Professor Baumgardt is lecturing tonight on Astronomy. Senior project.

The Scotoman



PAGE THE KEEPER

Where you goin'?

Down to the river to sleep.

Sounds fishy—where yuh goin' to sleep?

In de river bed.

What yuh goin' to use for covers?

Sheets of water.

Are there any springs in the bed of the river?

No, but there is plenty of current to make it light—the river's a darn good place to sleep in.

Can I bank on that?

Yes; you can't get around it.

Well, I've got to run on—goobye.

Wavey, wavey.



The Scotoman

PROM GIRL

Printed, powdered little girl,
Garb abbreviated;
How you caused our mind to whirl
As we syncopated.
How we loved you when we sent
Orchids from the greenery!
You were fire and fancy blent,
Intricate machinery.
From your post-prom bankrupt
state,
(Though your brains were cotton)
Still we bless you, Lovely Date,
Gone but not forgotten.

OUT WEST

An army surgeon was examining
a cow-puncher recruit.
"Ever have any accidents?"
"No."
"What is that bandage on your
hand?"
"Rattlesnake bite."
"Don't you call that an accident?"
"Naw, the damn thing did it on
purpose."

THOSE BLAIMED FOUNTAINS

Some people wash their faces
Each morning in the sink;
I use a drinking fountain
And do it while I drink.

Wonder where the Englishmen
get their imported suits from?

What would a good, thrifty but
supersittious Scot do who saw a
penny lying under a ladder?

Al—"Why so gloomy, old top?"

Pal—"My room mate's gone
riding in my Ford."

Al—"Why, that shouldn't make
you so blue."

Pal—"No, but he's wearing my
suit and coat."

Al—"But, man, you have the
one you are wearing."

Pal—"Yes, but my money is in
the other suit."

Al—"Well, if that is worrying
you, here's a five."

Pal—"Damn it, you rummy!
He's got my girl out with him."

"Seen any mysterious strangers
around here lately?" casually in-
quired the detective from the city.

"Waal," answered Uncle Eben;
"there was a fellow over to town
with a circus last week who took a
pair o' rabbits out o' my whiskers!"

Hopeless—"Oh-h-h! I'm dying!"

Hopeful—"Can I help you?"

She—"What did she say when
you kissed her?"

He—"Not a word. Do you think
she is a ventriloquist?"

The Scotoman

HUH

"You going to that lecture?"
 "Sure, are you?"
 "Yes, what lecture?"
 "Why, the same you're going to."
 "What's it going to be about?"
 "Oh, something or other. What's yours?"
 "Same damn thing."
 "Who's giving it?"
 "That antiquated apple."
 "That's the Indian."
 "Guy with the glasses?"
 "Uh-huh."
 "What time does it start?"
 "Three or four. And yours?"
 "Same time."
 "Well, come along; we must be going to the same place."

A PATHETIC FIGURE

The Scotchman who walked from Aberdeen to Wembly to see the Great Exhibition, and then was too tired to climb the fence.

New Father—"Nurse, do you think the boy takes after me?"

Nurse—"Surely; he's got your eyes—and he does love his bottle."

Mother—"Wash your face, Tommy. We are going to have visitors."

Tommy—"Let us wait a bit, mother, and hope they don't come."

Under the crust of the old apple pie,
 There is something for both you and I.
 It may be a hair, that the cook has left there,
 Or it may be a fat, juicy fly.
 It may be an old rusty nail,
 Or a piece of the pussy car's tail—
 But, whatever it be,
 There is something for me
 'Neath the crust of the old apple pie.

A novel guy
 Is Jerry Black;
 He borrowed five
 And paid it back.

Crank—"The ever-shortening feminine skirt gives me a pain."

Mack—"A sort of twisting pain in the neck, eh?"

Little Tommy—"What is a backelor, Uncle Henry?"

Uncle Henry—"He is one who looks before he leaps and then stays where he is."

Emma (looking at a society wedding procession)—"Ah, well, it only happens once in a gal's life."

Her Mother—"Don't be silly; these folks is different."



DICK WALPER
"Captain"
Member of I. M. B. Brigade
(I Make Bargains)
Skippeda Course



ISABELLE GRIFFITH
"Izzy"
Vice-President of I. L. B. Co.
(I Lead the Blonds)
Golf Course



MERLE PHELPS
"Slim"
Colonel of I. G. A. Club
(I Get Along)
Sirs Course



PHYLLIS DAVIS
"Phil"
Big Chief I. P. H. Club
(I Play Hard)
Cut Course





JOHN ADAIR
"Shiek"
Member of K. K. K. Klub
(Klean Kut Klothes)
Passeda Course



DOROTHY HULL
"Dottie"
Captain of T. O. I. L.
(The One I Love)
Eddie-of-Course



VIRGINIA KERN
"Ginny"
President of I. S. L. Society
(I Shaka Leg)
Dis-Course



JEANNE ECKHARDT
"Jean"
Contributor to I. S. Y. F.
(I See Your Fa(s)ces)
Hada Course



PHONES; Private Exchange, Main 1962

5 Yards in the City

The TOLEDO BUILDERS SUPPLY CO.

DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF
BUILDING MATERIALS

426 Spitzer Building

TOLEDO

We know a girl who is so red-headed
that she uses rouge for an eyebrow pencil.

—
A-MEN

Professor—"I maintain that men and
women are equal."

Liz—"Oh, Professor; you're bragging."

—
Barber—"Will you have a hair cut?"

Gross—"Gosh, no; cut them all!"

Some colleges are getting to be so
aristocratic that they will soon call their
signals in Roman numerals.

—
Salesman—"Now I'll throw in the
clutch."

Walper—"Good! I knew you'd throw
in something if I waited long enough."

BELL & BECKWITH

— MEMBERS —

NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE

E S T A B L I S H E D 1 8 9 8

Compliments of
CAMPBELL & CO.
MUNICIPAL BONDS
SPITZER ARCADE

Banks—"We Americans don't look upon Mah Jong the way the Chinese do."

Binks—"Yes, that's right; we don't have their slant."

Mrs. Smith—"That Collins girl was always stuck up."

Mrs. Jones—"And now she's married the tenor in the church choir because he was high-toned."

First Bachelor—"I like women better than men; they are stronger—firmer."

Second Bachelor—"I notice they display more backbone than men."

Phyllis—"Your husband simply raves about you, doesn't he?"

Gladys—"Yes, even in his sleep. But the poor boy's so absent minded he often calls me the wrong name."

Compliments of
Landman-Griffith Co.
DEALERS IN
Maxwell and Chrysler
MOTOR CARS

DAVIS-MORGAN REALTY CO.

712 MADISON AVE.
REAL ESTATE & INSURANCE

"Mary, I'm not going to have you reading novels on Sunday."

"But, grannie, this one's all right. It's about a girl who was engaged to three clergymen at once."

Judge—"I'll be merciful—ten days."

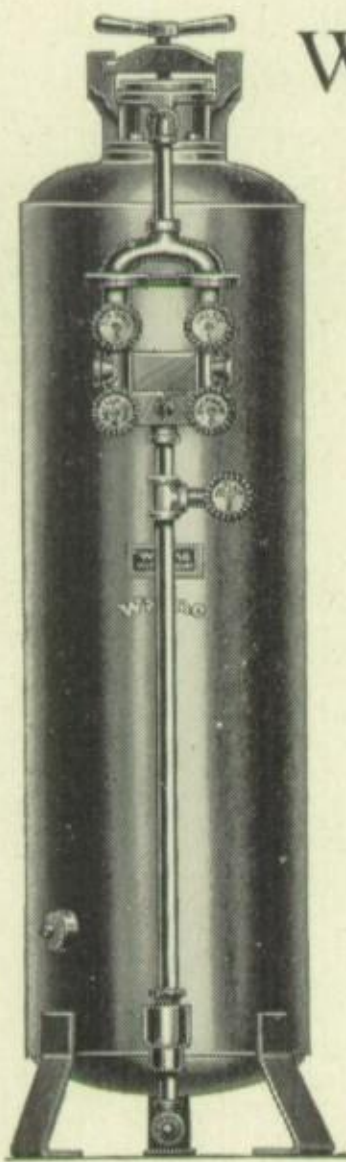
Prisoner—"But, your Honor, I was thinking of getting married tomorrow."

Judge—"I'll be more merciful—three months."

Wayne

RAPID RATE

WATER SOFTENERS



A WAYNE SOFTENER IN YOUR HOME

Abundant Soft Water always available—can be enjoyed in every home—A water 5 times softer than rain or cistern water, and cleaner than our city water.

SEE THE WAYNE AT OUR SHOW ROOM

We will gladly show you the Wayne Water Softener in operation at our display room. Better still—let us bring a gallon of Wayne-Soft Water to your home for your use. Absolutely no obligation on your part, for this service.

WAYNE SOFTNER — BEST BY TEST

For Cooking, Drinking, Bathing, Shaving, Laundering, Shampooing, Etc.

PAYS FOR ITS SELF—BY ITS SAVINGS

THE C. T. DAY COMPANY

Wayne QUALITY PRODUCTS

WATER SOFTENERS OIL BURNERS HOUSEHOLD UTILITIES

1715 Jefferson Ave.

PHONE
ADAMS 772

Toledo, Ohio

A Guaranty

of **QUALITY**
and **SERVICE**



The
MEDBURY-WARD CO.

*High School and College Annual
Engravers*

1701 SPIELBUSCH

• • • TOLEDO, OHIO

Purchased Jan. 1882.

Oldest in City.

Davis
Business College

Adams and 15th Sts.

TOLEDO, OHIO

the most experienced faculty of any school of its kind in Northwestern Ohio. Students may enter at any time.

PREPARE FOR A POSITION

At this old reliable school and secure the advantages of the finest equipment, most thorough and up-to-date courses and

THURBER P. DAVIS, *Principal*

Member National Association of Accredited Commercial Schools

Woman (on Atlantic liner)—“We are getting up a game between married men and women. Come join us.”

Man—“Lady, you’ve made a mistake. I’m not married—I’m just sick.”

Ted M.—“What’s worse than raining cats and dogs?”

Kitty R. (per usual)—“I dunno.”

Ted M.—“Hailing streetcars.”

Charlotte Palmer wants to know if the prefix “Hon.” to the name of a Congressman means honest.

“Do you know, I found a clam in my soup the other day!”

“Oh, come now, that is pretty old—about actually finding the clam.”

“But this was tomato soup.”

THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE STRONG FOR

Velvet Brand
Ice Cream

“It Is The Best”



THE OHIO-TOLEDO ICE RCEAM CO.

Try Our Ice Cream Bars

KABLE'S LUNCH ROOM
ALWAYS OPEN

J. W. WELTY

616 MADISON

Radiator, Body and Fender Repairing

Auto Wrecks a Specialty

The Lober Radiator & Manufacturing Co.

126-134 ELEVENTH STREET

LOBER NON-BURSTING

MANUFACTURERS

MARATHON SUPER-COOLING

THE O'HENRY ENDING

Thunder and lightning and rain filled the land. Across the street a window crashed in; a clerk who was standing near was cut to death. I smiled. A stroke of lightning hit a telephone pole. Five men and two women were instantly burned to death. I smiled. The water rushed down the street in torrents. A little girl crossing the street was dragged

by in the torbid, roaring water. A smile of satisfaction was on my face. A dam was washed out; houses were washed away. I smiled again. A falling wire ignited a building worth a million dollars. Sixty people were burned to death. I rubbed my hands and smiled. A house caved in. That same smile enlarged.

I was somewhat of a biologist and I knew that "April showers invariably produced May flowers."

"Red"

The Flash of the Campus

THE red corpuscle in school life today is the flashy red Conklin pen or pencil. In the pocket, on the desk, dangling from the ribbon or chain, it is the sign and symbol of the sanguine active mind.

That Conklin pencil is a real word magazine too.

It shoots a lead $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long and carries over two feet of them. Fill it on your birthday and forget it for a year.

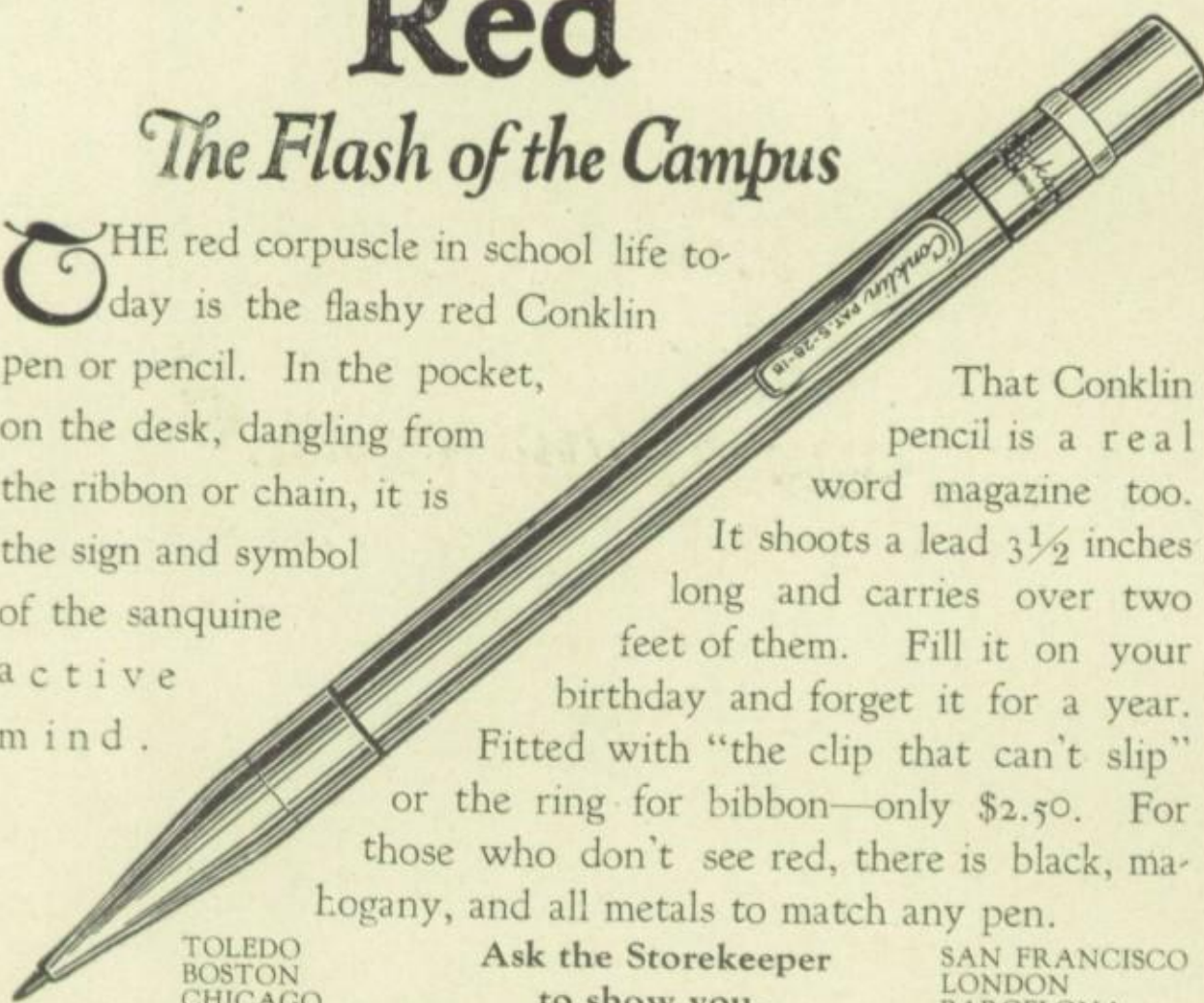
Fitted with "the clip that can't slip" or the ring for bibbon—only \$2.50. For those who don't see red, there is black, mahogany, and all metals to match any pen.

TOLEDO
BOSTON
CHICAGO

Ask the Storekeeper
to show you.

SAN FRANCISCO
LONDON
BARCELONA

The Conklin Pen Mfg. Co., :: Toledo, Ohio



SPITZER RORICK & COMPANY

MUNICIPAL BONDS

Established in 1871

214-217 Nicholas Building

NIGHTFALL

The sun sank like a red tomato
Behind a sky the color of mud.
One by one, then faster and faster
(Like bills on the first of the month)
The stars appeared.
The moon, a cookie someone had bitten,
became visible;
The stars flickered and twinkled, like Ford
lights when the ignition is bad;
The twittering of the birds was hushed,

as if some celestial proctor had entered
an exam room.

Darkness fell—

Night settled on the landscape with the
deliberation of a man falling from a
three-story window in slow motion
pictures.

Our idea of a "sound" man is a yell
leader.

SCOTT'S POPULAR MOVIE HOUSE



The **PANTHEON**



There must be a reason

"MOTION PICTURES THAT PLEASE"



WE HOPE THAT THE READERS OF THE 1925 SCOTTIONAN WILL DERIVE AS MUCH PLEASURE FROM ITS PAGES AS WE HAVE HAD IN MAKING THE VOLUME. OUR ASSOCIATION WITH THE BOARD AND THE EAGER AND EARNEST CO-OPERATION OF ITS MEMBERS IN HELPING TO PRODUCE A CREDITABLE YEAR BOOK FOR THE CLASS OF 1925 HAVE MADE ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST EXPERIENCES OF OUR BUSINESS HISTORY.

THE ROBERTS PRINTING COMPANY

326-328-330 ERIE STREET

Delaware Pharmacy

H o l l y w o o d
a n d
D e l a w a r e

We are pleased to serve your wants in Drugs, Toilet Articles,
Ice Cream and Confectionery
Prompt Courteous Service.

Free Delivery

C. R. Ceaser, Prop.

Stage Director—"All right, now run up the curtain."

Stage Hand—"Say, what do you think I am, a squirrel?"

Dumb Dora thinks a miser is a man who eats mice.

A SHOPPING HINT FOR CO-EDS

Don't get him garters; you just know he doesn't wear them.

Judge—"What is the verdict of the jury?"

Foreman of Jury—"We find the defendant not guilty, sir, but we recommend that he be warned not to do it again."

"The automobile certainly is replacing the horse," remarked the man when he found a piece of tire in the sausage.

THE TOLEDO BLADE gives more attention, space and care to the printing of School News than any other newspaper in Toledo or in this territory. The aim of the Blade is to present a natural and accurate picture of Toledo school affairs—without misrepresentation, without exaggeration and without distortion.

The Blade has the largest circulation in Toledo because it gives the most attention, the most space and the most care to the things in this community which are really important and really worth while.

Not only does the Blade, every day, carry the most news and the most ACCURATE news, but it carries the most features which are informative and entertaining to young people.

THE TOLEDO BLADE

"First in Toledo"

Emblem rings and pins
a specialty

GROSS-JORDAN

223 Summit

Grace Adair Shop

FOR CHILDREN

355 W. Bancroft St.

REAL ESTATE

INSURANCE

LOANS

Moor Brothers Realty Company

ARTHUR J. HATCH }
GEO. W. LATHROP } Associates

320 Ontario Street
Main 824

"Billy! It's time to wake up—eight o'clock."

No response.

"Billy! Wake up!"

Voice from upstairs—"Can't, Mom."

"How come you can't, you loafer?"

"I ain't asleep."

"What would you do if I were to kiss you on the forehead?"

"I'd call you down."

Father—"How is it, young man that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?"

Young Man—"Oh, it's great! It's great!"

Quale—"Swell skirts."

Owen — "Those two women who passed?"

Quale—"No; I was thinking about your trouser legs."

ASK FOR

Page's
"KLEEN-MAID"
Ice Cream

"DEMANDED FOR ITS QUALITY"

The TEMPLE THEATRE

DIRECTION COLLINS THEATRE INC.

HIGH CLASS PHOTOPLAYS

PLEASINGLY PRESENTED WITH

APPROPRIATE MUSICAL ACCOMPANIMENT

AND

SHORT SCREEN FEATURETTES

Ever hear of the fellow who looked for eggs in the cuckoo clock?

Adair—"I'm a big gun at school."

Pater—"Then why don't I hear better reports?"

Some guys are so dumb that they think Crimea is the name of a talcum powder used in Sing Sing.

Ross (on phone)—"Is that you, sweetheart?"

Lenore—"Yes; who's talking?"

IN 1980 A. D.

"Officer, arrest that man. I believe he is thinking of smoking."

I'd like to get out with the girl that said, "The woman always pays."

W. L. Slayton & Co.



DEALERS IN

CITY
COUNTY
TOWNSHIP

Bonds

ROAD
SCHOOL
DRAINAGE

TOLEDO, OHIO

— BRANCH OFFICES AT —

CHICAGO, ILL.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

If you want to buy or sell, write for prices

We Solicit your Patronage

SAM MONETTA

JACK FLUHRER

FRANK KENNEDY

THE ATHLETIC SUPPLY COMPANY

520 ADAMS STREET



Outfitter of Scott's Athletic Teams

When a girl looks sweet enough to eat,
don't give her an opportunity.

Conductor—"Your fare, Miss."

Kern—"Do you really think so?"

Charlotte is pretty,
Charlotte is sweet;
She looks so little—
But you should see her eat.

Liz—"When someone kisses me I feel
as though I had been struck a blow."

Don—"So you turn the other cheek?"

Liz—"No, I return blow for blow."

Don—"Let's fight!"

Music Teacher—"What part do you
sing?"

Adolescent Youth—"All parts—subject
to change without notice."

PLANS FOR YOUR ENJOYMENT Take Years of Ceaseless Effort

A NUMBER of years ago an idea was put into effect that that resulted into what was considered the ideal dancing school. The principals adopted in conducting the classes were entirely new and decidedly different. They eliminated that feeling of strangeness on the part of the members of the classes. The school was private in that undesirables found it impossible to gain admission. Congeniality was imperative. Enjoyable evenings naturally were the result. Thoroughness was the watchword in the beginners' classes, while advance classes were conducted as high class dancing parties, with some instruction in the latest steps. Toledo's young people came to associate the name LeFevre with all that could be desired in dancing. The classes were especially popular with High School students.

As the years passed changes in keeping with the times were made—ceaseless effort was expended to keep improving methods wherever possible—and the result is that the name LeFevre today is associated with the utmost in dancing and enjoyment. It's there that you find those with whom you prefer to mingle.

Paul LeFevre
DANCING—WOMAN'S BLDG.

Office 2475 Vermont Ave Phone Main 1418

PRINCESS-PARMOUNT THEATRE

"The House of Refinement"

PARMOUNT PICTURES SHOWN EXCLUSIVELY

Christie, Mermaid, Juvenile, Cameo Comedies

International News

He—"Who wrote 'Tom Sawyer'?"

She—"Mark Twain."

He—"Gawan—he's dead!"

She—"Who is that man wearing that black robe? Is he a chimney sweep?"

He—"No; he is a Ku Klux Klansman from Pittsburgh."

"Do you know that I started life as a barefoot boy?" said a merchant who had been rather successful.

"Well, I wasn't born with shoes on, myself," said the clerk.

"Sir, when you eat here you do not need to dust off the plate."

"Beg pardon. Force of habit merely. I'm an umpire."

STUDENTS:—You and your families can be completely outfitted here

J. BALTIMORE

DRY GOODS :: NOTIONS :: FURNISHINGS
RUGS :: CURTAINS :: DRAPERIES

PLENTY OF PARKING SPACE

2225 ASHLAND AVE.

BLACKSTONE BLDG.

The leading cafeteria in the West End. Delicious HOME-COOKED Dinners, 11 to 2; 5 to 7:30, daily. Home made ice cream, angle food cake, our specialties. Old Master coffee sold exclusively

ASHLAND AVENUE CAFETERIA
ANNA J. LINCK



2213 ASHLAND

Opposite Coliseum

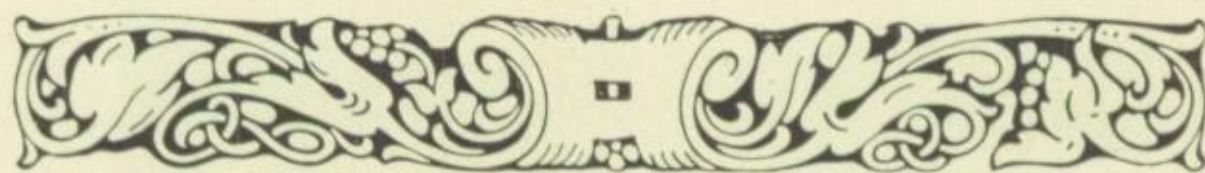
Adams 5303

The
NORTHLAND
STUDIOS

OFFICIAL
PHOTOGRAPHERS
SCOTTONIAN
1925

515 MADISON AVENUE

CLOSE BUILDING



CASEY-SULLIVAN

Real Estate :: Building :: Insurance
504 W. Delaware Coll. 2800

W. W. Brooks Company JEWELERS

922 W. Delaware Ave. Phone Coll. 3111

VAN FLEET DRUG COMPANY

2202 ASHLAND CORNER
BANCROFT

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE FOR OUR COMPLETE LINE OF

Drugs · Candies · Toilet Articles · Sodas · Cigars

Phone Coll. 2948

We call for and deliver Prescriptions

ONE ABOUT THE MAYFLOWER

Moor—"You know, Walter, my ancestors came over here on the Mayflower."

Johnson—"Yeah? Mine couldn't come; they had to go to Julius Caesar's funeral."

Webb—"That dame pulled something on me that made me howl."

Breede—"Yeah? What was that?"

Webb—"My ear."

A LIVE ILLUSTRATION

Prof.—"I will use my hat to represent the planet Mars. Is there any question before I go on?"

Stude—"Yes; Is Mars inhabited?"

Hostess—"Pardon me, but didn't you drop a fork into your pocket?"

C. Witker (concealing a blush)—"Yes, it was too tarnished to leave on the table."



To Help Ambitious Young People

—is the mission of the Tri-State University. We are proving every day that age, sex, financial circumstances, a lack of college education or lack of influential friends, are not insurmountable barriers to a big earning capacity. Let none conclude that there is no place on the ladder of success for them. One needs only to follow the footsteps of hundreds of thousands of successful men and women who made their start at the first round of the ladder of success. Tri-State doors are always swung open. Begin any day. Summer school June 15.

Phones Main 708; Adams 1830.

C. H. Melchior & Sons

JEFFERSON
AND MICHIGAN

CHOICE FLOWERS AND PLANTS

METZ & MERKLE

THE FLORISTS

334 Superior St.

Adams 4725

Mrs. Murphy—"I thought you said the apple butter was just as good as regular butter!"

Clerk—"Why, so it is!"

Mrs. Murphy—"G'wan, an' me just after spoilin' six eggs tryin' to fry them in the dommed stuff!"

"This is a dirty trick," said the frog, as he stood on his head in the mud-puddle.

Female Admirer—"My goodness, if those are running trunks I certainly would hate to see the young men in suit cases."

Stenographer—"I won't be here tomorrow. I am going to the hospital to be operated on."

Boss—"Well, good luck to you. I hope everything comes out all right."

Fun with an Instrument—

EASY to play, easy to carry wherever you go, an instruments gives music when and where you want it.

Mandolin, Guitar and Banjo music was never so popular as today.

Anyone interested in stringed music communicate with

IRENE SCHREINER

THE J. W. GREENE CO.

TOLEDO'S PREMIER MUSIC HOUSE

JEFFERSON AND ONTARIO

CUSTOM BUILT UPHOLSTERED FURNITURE

Gift Furniture, Lamps, Pictures, and Fine Art Goods

J. F. BENNETT Co.

Madison Ave. at 13th Street

Scene—Public dance hall.

He—"May I have this dance?"

She (a tough egg)—"Naw—Beat it!"

He (loudly)—"Say, how do you like America, any way?"

Mother—"John, are you going out with that rip in your pants?"

John—"No, mother; I'm going out with Betty."

Doctor—"You cough more easily this morning!"

Patient—"Yes, I've been practicing all night."

Walper—"You say your girl never keeps you waiting? How do you work it?"

Bolles—"I have them tell her there is some male downstairs and she hurries right down to get it."

Aubry's Sweet Shop

Lunches Candy Ice Cream

Delaware cor. Lawrence

C. L. DeSHETLER, Pres.

A. C. KNEISEL, Vice Pres.

H. DeSHETLER, Secy.

DISTINCTIVE CLASS PINS and RINGS

made to your order in most any style are featured in our capable Jewelry Mfg. Establishment. Let us help you solve your class pin, class ring, emblem and trophy problems.

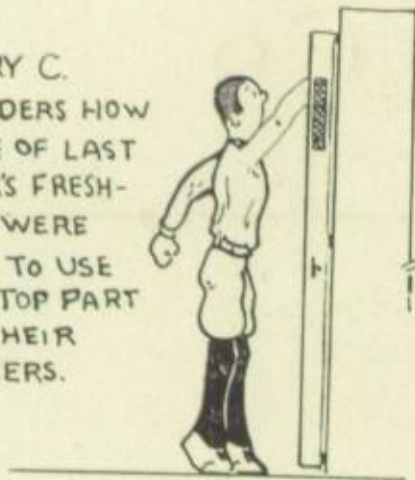
SPECIAL DESIGNS FOR GLEE CLUBS, DRAMATIC CLUBS, DEBATING SOCIETIES, ATHLETIC ASSOCIATIONS. SUPERB ENGRAVED STATIONERY

The Toledo Jewelry Mfg. Co.

DIAMONDS, WATCHES and JEWELRY
317 Smith and Baker Bldg.

GOOFIE'S PAGE.

GARRY C. WONDERS HOW SOME OF LAST YEAR'S FRESHMEN WERE ABLE TO USE THE TOP PART OF THEIR LOCKERS.



WILL YOU PLEASE NAME THE PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES ?

SORRY, SIR, BUT THEIR PARENTS BEAT ME TO IT !

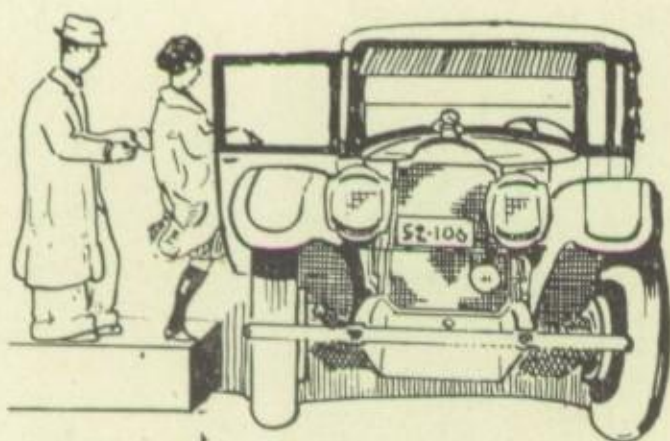


HE. THIS SWING IS IDEAL
SHE. IS IT ?

YES, IT'S LARGE ENOUGH FOR ONE AND STRONG ENOUGH FOR TWO.



PAPA SAID YOU HAD MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS. —
HA! THAT'S A GOOD ONE ON YOUR PA — I'M BROKE! —
YES, PAPA ADDED THAT YOU WERE.



WOULDN'T IT BE FUNNY IF THEY USED EYE-GLASSES FOR AUTO WHEELS ?
YES, IT WOULD BE QUITE A SPECTACLE !



I'SH A FRESHMAN HAVING 'IS PICTURE 'TOOK' FER TH' SCOTTONIAN.

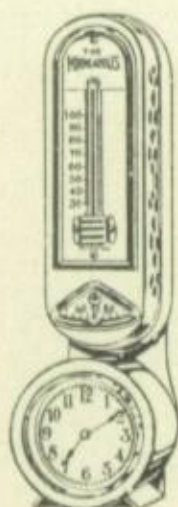


YOU'RE STANDING RIGHT IN A PUDDLE.
MOVE THE PUDDLE A BIT, WILL Y'A PLEASE ?



A POLICE DOG ? HE LOOKS LIKE A POODLE
S-s-s-s-H ! SECRET POLICE DOG IN DISGUISE !

G'BYE !
R. HAMMOND.



MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULAR

T. J. GRAHAM, Distributor



Garfield 2157

2507 Collingwood Ave.

"That is the guy I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the barnyard.

"Hello, old top, new car?"

"No, old car, new top."

"Have you noticed the latest in men's haircuts?"

"Yes, women."

Our idea of a nasty disposition is the gent who drops a nickle in a Big Eats piano player on the way out.

Steve H.—"What detained you?"

Husted—"My conscience bothered me a bit, so I flipped a coin as to whether I should study or go to the movies. And would you believe it, I had to toss it twenty-seven times before it fell right!"

SCHWEITZER & KAPPUS



We Appreciate Your Patronage

COLLINGWOOD & DELAWARE

2517 COLLINGWOOD

Home Phone Garfield 682

2109 LAWRENCE AVE.

Lawrence Beauty Shop

"A Beauty Aid for Every Need"

Marinello System
Soft Water Shampoo

Expert Marcel Waving
Shingle Bob



F A B E R ' S
Pharmacist & Prescription Druggist
Bancroft and Ashland

108 FLOYD ST. MAIN 2932
 FELKER and CRAWFORD
 MARINELLO SHOP
 RAIN WATER SHAMPOOING

Phrenologist—"This bump on your head shows that you are very curious."

Client—"You are right. I got that by sticking my head into an elevator shaft to see if the lift was coming up—and it wasn't."

Stage Hand (to manager)—"Shall I lower the curtain, sir? One of the living statues has the hiccups."

Haller—"How long does it take you to dress in the morning?"

Hutchens—"About thirty minutes."

Haller (proudly)—"I dress in ten minutes!"

Hutchens—"Well, I wash."

White—"Where's the funny paper?"

Patterson—"I told you not to bathe last night; today isn't Sunday."



Old Floors Made New with the "American Universal" Floor Surfacing Machine

Any old floor—badly worn—painted, varnished, stained or unfinished, can be quickly and economically "Americanized" to a clear, glass-like smoothness. The grain of the wood is brought out like new.

A little electricity and a few hours' work of one man and his "American Universal" Floor Surfacing Machine and the job is done—and done beautifully.

The "American Universal" Floor Surfacing Machine has a drum, around which is placed a sheet of sand paper. This drum is driven by an electric motor. A vacuum cleaner automatically bags the dust and dirt, leaving the floors clean and beautiful and free from all wave or chatter marks. The work is done perfectly and quickly.

Call any of the "American Universal" machine owners listed below for prices and further information:

R. B. Slater, 512 Eastern Ave., Adams 4470.
 H. N. Beer, 2474 Franklin Ave., Main 5287-W.
 H. G. Clark, 2323 Swiler Drive, Gar. 2266.
 A. Jacobs, 1021 Blum St., Forest 3040.
 Roy Lewis, 4025 Kingsbury Ave., Garfield 7-R.
 Payne & Harman, 215 Somerset St., Forest 1069-M.

Work Guaranteed

Prices Reasonable

DELAWARE SHOE REPAIRING

916 W. Delaware Ave.

WALTER CHESAK, *Prop.*

TOLEDO'S LARGEST OPTICAL HOUSE QUEEN OPTICAL CO.

Eyesight

526 Madison

Specialists

Father (sternly)—“Young man, I saw you put your arm around my daughter last night!”

Glass—“I suppose you noticed how she struggled, too?”

Fair Passenger—“Captain, mother feels sea sick. What shall I tell her to do?”

Captain—“Needn't tell her nuthin'. She'll do it.”

Pauline—“You certainly eat well.”

Bullard—“Yes; I've practiced all my life.”

IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS

Ding—“What did your wife say when you came home last night?”

Dong—“The darling never said a word. I was going to have those two front teeth pulled out anyhow.”

COMPLIMENTS OF

KABLE'S RESTAURANT

318 - 320 SUMMIT STREET



Wm. A. Hummel

Wm. B. Hillebrand

HUMMEL AND HILLEBRAND

Roofing and Concrete Contractors
MANUFACTURERS OF
DUNTILE

The ideal building unit for all Buildings
427 Hamilton St.

Phone Adams 5406

Osteopaths are not the only ones who make their money rolling bones.

L. Cook—"Hey, there! Don't spit on the floor!"

Clingan—"Smatter, floor leak?"

"I always hate to split hairs," remarked the highwayman as he hit the traveler on the head with an axe.

J. S.—"I get a big kick every time I kiss Charlotte."

B. H.—"Gee, she doesn't object to mine."

A widow is the luckiest woman in the world—she knows all about men, and all the men that know anything about her are dead.

LINCOLN

MOTOR CARS

THE BECK-CULVER-LUCAS CO.
MADISON AT TWENTIETH

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED—WORK GUARANTEED

JOSEPH NABER

SHOE MAKER

2222 ASHLAND

Ambitious Author—"Harrah! Five dollars for my latest story!"

Fast Friend—"Who from?"

Writer—"The express company. They lost it."

Teacher—"Now, who knows where men go who shoot craps on Sunday?"

Wheeler—"Down under the railroad bridge."

'Twas not an act of chivalry,

Nor yet the fear of scorn;

He offered her his street-car seat

To keep her off his corn.

NUFF SAID

He saw her walking down

The street

And gazing at her dark beauty

He fell

Realizing as he

Fell

That if he had not been

Looking at her

Dark beauty

He would have seen

The banana peel.

Experienced couples don't fall out of hammocks. They know the ropes.

807 MADISON

EDA PERLIS, Mgr

 **K** A U F M A N N
L E A N S
L O T H E S
L E A N 

KAUFMANN'S FRENCH CLEANERS AND DYERS

We're Proud of You - - -

We admire the fighting spirit of your athletes—the indomitable spirit of your school. Endowed with this tenacity you will all be Strong For Toledo in the next year to come.



607 MADISON

MAIN 2525

OF COURSE - a UNIVERSITY of TOLEDO COURSE



Soschweitzer

R. A. McLAUGHLIN



FOR { Electric work of all kinds
Electric Supplies
Edison Mazda Lamps, etc.

Call Collingwood 909 or deliver to 2513 Collingwood Avenue

EVOLUTION OF LOVE

Grade School—

Roses ith red,
Violets ith blue,
Sugar ith sweet,
And tho—ith—ooo.

High School—

Chrysanthemums are beautiful
And so is marmalade;
Without you darling Gwendolyn,

My life's a dead night shade.

University—

The moon is silver-sheathed,
As you, my golden symphony,
'Tis you I crave to wed—
My agonizing ecstasy!

Ten Years Wed—

I have a knife,
Its blade is true—
For thirty cents
I'd murder you!

The RICHARDSON GARAGE

Absolutely Fireproof

1 hour or less.....	\$.25
2 hours or less.....	.35
3 hours or less.....	.40
4 hours or less.....	.45
5 hours or less.....	.50
6 hours or less.....	.55
8 hours or less.....	.65
10 hours or less.....	.75
12 hours or less.....	.85
15 hours or less.....	.95
18 hours or less.....	1.05
24 hours or less.....	1.20
BUSINESS PARKING—8:00 a.m. to 6:00 p.m. in and out at your own convenience, \$0.60.	
THEATRE PARKING—7:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m., \$0.35.	

DAY STORAGE—By the month, \$10.00
\$12.00 and \$15.00.
Parking and Storage accommodations for 400
automobiles.

New! Most convenient to theatres, stores and
business district. In center of hotel district.
Reasonable rates! Open day and night. Rates
by the hour, day or month.

MAIN 1978

\$10 COUPON BOOKS ONLY \$8.50

[For short-time parking only]

This is a special offer to acquaint motorists with
the many advantages of the RICHARDSON
GARAGE as a place for parking. Buy yours
now and save 15%.

Your car Washed, Vacuum Cleaned, Oiled
and Greased while stored. Best service in
Toledo in this respect. Careful and ex-
perienced workmen—reasonable rates.

JEFFERSON at ST. CLAIR

OPPOSITE HOTEL SECOR : : : : : TOLEDO, OHIO

Use More
Ohio Clover Leaf
Milk and Cream

It's the Best!

THE
HENRY J. SPIEKER
COMPANY
BUILDERS

ELM AND UTICA STS.

TOLEDO

CANDY

LUNCHES

COWELL & CRIDER
ICE CREAM

2447-9 Collingwood

Just across the street

Sympathizer—"My good man, you better take the trolley home."

Weathered One—"Shno use, my wife wouldn't let me keep it in the house."

Mr. Brunson—"Neafie, do you think you can run this class better than I can?"

Neafie—"Yes, sir."

Mr. Brunson—"I've a good notion to let you try it."

Neafie—"Yes, sir. Class dismissed."

Egg—"Is he dumb?"

Nogg—"He thinks 'Culebra Cut' is a new pipe tobacco."

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

AVERY, FLORIST

COLLINGWOOD
AT DELAWARE

PHONE
GAR. 763

NOT FOR MUSIC LOVERS

"Let's go home and listen to the symphony on the radio."

"No thanks; I don't care much for music."

"You don't understand; I said let's go home and listen to the symphony on the radio."

VANDERSALL & COMPANY
HOME BANK BUILDING

MUNICIPAL BONDS

29 S. Lasalle St.
CHICAGO, ILL.
Phone, Dearborn 4196

1656 Penobscot Bldg.
DETROIT, MICH.
Phone, Main 1505

807 Widener Bldg.
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Phone, Rittenhouse, 1163

Municipal Bonds payable from taxes, rank next to U. S. Government Bonds as a safe investment.

Write us for offerings

COMPLIMENTS

✂ OF ✂

THE TOLEDO NEWS BEE

PARENTAL PROOF

Sister (complainingly)—“Clarabelle always drops her ashes on the floor.”

Mother — “Clarabelle, you’re old enough to smoke better.”

Fable—Once there was a taxicab driver who carefully washed his license plates before starting out each morning.

AT THE FUNERAL

Cousin Hiram—“Is that a new hall clock over there?”

Wife of Deceased—“Sh-h-h! That’s poor old John. I knew the room would be crowded, so I stood the coffin on end.”

He who laughs last has probably had it explained to him.

IT IS IN THE AIR

First Congregational Church

Collingwood, Acklin and Viyginia Aves.

Sends our vibrations of interest in,
and understanding of

YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR POSSIBILITIES

All needed activities for Young People
carried on in a way natural to the best
interests of young life

Regular Sunday Service 10:30 A. M.
Musical Vespers in Season, Sunday 4:00 P. M.
Young People’s Service, Sunday 6:30 P. M.
Church School, Sunday 10:00 A. M. & 12:10 P. M.

CHURCH OPEN AND ACTIVE EVERY WEEK DAY

Paster, Allen A. Stockdale, D. D.

Associate Minister, Frank E. Duddy



TAKE THE RIGHT ROAD

No Detours

“Not by the low road of cowardly surrender;
Not by the crooked road of compromise and falsehood;
Not by the soft road of ease and self-indulgence;
But by the high road of faith, courage and self-sacrifice.

You have a fortune before you in a land of opportunity and my earnest prayer for you is that you win it by giving the best that is in you to God, your country, and those you love,
Commencement Greetings and,

Pax Vobiscum

Collingwood Avenue Presbyterian Church

“What’s the matter with your head?”

“I was looking for an honest man.”

“Yeah?”

“And I bumped into the mirror.”

He—“So your brother made the team?”

She—“Oh, I wouldn’t say that. But, of course, he helped.”

HELP!

Man (who has just fallen overboard)—

“Hey, throw me a life saver, can’t you?”

Passenger—“Sorry, old man, but I never eat candy.”

A Senior stood on the railroad track,

A train was coming fast;

The train got off the railroad track

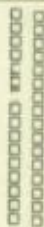
To let the Senior pass.

Scottwood Greenhouse

PHONE COLLINGWOOD 345-6

Park your Car as Long as you Like

When you think
Of GLASSES
Think of GRAY



THE GRAY OPTICAL CO.

Entrance Nicholas Building, 610 Madison Ave.

OTTO JOHNSON

CLIFF JOHNSON

Ballou Tire and Supply

TIRES-ACCESSORIES-VULCANIZING

2031 ASHLAND
Main 4541

FREE
SERVICE

Englishman (eating a fish-cake for the first time)—“I say, old chap, something has died in my biscuit!”

No girl now marries a man for better or for worse. She marries him for more or less.

What would a good, thrifty but superstitious Scot do who saw a penny lying under a ladder?

“Where are you going, my pretty maid?”
“I’m going amilking, sir,” she said;
“In that dress, my pretty maid?”
“No, you dumb-bell, in this bucket!”

FOR SERVICES RENDERED

Doctor—“Young man, you owe your very remarkable recovery to your wife’s tender care.”

“It’s very kind of you to tell me, doc. I shall make out the check to my wife.”

“Ha, the same old gag!” said the villian as he stuffed the red bandana down the hero’s throat.

“You know, I think that George is the most efficient fellow I know.”

“How’s that?”

“In order to save on his laundry bill he hides his socks in the pocket of his pajamas.”

Dumb-Bell—“Now I know why they put so many pins in the shirts that come back from the laundry.”

Just Dumb—“Why?”

Dumb-Bell—“To hold the shirts together.”

Cub Reporter—“Say, boy, it’s hot in here!”

Editor of Daily—“Speak to the circulation manager.”

WHAT DO YOU WANT?

OUR ADVERTISERS

WILL

SERVE YOU

WITH A SMILE

PATRONIZE THEM

They make this Book Possible



Autographs of Seniors

Autographs of Seniors

Autographs of Juniors

Autographs of Sophomores

Autographs of Freshmen

